

T H E
W O R K S
O F

Dr JONATHAN SWIFT,

Dean of ST PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

Accurately corrected by the best editions.

W I T H

The author's LIFE and CHARACTER;
NOTES historical, critical, and explanatory;
Tables of CONTENTS, and INDEXES.

More complete than any preceding edition.

I N E I G H T V O L U M E S.

EDINBURGH and GLASGOW:

Printed for A. KINCAID & A. DONALDSON, YAIR
& FLEMING, and W. GORDON, *Edinburgh*; and
R. URIE, J. GILMOUR, and D. BAXTER, *Glasgow*.

MDCCLVI.

5 OCT 1961

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V O L U M E I.

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M D C C L V I.

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The EDITORS PREFACE.

THE works of Dr JONATHAN SWIFT have been universally admired, and have passed through many editions both in England and Ireland. How they have been received in Scotland, appears from the quick sale of an edition printed at Edinburgh and Glasgow in 1752. A second Scotch edition is now offered to the public, which 'tis hoped will meet with a favourable reception. As this edition is partly upon a different plan, is more complete, and is illustrated with a far greater number of notes, than any that hath yet appeared; we think it is necessary to give an account of the method used in conducting it. But as of all the editions of Swift's works which we have seen, that published by Mr John Hawkesworth, in 1755, in six volumes quarto, and twelve volumes octavo, appears to be the best; it may not be improper first to give that gentleman's preface entire, as it contains some remarks on former editions, and other things, not unworthy the reader's perusal. To this preface we have added some occasional notes, from which the agreement and diversity of the two editions will appear.

THE works of Dr JONATHAN SWIFT were written and published at very distant periods of his life, and had passed through many editions, before they were collected into volumes, or distinguished from the productions of contemporary wits, with whom he was known to associate.

The *Tale of a Tub*, the *Battle of the Books*, and the *Fragment*, were first published together in 1704; and the apology, and the notes from Wotton, were added in 1710. This edition the Dean revised a short time before his understanding was impaired, and his corrections * will be found in this impression.

Gulliver's Travels were first printed in the year 1726,

* The corrected copy is now in the hands of Mr Deane Swift, [Hawkes], author of the *Essay on Dr Swift's life*, &c. The corrections have been attended to in this edition.

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with some alterations, which had been made by the person through whose hands they were conveyed to the press; but the original passages were restored to the subsequent editions *.

Many other pieces, both in prose and verse, which had been written between the years 1691 and 1727, were then collected, and published by the Dean in conjunction with Mr Pope, Dr Arbuthnot, and Mr Gay, under the title of *Miscellanies* †. Of all these pieces, though they were intended to go down to posterity together ‡, the Dean was not the author, as appeared by the title-pages; but they continued undistinguished till 1742; and then Mr Pope, having new-classed them, ascribed each performance among the prose to its particular author in a table of contents; but of the verses he distinguished only the Dean's, by marking the rest with an asterisk §.

In the year 1735, the pieces of which the Dean was the author, were selected from the Miscellany, and, with *Gulliver's Travels*, the *Drapier's Letters*, and some other pieces which were written upon particular occasions in Ireland, were published by George Faulkner, at Dublin, in four volumes. To these he afterwards [in the same year] added a fifth and a sixth, containing the *Examiners*, *Polite Conversation*, and some other tracts; which were soon [in 1741] followed by a seventh volume of letters, and [in 1745] an eighth of posthumous pieces.

In this collection, although printed in Ireland, the tracts relating to that country, and in particular the *Drapier's Letters*, are thrown together in great confusion, and the *Tale of a Tub*, the *Battle of the Books*, and the *Fragment*, are not included **.

In

* See the letter to Symphon, and note, vol. 4. p. 5. 2. 9.

† See the preface to vol. 2. signed by the Dean and Mr Pope.

‡ At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked as friends to posterity, both in verse and prose. *Pope to Swift*, March 23. 1727 8. [vol. 8 p. 76]

§ All the poems wrote by Mr Pope are in this edition pointed out by notes.

** Upon a review of Dr Swift's writings, it cannot be sufficiently lamented, that there is no just or perfect edition of his works.
Faulkner's

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In the edition which is now offered to the public, the *Tale of a Tub*, of which the Dean's corrections sufficiently prove him to have been the author, the *Battle of the Books*,

Faulkner's edition, at least the four first volumes of it, (for there are now eight), were published by the permission and connivance, if not by the particular appointment of the Dean himself. But the several pieces are thrown together without any order or regularity whatever; so that, like the ancient chaos, which contained an immense collection of various treasures, they remain in their state of confusion, *rudis indigestaque moles*: and yet the incoherency of situation is perhaps one of the most excusable faults in the collection; for the materials are of so different and so incongruous a nature, that it seems as if the author (who was in reality the editor) imagined the public under an absolute necessity of accepting the basest coin from the same hand that had exhibited the purest. Surely the idle amusements of a man's private and domestic life, are not to be sent forth as sufficient entertainments for the witty or the learned. Posthumous works indeed are often worthless and improper, from the ill-judged zeal of ignorant executors, or imprudent friends: but a living author remains without excuse, who either wilfully or wantonly imposes upon the world. — The English edition of Swift's works I have scarce seen; and I have had little inclination to examine it, because I was acquainted with the Dean, at the time when Faulkner's edition came out, and therefore must always look upon that copy as most authentic; well knowing that Mr Faulkner had the advantage of printing his edition, by the consent and approbation of the author himself. The four first volumes were published by subscription, and every sheet of them was brought to the Dean for his revision and correction. The two next were published in the same manner. The seventh volume was printed from a number of surreptitious letters published in England: and the eighth volume did not come out till after the Dean's death. In the publication of the six first volumes, the situation and arrangement of each particular piece, in verse and prose, was left entirely to the editor. In that point, the Dean either could not, or would not give him the least assistance. The dates were often guessed at, and every scrap was thrust into the parcel that might augment the collection. Such a conduct has been productive of a confusion that offends the eye, and misleads the understanding. We have less pleasure in looking at a palace built at different times, and put together by ignorant workmen, than in viewing a plain regular building, composed by a masterly hand in all the beauty of symmetry and order. The materials of the former may be more valuable, but the simplicity of the latter is more acceptable. For health and exercise, who would not chuse rather to walk upon a platform than in a labyrinth? or who does not wish to see an edition of Swift's works becoming the genius and dignity of the author? When such an edition is undertaken, I should hope that all the *minutiae* of his idle hours might be entirely excluded; or at least placed, like out-buildings,

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Books, and the *Fragment* *, make the first volume ; the second is *Gulliver's Travels* ; the *Miscellanies* will be found in the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh ; and the contents of the other volumes are divided into two classes, as relating to England or Ireland. As to the arrangement of particular pieces in each class, there were only three things that seemed to deserve attention, or that could direct the choice ; that the verse and prose should be kept separate ; that the posthumous and doubtful pieces should not be mingled with those which the Dean is known to have published himself ; and that those tracts which are parts of a regular series, and illustrate each other, should be ranged in succession without the intervention of other matter. Such are the *Drapier's Letters*, and some other papers published upon the same occasion, which have, not only in the Irish edition, but in every other, been so mixed, as to misrepresent some facts, and obscure others. Such also are the tracts on the *sacramental test* ; which are now first put together in regular order, as they should always be read, by those who would see their whole strength and propriety †.

As to the pieces which have no connection with each other, some have thought that the serious and the comic should have been put in separate classes. But this is not the method which was taken by the Dean himself, or

buildings, at a distance from the chief edifices of State. *Orrery*.—Mr Hawkesworth has brought sufficient evidence to prove, that the Dean neither consented to nor revised Faulkner's edition : so that the Noble author must have been misinformed as to what he has so strongly asserted upon this head. The confusion and disorder in the arrangement of the pieces in that edition has been endeavoured to be obviated in the present ; and his Lordship's wishes, 'tis hoped, will be in some measure answered in the method by which it has been conducted.

* These three pieces, says Lord Orrery, although not absolutely owned by the Dean, *aut Erasmi sunt aut diaboli*. Let. 23.

† The plan of arrangement proposed by Mr Hawkesworth has been followed, with this improvement, that the Drapier's letters, and the tracts relating to the sacramental test, and some other affairs peculiar to Ireland, are now first collected in one volume, which, even in his edition, are in a vague situation,

by

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by Mr Pope, when they published the Miscellany; in which the transition

From grave to gay, from lively to severe,

appears frequently to be the effect rather of choice than accident *. However, as the reader will have the whole in his possession, he may pursue either the grave or the gay with very little trouble, and without losing any pleasure or intelligence which he would have gained from a different arrangement †.

Among the miscellanies is the history of John Bull, a political allegory; which is now farther opened by a short narrative of the facts upon which it is founded, whether supposititious or true, at the foot of the page ‡.

The notes which have been published with former editions, have for the most part been retained, because they were supposed to have been written, if not by the Dean, yet by some friend who knew his particular view in the passage they were intended to illustrate, or the

* Our miscellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiously pleased with this joint volume; in which methinks we look like friends, side by side, *serious* and *merry* by turns—diverting others just as we diverted ourselves. *Letter of Pope to Swift, March 8. 1726-7. [vol. 8. p. 64.]*

† As to the arrangement, we have generally observed this rule: To collect together pieces relating to one and the same subject; such as the pieces, both serious and humorous, relating to religion; the political tracts in Q. Anne's reign; those concerning the controversy about Wood's halfpence, the sacramental test, and affairs in Ireland; Gulliver's travels, and other pieces of a humorous, satirical, or romantic cast; the tracts which the Dean wrote in conjunction with contemporary writers; the letters, and posthumous pieces, which have no immediate connection with each other.—The miscellanies in verse are for the most part arranged in the same order as Mr Pope classed them in the Miscellanies, and from which Mr Hawkesworth took them into his edition; only a few posthumous poems at the end of the letters in Hawkesworth's 12th volume, are now transferred to the poetical pieces in our 7th volume, that the poetry might be kept quite distinct from the prose.

‡ This we have followed without any variation. Mr Hawkesworth certainly means, that the short narrative he speaks of is more full and distinct than that of former editors: for in all the editions of this piece that we have seen, there are short notes to illustrate the allegory.

truth

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truth of the fact which they asserted. However, this has since appeared not always to have been the case *.

The notes which have been added to this edition, contain, among other things, an history of the author's works, which would have made a considerable part of his life. But as the occasion on which particular pieces were written, and the events which they produced, could not be related in a series, without frequent references and quotations, it was thought more eligible to put them together. In the text innumerable passages have been restored, which were evidently corrupt in every other edition, whether printed in England or Ireland †.

Among the notes will be found some remarks on those of another writer [Lord Orrery]; for which no apology can be thought necessary, if it be considered, that the same act is justice if the subject is a criminal, which would have been murder if executed on the innocent ‡.

Lord Orrery has supposed the Dean himself to have been the editor of at least six volumes of the Irish edition of his works. But the contrary will incontestably appear upon a comparison of that edition with this, as well by those passages which were altered under colour of correction, as by those in which accidental imperfections were suffered to remain. Of these passages the following are selected from *Gulliver's Travels* [in vol. 4.]; because the correction of this part of the work, especially with respect to dates and numbers, is boasted in an advertisement prefixed, and because being divided into chapters, the places referred to will be more easily found.

In the following sentence, *they have* is substituted for *he hath*. "Whoever makes ill returns to *his* benefactor, must needs be a common enemy to the rest of

* See the notes in vol. 8. p. 239. 253.

† We have inserted almost all Mr Hawkesworth's notes, and followed his corrections of the text; which however we have compared with that of former editions. This sometimes gave occasion to correct mistakes which he had overlooked. His remarks on some of those of Lord Orrery have also been attended to.

‡ A paragraph here omitted will be found among the notes in vol. 6. p. 33.

"mankind,

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“ mankind, from whom THEY HAVE received no obligations.” *Voyage to Lilliput, chap. vi. p. 53.*

The children of the Lilliputians are said to be apprenticed at *seven* years of age instead of *eleven*; which is evidently wrong, as the author supposes the age of *fifteen* with them, to answer that of *one and twenty* with us; a proportion which will be nearly kept, by supposing them to be apprenticed at *eleven*, and to serve *five* years. *Ibid. p. 55.*

Gulliver says, that he arrived in the Downs from Lilliput on the 13th of April 1702, and that he took shipping again on the 20th of June following, *two* months after his return. But in the Irish edition, though the same dates are preserved, we are told, that *ten* months after his return he took shipping, &c. Compare the last chapter of *Part I.* with the first chapter of *Part II.* *p. 72. 74.*

In the following sentence, *bring* is substituted for *carry*. “ A gentleman-usher came from court, commanding my master to BRING me *thither*.” But as *thither* signifies *to that place*, to *bring thither* is false English. *Voyage to Brobdingnag, chap. iii. p. 91.*

By putting the word *born* for *both*, Gulliver is represented as shewing how the British nobility are qualified to be *born* counsellors to the king and kingdom; or, in other words, describing a part of their education antecedent to their birth. And though it is true that the English nobility are counsellors to the king and kingdom by right of birth, yet it is not true that they are born counsellors. *Ibid. chap. vi. p. 118.*

It appears by many passages, that the stature of the Brobdingnagians was to that of Gulliver nearly as *ten* to *one*; and this proportion is kept in other things. Our battering pieces being about twelve feet long, Gulliver, who was willing to facilitate the use of cannon in Brobdingnag, tells the King, that he need not make his largest pieces longer than one hundred feet. But this proportion is destroyed, and Gulliver represented as incumbering a new project with unnecessary expence and labour, by changing *one* hundred feet into *two*. *Ibid. chap. vii. p. 26. [It should be 25.]*

When Gulliver was floating on the sea in a box which
Glumdalclitch

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Glumdalclitch used to carry on her girdle, and the water oozed in at the crannies, he observes, that if he could have lifted up the roof, he would have sat on the top of it, where he might at least have preserved himself *some hours longer, than by being shut up in the hold.* But, as if it was difficult to conceive, that when a vessel is gradually sinking, a man will drown sooner in the hold than upon deck, the Irish edition tells us, that Gulliver would have got on the top, because he might thus have preserved himself *from being shut up in it.* And indeed it is a truth so evident as to admit no dispute, that while a man sits on the top of a box, he will effectually preserve himself from the inside of it. *Voyage to Brobdingnag, chap. viii. p. 134. [It should be 133.]*

Gulliver's residence among the Houyhnhnms is said to be *five years* instead of *three*, though he tells us he was set on shore there in 1711, and departed in 1714. *Voyage to the Houyhnhnms.* Compare the beginning of chap. i. with chap. xi.; of which see also the last paragraph.

In other places the London edition has been copied with great exactness. Gulliver is made to say of his box, that it was tossed up and down like a *sign-POST* in a windy day; though the manner in which a *sign-post* is tossed up and down by the wind, is much less easy to conceive than the motion of the box which it was intended to illustrate. *Voyage to Brobdingnag, chap. viii. p. 133. [It should be 132.]*

As the word *post* is not rejected in this passage, neither is the word *take* supplied in the following; though by this neglect Gulliver is represented as *putting on a bundle of linen* with his best suit of cloaths. "They forced me into the long-boat, letting me *put on my best suit of cloaths,—and a small bundle of linen.*" *Voyage to the Houyhnhnms, chap. i. p. 225.*

So when the Irish editor found, by an accidental transposition, that Gulliver, in his way to England, came to Amsterdam the 16th of April, and arrived from Amsterdam in the Downs on the 10th; he faithfully copied the mistake, although the two dates are within half a page of each other. [*vol. 4. p. 218.*]

Such, among innumerable others, are the Irish emendations of *Gulliver's Travels*; and many more examples of

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of equal skill and diligence, might have been selected from an equal number of pages in any part of the eight volumes. But he who is not convinced by these, that the Dean could not thus alter to pervert his meaning, and overlook blunders that obscured it, would still doubt if all the rest had been brought together. Some of them, however, are yet more gross; as *preventing an apparent disease*, for preventing *the decease*; *rules for ruelles*; and armed with the power, the *guilt*, and the will to do mischief, instead of armed with the power and the will. It might reasonably be supposed, that a disease which was *apparent*, could not be *prevented*; and it should have been known, that there is no such assembly or place as the *rules* of court-ladies; and that it is an absurd redundancy to say of a man who has the power and the will, that he has also the *guilt* to do mischief; for whatever guilt he can contract before the perpetration of the mischief, is included in the will. These passages are to be found in the 46th and 48th Examiners [in vol. 2.], and in the Answer to a memorial, in vol. 3. p. 170. l. 33. *

These Examiners indeed are not taken into this collection, because the last paper written by the Dean was N^o 44.; which is yet a stronger proof, that he did not revise the Irish edition, where the subsequent numbers are imputed to him, and have received correction from the hand that corrected the rest †. The editor of the Irish edition has also taken into his collection several spurious pieces in verse, which the Dean zealously disavowed, and which therefore he would certainly have excluded from any collection printed under his inspection, and with his consent, particularly, *The life and character of Dr Swift, on a maxim of Rochefoucault*; of which he says, in a letter to Mr Pope, dated May 1. 1733,

* We have literally followed Mr Hawkesworth's copy in printing Gulliver's travels, the Examiners, and the Answer to a memorial, &c.; and the gross blunders here pointed out, are corrected in our edition.

† See Examiner, No. 44. and the notes on No. 13. in vol. 2. Though it now appears, that the last six Examiners were not written by Dr Swift; yet, as they had got a place in the Irish, and some of the English editions that had appeared before that of Hawkesworth, it was thought advisable to retain them. See the note on the Examiner, No. 45. in vol. 2.

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[vol. 8. p. 155.], "It is an imposture, mean and trivial, and full of the cant that I most despise." It appears also by a letter of Mr Pope, dated Sept. 15. 1734, [vol. 8. p. 165.], that the Dean had strongly disavowed this piece, not to him only, but to Lord Carteret, and others; and that there was reason to believe it the performance of a person who offered a piece in prose to a bookseller as the Dean's, which he afterwards confessed to be his own *. In the Irish copy of the verses on his death many passages are to be found which Mr Pope rejected; for when he added these verses to the Miscellany in 1742, he took nothing from the Irish copy, which he had then seen; and upon his authority the Irish variations are rejected in this edition †.

But

* It were to be wished, that Mr Hawkesworth had pointed out those spurious pieces in verse that the Dublin editor took into his edition. If there are any such spurious pieces, they must be very few; for, upon examination, it will appear, that there are just five copies of verses in that edition that are not in Hawkesworth's; and it certainly lies upon him to prove them spurious. These pieces are, A letter to the Rev. Dr Sheridan; Verses upon stealing a crown when the Dean was asleep, with the Dean's answer; *Probatur aliter*; and, The life and genuine character of Dr Swift. As to the last, it is true, that the Dean disavowed it, as Mr Hawkesworth says. But Lord Orrery, who cannot be supposed to have been ignorant of what the Dean had said upon that affair, is of opinion, that those verses are genuine, though designedly wrote by the author in a manner different from his usual practice [vol. 6. p. 5]; and Mr Deane Swift quotes it as a genuine work [*Essay*, p. 190.]. But whether this piece be genuine or not, it was thought proper to insert it among the other poetical pieces, leaving every one to judge of it as he pleases.

† As to the Verses on the Dean's death [vol. 6. p. 220.], we are told in his own letters [vol. 8. p. 128, 55.], that he had wrote near 500 lines on that subject; and yet that copy which Mr Pope added to the Miscellanies in 1742, and from whence Mr Hawkesworth has taken it, consists only of 375: so that it can hardly be thought to be a complete copy. It is therefore most probable, that the copy inserted in the Dublin edition is the genuine one, as it consists of near 500 lines. One reason why several passages were suppressed in the London editions may have been, the fear of giving offence, as it contained some reflections upon a lady of the highest rank, and some great men at court. But as there are in it many beautiful verses not unworthy of the author; and as in several places the sense may appear to some to be imperfect through the want of the passages which Mr Pope, or the English editors, discarded, it has been thought proper

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But there is evidence of another kind to prove, that the Dean never revised any edition of his works for Faulkner to print, and that on the contrary he was unwilling that Faulkner should print them at all. Faulkner, in an advertisement published Oct. 15. 1754, calls himself the *editor* as well as publisher of the Dublin edition; and the Dean has often renounced the undertaking in express terms. In his letter to Mr Pope dated May 1. 1733, [vol. 8. p. 157.], he says, that when the printer applied to him for leave to print his works in Ireland, he told him he would give *no* leave; and when he printed them without, he declared it was *much to his discontent*. The same sentiment is also more strongly expressed in the following extract from a letter now in the hands of the publisher, which was written by the Dean to the late Mr Benjamin Motte, his bookseller in London, dated Nov. 1. 1735.

“ Mr Faulkner, in printing those volumes, did what I
 “ much disliked, and yet what was not in my power to
 “ hinder; and all my friends pressed him to print them,
 “ and gave him what manuscript copies they had occa-

per to replace them. But to enable the reader to judge of the merit and propriety of the discarded lines, now replaced, they are these following.

	<i>Pag.</i>	<i>lines.</i>
Vol. 6.	221.	14. 15.
	226.	183.—188.
	230.	281.—298.
	231.	303.—306.
	<i>ib.</i>	311. 312.
	232.	341.—356.
	<i>ib.</i>	371.—382. p. 233.
	233.	389.—402.
	<i>ib.</i>	409.—498. p. 237.
	238.	525.—528.
	<i>ib.</i>	542. 543.

This poem, as in the Dublin edition, consists of 484 lines; as in that of Hawkesworth, of 375; as in the present, of 545, 170 lines being taken into it from the Dublin edition. In the poem intitled, *The life and character of Dr Swift*, there are 61 lines which are also to be found in the *Verses on the death of Dr Swift*, as in Hawkesworth's edition; which 61 lines added to the 484 lines of which the Dublin copy of these verses consists, make just 545 lines, as in the present edition.

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“ sionally gotten from me. My desire was, that those
“ works should have been printed in London, by an
“ agreement between those who had a right to them.
“ — *I am,*” &c.

We now proceed to give some account of the present edition.

As to the *arrangement* of the different pieces, we have classed them in the order which appeared to us the most natural, and by which we could most conveniently bring the work into eight volumes, of a size near equal *.

The *first* volume contains the *Tale of a Tub*, the *Battle of the Books*, the *Fragment*, some tracts relating to religion, and the posthumous sermons. In the *second* are part of the miscellanies relating to politics. The *Drapier's letters*, and the tracts concerning the *sacramental test*, and *Irish affairs*, will be found in the *third*. *Gulliver's travels*, and some humorous and political pieces, compose the *fourth*. The *fifth* consists of those tracts which Dr Swift wrote in conjunction with Dr Arbuthnot, Mr Pope, and Mr Gay; which are now first collected in one volume. The *sixth* and *seventh* contain the miscellanies in verse. In the *seventh* is likewise a part of the miscellanies in prose, with *Polite Conversation*, and *Directions to servants*. The *eighth* and *last* contains a complete collection of all the letters to and from the Dean, with a variety of posthumous pieces, and his last will.

As to the *notes*, this edition will be found to contain double the number that is inserted in any former one. Most part of those notes to which no name is annexed, are taken from the Dublin and the London editions. To such as appeared to have been wrote by Mr Hawkesworth, (for he has not distinguished his own notes), his name is subjoined. The greatest part of the other notes are taken from the Earl of Orrery's Remarks on the life and writings of Dr Swift †, Mr Deane Swift's

† * See the notes, above, p. viii. & ix.

† These remarks are contained in twenty-four letters written by his Lordship to his son the Hon. Hamilton Boyle, published in 1752.

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Essay on the same subject *, and Warburton's edition of Pope's works. A few notes of reference, and some historical remarks, are inserted by the editors. Mr Hawkesworth had taken some of Lord Orrery's remarks into his edition by way of notes; but most of these are now considerably enlarged, and many more are added. To some of the large extracts from Orrery and Swift, we have given the title of *Criticisms*, as at the beginning of the 1st, 6th, and 8th volumes. And care has been taken not to omit any remark of importance contained in the writings of those authors upon any piece of Swift's works.

Several pieces, both in prose and verse, do now make their *first* appearance in Dr Swift's works. Among the prose the most considerable are, Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus, in vol. 5. and the letters 1. 90. 91. 92. and 93. with the address of the inhabitants of the liberty of St Patrick's, &c. in vol. 8. Among the poetry are the following: Stella to Dr Swift on his birthday; Toland's invitation to Dismal; Mrs Pilkington to Dr Swift on his birthday; An epitaph on the Dean's dog; Swift's letter to the Athenian society; A dialogue between Dr Swift and a lawyer, &c. These pieces are mostly taken from Orrery's Letters, and Mr Deane Swift's Essay.

And that this edition is *more complete* than any preceding one, will be evident to every person who shall take the trouble to compare them. However, we shall here point out several pieces contained in this edition, besides those mentioned in the foregoing paragraph, none of which are to be found in that of Mr Hawkesworth, though it is more complete than any that preceded it.

In vol. 1. the 5th sermon; and, A proposal for preventing the growth of Popery.

In vol. 2. the last six Examiners.

In vol. 3. Considerations about passing Wood's brass money †; The Drapier demolished; and the Intelligencer, No 15.

* Mr Swift's Essay, published in 1755, is interspersed with occasional remarks on Orrery's letters, and on the observations on those letters, by J. R.

† Mr Deane Swift says, [*Essay*, p. 279.], that this is the pamphlet referred to in Dr Swift's letter to Dr Sheridan, of June 29. 1725, in vol. 3. p. 230.

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In vol. 6. p. 245. A letter from Dr Swift to Dr Sheridan.

In vol. 7. The preface to the Beasts confession to the priest; Verses upon stealing a crown when the Dean was asleep, by Dr Sheridan; The Dean's answer; *Probatur aliter*; Tom's metamorphosis into a poet and spaniel; and, The life and character of Dr Swift.

In vol. 8. besides the letters already mentioned, all those from N^o 2. to N^o 89.; A letter from Dr Swift to Mr Kendall; A defence of the Lady's dressing-room*, &c.

As to the difference betwixt the present and the Scotch edition in 1752, which was printed from the Dublin one, and on the same plan, with the addition of a ninth and a tenth volume, it is unnecessary to descend to particulars. Upon a very slight comparison, it will be found that this edition contains upwards of a hundred pieces more than it.

As to the *life* of Dr Swift, many accounts have been published of it, says Mr Hawkesworth. These have mutually reflected light upon each other, ascertained controverted facts, and rectified mistakes, which, if they had still been traditional and oral, would still have been believed. Several little incidents, which shewed the peculiarities of his conversation and domestic life, were related by Mrs Pilkington in her memoirs; though these could be believed only in proportion as they verified themselves. Lord Orrery's letters contained many of the principal events, intermingled with many characteristic incidents, supported in general upon better authority; but sometimes founded upon false information. Some of these mistakes were detected by a volume of letters signed J. R. in which were also some new materials; and the account since published by Mr Swift, with an imperfect sketch by the Dean himself†, has furnished yet more. From a comparison of all these with each other, Mr Hawkesworth has compiled his account.

* Mr Hawkesworth appears to have had an intention of inserting this piece in his 12th volume; for at the end of a note on the poem, intitled, *The lady's dressing-room*, he says, "See a defence of this poem, vol. 12."

† This sketch, intitled, *The family of Swift*, is prefixed to our account of Dr Swift's life.

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It was not thought necessary (says he) to relate every trifling particular that has been recorded, but only to select such as will sufficiently distinguish the peculiarities of his character and manners, and transmit a knowledge of him to posterity, of the same kind, if not in the same degree, as was obtained by those among his contemporaries, who were admitted to his conversation and friendship.

In the account of Swift's *life*, we have generally followed that collected by Mr Hawkesworth, but have taken care to supply omissions. Several anecdotes, and different relations of particular incidents, are thrown into notes; and some critical remarks on his character, taken from Lord Orrery and Mr Swift, are now first added. An abridgment of Mrs Pilkington's account is annexed. In the eighth volume, immediately after the Dean's will, are two letters describing his fury. After which is given Lord Orrery's account of Swift's death, and his Lordship's dissertation on lunacy and idiotism, occasioned by the melancholy situation of the Dean's understanding some years before his death; not inserted in any former edition.

In works of great extent, the utility of indexes is obvious to every reader, and the want is generally complained of: yet no former edition of Swift's works has an index. Therefore, to supply so material a defect, *three indexes* are annexed. The *first* is of the titles of the pieces in prose; the *second*, of those of the *poetry*; and the *third* is of the principal matters.

Care has been taken to print this edition as correctly as possible; and 'tis hoped, that, in point of accuracy, it will not be found inferior to any former one. In short, no pains or expence have been spared to render this a complete and correct edition of the works of the celebrated Dean of St Patrick's.

Lord Orrery tells us, that Dr Swift left behind him *few manuscripts*; not one of any consequence, except an account of the peace of Utrecht, which he called *An history of the four last years of Q. Anne*. The title of an history (adds his Lordship) is too pompous for such a performance. In the historical style, it wants dignity
and

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and candour : but as a pamphlet, it will appear the best defence of Lord Oxford's administration, and the clearest account of the treaty of Utrecht. His Lordship further tells us, that, in some of his leisure-hours, he had begun an history of England, and had pursued it through two or three reigns from William the Conqueror ; but that the contempt he conceived of the ancient monarchs, made him soon lay the design aside ; and that his aversion to Kings was invincible. But neither of these pieces have yet been published.

Besides the letters contained in the eighth volume, Dr Swift wrote a great many to Stella and Miss Vanhomrigh. Extracts from some of the former have been inserted in Mr Swift's Essay, but none of the latter have yet appeared. From the letters to Stella are taken several occurrences in his life that could not otherwise have been known ; particularly those relating to his political conduct during the four last years of the reign of Q. Anne, which is universally owned to have been one of the most considerable periods of his life, and in which his merit as a writer was most distinguished.

N. B. In the references to be found in the life, *D. S.* stands for Mr Deane Swift's Essay on the life, writings, and character of Dr Jonathan Swift ; *O.* for Orrery's remarks on the life and writings of Dr Jonathan Swift ; *J. R.* for J. R.'s Observations on Lord Orrery's Remarks, generally supposed to have been written by Dr Delany ; *Sketch*, for a fragment intitled, *The family of Swift*, written by the Dean himself, immediately hereafter inserted ; and *Letter to S.* Letters from the Dean to Stella, mentioned by Mr Swift, but not published. The other references relate to the volumes of this edition.

September 1756.

T H E

THE FAMILY OF SWIFT *.

Taken from Mr DEANE SWIFT'S Essay.

SECT. I. **T**HE family of the SWIFTS was ancient in Yorkshire. From them descended a noted person, who passed under the name of *Cavaliero Swift*, a man of wit and humour. He was made an Irish peer by King James or King Charles I. with the title of *Baron Carlingford* †, but never was in that kingdom. Many traditional pleasant stories are related of him, which the family planted in Ireland hath received from their parents. This Lord died without issue-male; and his heiress, whether of the first or second descent, was married to Robert Fielding, Esq; commonly called *Handsome Fielding*. She brought him a considerable estate in Yorkshire, which he squandered away, but had no children. The Earl of Eglington married another co-heiress of the same family, as he hath often told me.

SECT. II. Another of the same family was Sir Edward Swift, well known in the times of the great rebellion and usurpation; but I am ignorant whether he left heirs or no.

SECT. III. Of the other branch, whereof the greater part settled in Ireland, the founder was William Swift ‡, prebendary of Canterbury, towards the last years of Queen Elisabeth, and during the reign of King James I. He was a divine of some distinction. There

* This little tract, Mr Swift tells us, was written by Dr Swift about six or eight and twenty years ago, as an introduction to his life, which he had reason to apprehend would some time or other become a topic of general conversation. Mr Swift got the original manuscript under the Doctor's own hand, from his friend and cousin-german Mrs Whiteway.

† Bernam Swift, Esq; created Viscount (not Baron) of Carlingford, in Ireland, March 20. 1627, the 3d of Charles I.

‡ Dr Swift is here mistaken. From the dedication of William Swift's sermon, it appears, that Thomas, the father of William, was presented in 1569 to the parish of St Andrew in Canterbury; and that, upon the decease of Thomas, William, in 1591, succeeded his father.

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is a sermon of his extant, and the title is to be seen in the catalogue of the Bodleian library; but I never could get a copy, and I suppose it would now be of little value.

SECT. IV. This William married the heiress of Philpot, I suppose a Yorkshire gentleman *, by whom he got a very considerable estate; which however she kept in her own power, I know not by what artifice. She was a capricious, ill-natured, and passionate woman, of which I have been told several instances. And it hath been a continual tradition in the family, that she absolutely disinherited her only son Thomas, for no greater crime than that of robbing an orchard when he was a boy. And thus much is certain, that, except a church or chapter lease, which was not renewed, Thomas never enjoyed more than one hundred pounds a-year; which was all at Goodrich, in Herefordshire, whereof not above one half is now in the possession of a great-great-grandson †.

SECT. V. His original picture is now in the hands of Godwin Swift ‡, of Dublin, Esq; his great-grandson, as well as that of his wife's, who seems to have a good deal of the shrew in her countenance; whose arms as an heiress are joined with his own: and by the last he seems to have been a person somewhat fantastic; for there he gives as his device, a dolphin (in those days called a Swift) twisted about an anchor, with this motto, *Festina lente*.

SECT. VI. There is likewise a seal with the same coat of arms (his not joined with his wife's) which the said William commonly made use of; and this is also now in the possession of Godwin Swift || above mentioned.

SECT. VII. His eldest son Thomas ** seems to have been a clergyman before his father's death. He was

* Rather a gentleman of Kent, or some of the neighbouring counties.

† Deane Swift, Esq;

‡ In the hands of Mrs Elisabeth Swift, relict of Godwin.

|| In the hands of Mrs Swift above mentioned.

** His only son Thomas was a clergyman before his father's death.

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vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, within a mile or two of Ross *: he had likewise another church-living, with about one hundred pounds a-year in land, as I have already mentioned. He built a house on his own land in the village of Goodrich †, which, by the architecture, denotes the builder to have been somewhat whimsical and singular, and very much towards a projector. The house is above a hundred years old, and still in good repair, inhabited by a tenant of the female line ‡; but the landlord, a young gentleman, lives upon his own estate in Ireland.

SECT. VIII. This Thomas was distinguished by his courage, as well as his loyalty to K. Charles I. and the sufferings he underwent for that prince, more than any person of his condition in England. Some historians of those times relate several particulars of what he acted, and what hardships he underwent for the person and cause of that blessed martyred prince. He was plundered by the round-heads six and thirty times, some say above fifty. He mortgaged his small estate, and gathered all the money he could get, quilted it in his waistcoat, got off to a town held for the King; where being asked by the governor, who knew him well, what he could do for his Majesty? Mr Swift said, he would give the King his coat; and stripping it off, presented it to the governor; who observing it to be worth little, Mr Swift said, Then take my waistcoat. He bid the governor weigh it in his hand; who ordering it to be ripped, found it lined with three hundred broad pieces of gold; which, as it proved a seasonable relief, must be allowed an extraordinary supply from a private clergyman with ten children, of a small estate, so often plundered, and soon after turned out of his livings in the church.

SECT. IX. At another time, being informed that three hundred horse of the rebel-party intended in a week to pass over a certain river, upon an attempt against the Cavaliers; Mr Swift having a head mechanically turned, he contrived certain pieces of iron with

* Within four miles of Ross.

† Not in the village, but in the parish of Goodrich.

‡ That tenant of the female line hath been dead these many years.

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three spikes, whereof one must always be with the point upwards. He placed them over night in the ford where he received notice that the rebels would pass early the next morning; which they accordingly did, and lost two hundred of their men, who were drowned, or trod to death by the falling of their horses, or torn by the spikes.

SECT. X. His sons, whereof four * were settled in Ireland, (driven thither by their sufferings, and by the death of their father), related many other passages, which they learned either from their father himself, or from what had been told them by the most credible persons of Herefordshire, and some neighbouring counties; and which some of those sons often told to their children; many of which are still remembered, but many more forgot.

SECT. XI. He was deprived of both his church-livings sooner than most other loyal clergymen, upon account of his superior zeal for the King's cause, and his estate sequestered. His preferments, at least that of Goodrich, were given to a fanatical saint †; who scrupled not however to conform upon the restoration; and lived many years, I think till after the revolution. I have seen many persons at Goodrich, who knew, and told me his name, which I cannot now remember.

SECT. XII. The Lord Treasurer Oxford told the Dean, that he had among his father's (Sir Edward Harley's) papers, several letters from Mr Thomas Swift writ in those times, which he promised to give to the grandson, whose life I am now writing; but never going to his house in Herefordshire while he was Treasurer, and the Queen's death happening in three days after his removal, the Dean went to Ireland; and the Earl being tried for his life, and dying while the Dean was in Ireland, he could never get them.

SECT. XIII. Mr Thomas Swift died in the year 1658,

* He should have said five. I suppose he forgot Dryden Swift, who died very young, and a bachelor, soon after he had come over to Ireland with his brothers.

† Gyles Rawlins succeeded him in the parish of Goodrich: but the other here mentioned succeeded Rawlins some time before October 1657. His name was William Tringham.

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and in the [63d] year of his age. His body lies under the altar at Goodrich, with a short inscription. He died about two years before the return of K. Charles II.; who, by the recommendation of some prelates, had promised, if ever God should restore him, that he would promote Mr Swift in the church, and otherwise reward his family, for his extraordinary services and zeal, and persecutions in the royal cause: but Mr Swift's merit died with himself.

SECT. XIV. He left ten sons and three or four daughters, most of which lived to be men and women. His eldest son Godwin Swift, of the Inner-Temple *, Esq; (so styled by Guillim the herald, in whose book the family is described at large), was, I think, called to the bar before the restoration. He married a relation of the old Marchioness of Ormond; and upon that account, as well as his father's loyalty, the old Duke of Ormond made him his attorney-general in the palatinate of Tipperary. He had four wives; one of which, to the great offence of his family, was co-heiress † to Admiral Deane, who was one of the Regicides. Godwin left several children, who have all estates. He was an ill pleader, but perhaps a little too dextrous in the subtle parts of the law.

SECT. XV. The second son of Mr Thomas Swift was called by the same name, was bred at Oxford, and took orders. He married the eldest daughter of Sir William D'Avenant; but died young, and left only one son, who was also called Thomas, and is now rector of Puttenham in Surrey ‡. His widow lived long, was extremely poor, and in part supported by the famous Dr South, who had been her husband's intimate friend.

SECT. XVI. The rest of his sons, as far as I can call to mind, were Mr Dryden Swift, (called so after the name of his mother, who was a near relation to Mr Dryden the poet ||), William, Jonathan, and Adam; who all lived and died in Ireland; but none of them

* Of Grays inn, not of the Middle temple.

† Sole heiress.

‡ He died in May 1752, in the 87th year of his age.

|| She was aunt to the famous John Dryden.

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left male issue, except Jonathan, who, besides a daughter, left one son, born seven months after his father's death; of whose life I intend to write a few memorials.

SECT. XVII. J. S. D. D. and D. of St P——, was the only son of Jonathan Swift, who was the seventh or eighth son of Mr Thomas Swift above mentioned, so eminent for his loyalty and his sufferings.

SECT. XVIII. His father died young, about two years after his marriage. He had some employments and agencies. His death was much lamented on account of his reputation for integrity, with a tolerable good understanding.

SECT. XIX. He married Mrs Abigail Erick, of Leicestershire, descended from the most ancient family of the Ericks; who derive their lineage from Erick the Forester, a great commander, who raised an army to oppose the invasion of William the Conqueror; by whom he was vanquished; but afterwards employed to command that prince's forces: and in his old age retired to his house in Leicestershire, where his family hath continued ever since; but declining every age, and are now in the condition of very private gentlemen.

SECT. XX. This marriage was on both sides very indiscreet: for his wife brought her husband little or no fortune; and his death happening so suddenly *, before he could make a sufficient establishment for his family, his son (not then born) hath often been heard to say, that he felt the consequences of that marriage, not only through the whole course of his education, but during the greatest part of his life.

SECT. XXI. He was born in Dublin, on St Andrew's day †. And when he was a year old, an event happened to him that seems very unusual: for his nurse, who was a woman of Whitehaven, being under an absolute necessity of seeing one of her relations, who was then extremely sick, and from whom she expected a legacy; and being extremely fond of the infant, she stole him on shipboard unknown to his mother and uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven; where he conti-

* He died at the age of about five and twenty.

† In the year 1667.

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nued for almost three years. For, when the matter was discovered, his mother sent orders by all means not to hazard a second voyage, till he could be better able to bear it. The nurse was so careful of him, that before he returned he had learned to spell; and by the time that he was three * years old, he could read any chapter in the Bible.

SECT. XXII. After his return to Ireland, he was sent at six years old to the school of Kilkenny; from whence, at fourteen, he was admitted into the university at Dublin; where, by the ill treatment of his nearest relations, he was so discouraged and sunk in his spirits, that he too much neglected some parts of his academic studies; for which he had no great relish by nature, and turned himself to reading history and poetry: so that when the time came for taking his degree of Bachelor, although he had lived with great regularity and due observance of the statutes, he was stopped of his degree for dulness and insufficiency; and at last hardly admitted, in a manner little to his credit, which is called in that college *speciali gratia*. And this discreditable mark, as I am told, stands upon record in their college-registry.

SECT. XXIII. The troubles then breaking out, he went to his mother, who lived in Leicester; and after continuing there some months, he was received by Sir William Temple, whose father had been a great friend to the family, and who was now retired to his house called Moorpark, near Farnham in Surry, where he continued for about two years: for he happened, before twenty years old, by a surfeit of fruit, to contract a-giddiness and coldness of stomach, that almost brought him to his grave; and this disorder pursued him, with intermissions of two or three years, to the end of his life. Upon this occasion he returned to Ireland, by advice of physicians, who weakly imagined, that his native air might be of some use to recover his health. But growing worse, he soon went back to Sir William Temple; with whom growing into some confidence, he was often trusted with matters of great importance. King William had a high esteem for Sir William Temple, by

* Hawkesworth says *five*; and probably he is right.

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a long acquaintance while that gentleman was ambassador and mediator of a general peace at Nimeguen. The King, soon after his expedition to England, visited his old friend often at Sheen, and took his advice in affairs of greatest consequence. But Sir William Temple, weary of living so near London, and resolving to retire to a more private scene, bought an estate near Farnham in Surrey, of about 100 l. a-year, where Mr Swift accompanied him.

SECT. XXIV. About that time a bill was brought into the house of Commons for triennial parliaments; against which the King, who was a stranger to our constitution, was very averse, by the advice of some weak people, who persuaded the Earl of Portland, that King Charles I. lost his crown and life by consenting to pass such a bill. The Earl, who was a weak man, came down to Moorpark, by his Majesty's orders, to have Sir William Temple's advice; who said much to shew him the mistake: but he continued still to advise the King against passing the bill. Whereupon Mr Swift was sent to Kensington with the whole account of that matter in writing, to convince the King and the Earl how ill they were informed. He told the Earl, to whom he was referred by his Majesty, (and gave it in writing), that the ruin of King Charles I. was not owing to his passing the triennial bill, which did not hinder him from dissolving any parliament, but to the passing another bill, which put it out of his power to dissolve the parliament then in being without the consent of the house. Mr Swift, who was well versed in English history, although he was then under twenty-one years old *, gave the King a short account of the matter, but a more large one to the Earl of Portland; but all in vain: for the King, by ill advisers, was prevailed upon to refuse passing the bill. This was the first time that Mr Swift had any converse with courts; and he told his friends it was the first incident that helped

* It was first written, but afterwards erased in the original manuscript, *three and twenty years old*; which in all probability was right: for Dr Swift was twenty-one years old the last day of November 1688, and before that period there could have been no such bill under consideration.

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to cure him of vanity. The consequence of this wrong step in his Majesty was very unhappy; for it put that prince under a necessity of introducing those people called *Whigs* into power and employments, in order to pacify them. For although it be held a part of the King's prerogative to refuse passing a bill, yet the learned in the law think otherwise, from that expression used at the coronation, wherein the prince obligeth himself to consent to all laws *quas vulgus elegerit*.

SECT. XXV. Mr Swift lived with him (Sir William Temple) some time *; but resolving to settle himself in some way of living, was inclined to take orders. However, although his fortune was very small, he had a scruple of entering into the church merely for support; and Sir W. Temple, then being master of the rolls in Ireland, offered him an employ of about 120 l. a-year in that office: whereupon Mr Swift told him, that since he had now an opportunity of living without being driven into the church for a maintenance, he was resolved to go to Ireland and take holy orders †. He was recommended to the Lord Capel, then Lord Deputy, who gave him a prebend in the north worth about 100 l. a-year; of which growing weary in a few months, he returned to England, resigned his living in favour of a friend, and continued in Sir William Temple's house till the death of that great man, who, besides a legacy ‡, left him the care, and trust, and advantage of publishing his posthumous writings.

SECT. XXVI. Upon this event Mr Swift removed to London, and applied by petition to King William, upon the claim of a promise his Majesty had made to Sir W. Temple, that he would give Mr Swift a prebend of Canterbury or Westminster. The Earl of Rumney, who professed much friendship for him, promised to second his petition; but as he was an old, vicious, illiterate rake, without any sense of truth or honour, said

* That is, for the space of about five years and a half, from 1688 to 1694.

† An answer extremely polite, and seemingly adorned with gratitude; but at the same time extremely resolute, and worthy of himself.

‡ Supposed to be 500 l.

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not a word to the King. And Mr Swift, after long attendance in vain, thought it better to comply with an invitation given him by the Earl of Berkeley to attend him to Ireland, as his chaplain and private secretary, his Lordship having been appointed one of the Lords Justices of that kingdom. He attended his Lordship, who landed near Waterford; and Mr Swift acted as secretary during the whole journey to Dublin. But another person had so far insinuated himself into the Earl's favour, by telling him, that the post of secretary was not proper for a clergyman, nor would be of any advantage to one who only aimed at church-preferments, that his Lordship, after a poor apology, gave that office to the other *.

SECT. XXVII. In some months the deanery of Derry fell vacant, and it was the Earl of Berkeley's turn to dispose of it; yet things were so ordered, that the secretary having received a bribe, the deanery was disposed of to another, and Mr Swift was put off with some other church-livings not worth above a third part of that rich deanery, and at this present not a sixth. The excuse pretended was his being too young, although he were then thirty years old †.

* See a poem upon this incident, in vol. 7. p. 134.

† He was then upwards of two and thirty years old.

N. B. All the notes in this tract, except that in p. xxviii. and the first in this page, are taken from Mr Deane Swift.

An Account of the LIFE of Dr JONATHAN SWIFT, Dean of St Patrick's, Dublin.

A Late writer justly observes, that “there has
“rarely passed a life of which a judicious and
“faithful narrative would not be useful.
“For” (adds he) “not only every man has, in the
“mighty mass of the world, great numbers in the same
“condition with himself, to whom his mistakes and
“miscarriages, escapes and expedients, would be of
“immediate and apparent use; but there is such an
“uniformity in the state of man, if it be considered a-
“part from adventitious and separable decorations and
“disguises, that there is scarce any possibility of good
“or ill, but is common to human-kind. A great part
“of the time of those who are placed at the greatest
“distance by fortune, or by temper, must unavoidably
“pass in the same manner: and though, when the
“claims of nature are satisfied, caprice, and vanity,
“and accident begin to produce discriminations and pe-
“culiarities; yet the eye is not very heedful or quick,
“which cannot discover the same causes still termina-
“ting their influence in the same effects, though some-
“times accelerated, sometimes retarded, or perplexed
“by multiplied combinations. We are all prompted
“by the same motives, all deceived by the same falla-
“cies, all animated by hope, obstructed by danger,
“intangled by desire, and seduced by pleasure *.”

If a faithful and judicious narrative of an ordinary life would be so apparently useful; still greater utility may be expected to arise from that of the life of one who has made an illustrious figure on the stage of the world, and employed his talents in the service of mankind and his country. Dr Swift was certainly a man of that distinguished character. He was eminent for his genius, his learning, his charities, and many virtues: and though he had faults, yet his faults were outnumbered by his

* The Rambler, Numb. 60,

virtues;

virtues: and as the failings of great men are to be carefully avoided, their virtues command respect, and are proper objects of imitation. An account, therefore, of the life and character of the celebrated Dr Swift cannot but be highly agreeable to the reader, and will, it is hoped, afford both delight and instruction.

Dr JONATHAN SWIFT was descended from a younger branch of an ancient family of that name in Yorkshire. But the account of his family shall be as short as possible; since, (as Lord Orrery observes), though his ancestors were persons of very decent and reputable characters, [and the elder branch of the family ennobled], he himself has been the herald to blazon the dignity of their coat. Bernam Swift, Esq; otherwise called *Cavaliere Swift*, a gentleman of great wit and humour, who, in the reign of K. James I. possessed the paternal estate, was, on the 20th of March 1627, by K. Charles I. created a Peer of Ireland, by the title of *Lord Viscount Carlingford*, though it is said he never went into that kingdom. He died without male issue; and the family-inheritance descended to his daughters; one of whom married Robert Fielding, Esq; commonly called *Handsome Fielding*, and the other the Earl of Eglinton. Fielding soon dissipated his wife's patrimony; and that of her sister being transferred to the family of Lord Eglinton, the principal estate of the Swifts was divided from the name for ever. [*Sketch, § 1.*]

One of the younger branches from the same stem, was Sir Edward Swift, who distinguished himself by his attachment to the royal cause in the war between King Charles I. and his parliament, from whom there is no descendent of the name. [*Sketch, § 2.*]

Another of the younger branches was the Rev. Mr Thomas Swift, vicar of Goodrich, Heretfordshire, with which he also held another ecclesiastical living.

His father William Swift, rector of St Andrew's in Canterbury, married the heiress of Philpot; who contrived to keep her estate, which was very considerable, in her own hands. She is said to have been extremely capricious and ill-natured, and to have disinherited her son Thomas, an only child, merely for robbing an orchard

chard when he was a boy. But however this be, it is certain, that except a church or chapter lease, which was not renewed, Thomas never possessed more than 100 l. a-year. [*Sketch*, § 4.]. This little estate, which lay at Goodrich, in Herefordshire, he mortgaged for 300 broad pieces; and having quilted them into his waistcoat, he set out for Ragland castle, whither King Charles I. had retired after the battle of Naseby, in 1645. The Governor, who well knew him, asked what was his errand? "I am come," said Swift, "to give his Majesty my coat;" at the same time pulling it off, and presenting it. The Governor told him pleasantly, that his coat was worth little. "Why then," said Swift, "take my waistcoat." This was soon found to be an useful garment by its weight; and it is remarked by Lord Clarendon, that the King received no supply more seasonable or acceptable than these 300 broad pieces during the whole war, his distress being then very great, and his resources cut off. The zeal and activity of this gentleman for the royal cause exposed him to much danger, and many sufferings. He was plundered more than thirty times by the parliament's army, was ejected from his church-livings, his estate was sequestered, and he was himself thrown into prison. His estate however was afterwards recovered, and part of it sold to pay the money due on the mortgage, and some other debts; the remainder, being about one half, descended to his heir, and is now possessed by his great-grandson, Deane Swift, Esq; * [*Sketch*, § 8.]

This Mr Thomas Swift married Mrs Elitabeth Dryden, of an ancient family in Huntingdonshire, sister to the father of the famous John Dryden the poet; by whom he had ten sons and four daughters. He died in 1658; and of his sons, six survived him, Godwin, Thomas, Dryden, William, Jonathan, and Adam. [*Sketch*, § 14. 15. 16.]

Thomas was bred at Oxford, and took orders. He married the eldest daughter of Sir William D'Avenant;

* The grandmother of this gentleman, one of the wives of Godwin Swift, was heiress to Adm. Deane, one of the Regicides; whence Deane became a Christian name in the family. [*Sketch*, § 14.]

but

but dying young, he left only one son, whose name also was Thomas, and who died in May 1752, in the 87th year of his age, rector of Puttenham, in Surrey, a benefice which he had possessed sixty years. [*Sketch*, § 5.]

Godwin was a barrister of Gray's inn; and William, Dryden, Jonathan, and Adam, were attorneys.

Godwin having married a relation of the old Marchioness of Ormond, the old Duke of Ormond made him his attorney-general in the palatinate of Tipperary in Ireland. Ireland was at this time almost without lawyers, the rebellion having made almost every man, of whatever condition, a soldier. Godwin therefore determined to attempt the acquisition of a fortune in that kingdom; and the same motives induced his four brothers to go with him. Godwin soon became wealthy; and the rest obtained something more than a genteel competence; though Dryden and Jonathan, who died soon after their arrival, had little to bequeath. [*Sketch*, § 14. 16.]

Jonathan at the age of about three and twenty, and before he went to Ireland, married Mrs Abigail Erick, of Leicestershire *. The family of this lady was descended from Erick the Forester, who raised an army to oppose William the Conqueror; by whom he was vanquished, and afterwards made commander of his forces. But whatever was the honour of her lineage, her fortune was small; and about two years after her marriage, she was left a widow with one child, a daughter, and pregnant with another; having no means of subsistence but an annuity of 20 l. which her husband had purchased for her in England, immediately after his marriage. [*Sketch*, § 19.]

In this distress she was taken with her daughter into

* This lady was greatly beloved and esteemed by all the family of the Swifts. Her conversation was extremely polite, cheerful, and agreeable. She was of a generous and hospitable nature, very exact in all the duties of religion, attended the public worship generally twice a-day, was a very early riser, and was always dressed for the whole day at about six o'clock in the morning. Her chief amusements were needle-work and reading. She was equally fond of both her children, notwithstanding some disagreements that subsisted between them. *D. S. p. 22. 23.*

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the family of Godwin, her husband's eldest brother; and, on the 30th of November 1667, about seven months after her husband's death, she was, in Hoey's alley, in the parish of St Warburgh, Dublin, delivered of a son, whom she called Jonathan in remembrance of his father, and who was afterwards the celebrated Dean of St Patrick's. [*D. S. p. 22.*]

Of all the brothers of Mrs Swift's husband, Thomas excepted, Godwin only had sons; and by these sons she was subsisted in her old age, as she had been before by their father and their uncles, with such liberality, that she declared herself not only happy, but rich. [*D. S. p. 23.*]

It happened, by whatever accident, that Jonathan was not suckled by his mother, but by a nurse, who was a native of Whitehaven: and when he was about a year old, her affection for him was become so strong, that finding it necessary to visit a relation who was dangerously sick, and from whom she expected a legacy, she found means to convey the child on shipboard, without the knowledge of his mother or his uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven. At this place he continued near three years; for when the matter was discovered, his mother sent orders not to hazard a second voyage, till he should be better able to bear it. The nurse however gave other testimonies of her affection to Jonathan: for, during his stay at Whitehaven, she had taught him to spell; and when he was five years old, he was able to read any chapter in the Bible. [*Sketch, § 21. O. let. 1.*]

Mrs Swift, about two years after her husband's death, quitted the family of Mr Godwin Swift, in Ireland, and retired to Leicester, the place of her nativity: but her son was again carried to Ireland by his nurse, and replaced under the protection of his uncle Godwin. [*O. let. 1.*]

It has been generally believed, that Swift was born in England: a mistake to which many incidents besides this have contributed. He had been frequently heard to say, when the people of Ireland displeased him, "I am not of this vile country, I am an Englishman;" and would insist, that he was stolen from England when

a child, and brought over to Ireland in a band-box. Mr Pope also, in one of his letters to him [in vol. 8. p. 189.], mentions England as his native country. But whatever the motives were that prevailed on Dr Swift to speak in this manner, they were not borrowed from any sort of contempt which he had secretly entertained against Ireland considered merely as a nation, but rather proceeded from several other sources, which will appear afterward. [*D. S. p. 26.*]. This account of his birth is taken from that which he left behind him in his own hand-writing; and while he lived, he was so far from seriously denying or concealing his being a native of Ireland, that he often mentioned, and even pointed out the house in which he was born.

He has also been thought by some to have been a natural son of Sir William Temple: a mistake which was probably founded upon another; for till the publication of his letter to Lord Viscount Palmerston, among his posthumous works [in vol. 8. p. 238.], he was thought to have received such favours from Sir William as he could not be supposed to bestow upon a person to whom he was not related, and but distantly related to his wife*. However, such a relation between Sir William and the Dean appears beyond contradiction to have been impossible; for Sir William Temple was resident abroad in a public character from the year 1665 to 1670, first at Brussels, and afterwards at the Hague; as may be proved

* In the year of the revolution, his uncle Godwin Swift had fallen into a kind of lethargy, or dotage, which deprived him by degrees of his speech and memory, and rendered him totally incapable of being of the least service to his family and friends. But, in the midst of this distressful situation, as if it was ordained that no incident should bereave mankind of such a genius, Sir William Temple (whose lady was related to Dr Swift's mother) most generously stepped in to his assistance, and avowedly supported his education at the university of Oxford. Acts of generosity seldom meet with their just applause. Sir William Temple's friendship was immediately construed to proceed from a consciousness, that he was the real father of Mr Swift; otherwise it was thought impossible, that he could be so uncommonly munificent to a young man, no wife related to him, and but distantly related to his wife. I am not quite certain, that Swift himself did not acquiesce in the calumny. Perhaps, like Alexander, he thought the natural son of Jupiter would appear greater than the legitimate son of Philip. *O. let. 2.*

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by his letters to the Earl of Arlington, and the rest of the ministry: so that Dr Swift's mother, who never crossed the sea, except from England to Ireland, was out of all possibility of a personal correspondence with Sir William Temple, till some years after her son's birth; who, as before observed, was born in 1667. [O. let. 1.]

At about the age of six years [1673] he was sent to the school of Kilkenny; and having continued there eight years, he was at the age of fourteen [1681] admitted into the university of Dublin, and became a student in Trinity college. There he lived in perfect regularity, and obeyed the statutes with the utmost exactness. But the moroseness of his temper often rendered him very unacceptable to his companions; so that he was little regarded, and less beloved: and he was so much depressed by the disadvantages of his situation, deriving his present subsistence merely from the precarious bounty of an uncle, and having no other object of hope but the continuance of it *, that he could not resist the

* While Swift was at the university, one day as he was looking out of his window, pensive and melancholy, his pockets being then at the lowest ebb, he spied a master of a ship gazing about in the college-courts. Lord, thought he, if that person should now be inquiring and staring about for my chamber, in order to bring me some present from my cousin Willoughby Swift, what a happy creature should I be! He had scarce amused himself with this pleasing imagination, when behold the shipmaster having come into his chamber, asked him if his name was Jonathan Swift: who having told him it was; Why then, said the other, I have something for you that was sent to you by Mr Willoughby Swift. Whereupon he drew out of his pocket a large greasy leather bag, and poured him out all the money that it contained on the table. As this sum was greater than ever Swift had been master of at any one time before, he pushed over, without reckoning them, a good number of the silver cobs (for it was all in that specie) to the honest sailor, and desired he would accept of them for his trouble. But the sailor would not touch a farthing. No, no, Master, said he, I'll take nothing for my trouble; I would do more than that comes to for Mr Willoughby Swift. Whereupon Mr Swift gathered up the money as fast as he could, and thrust it into his pocket: for, by the Lord Harry, said he when relating this story, I was afraid if the money had lain much longer upon the table, he might have repented his generosity, and taken a good part of it. But from that time forward, he declared that he became a better economist, and never was without some little money in his pocket. D. S. p. 54. 55.

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temptation to neglect many necessary objects of academic study, to which he was not by nature much inclined, and apply himself wholly to books of history and poetry; by which he could, without intellectual labour, fill his mind with pleasing images, and for a while suspend the sense of his condition *. The sacrifice of the future to the present, whether it be a folly or a fault, is seldom unpunished; and Swift soon found himself in the situation of a man who had burned his bed to warm his hands; for, at the end of four years, in the 1685, he was refused his degree of Bachelor of Arts for insufficiency, and was at last admitted *speciali gratia*, which is there considered as the highest degree of reproach and dishonour. It is (says Lord Orrery) a kind of dishonourable degree; and the record of it, notwithstanding Dr Swift's present established character throughout the learned world, must for ever remain against him in the academical register at Dublin. [*Sketch*, § 22.] †

But upon Swift this punishment was not ineffectual. He dreaded the repetition of such a disgrace as the last evil that could befall him, and therefore immediately set about to prevent it as the principal business of his life. During seven years from that time he studied eight hours a-day [*J. R. p. 50.*]; and by such an effort of such a mind so long continued, great knowledge must necessarily have been acquired. He commenced these studies at the university in Dublin, where he continued them three years, till 1688; and during this time he also drew the first sketch of his Tale of a Tub ‡.

* He held logic and metaphysics in the utmost contempt, and he scarce considered mathematics and natural philosophy, unless to turn them into ridicule. *Orrery, let. 1.*

† Ambition could scarce have met with a severer blow. Hercules found himself set aside for want of strength, or, if admitted among the wrestlers, admitted only by favour and indulgence; yet still he must be conscious that he was Hercules. Disappointments, the earlier they happen in life, the deeper impression they make upon the heart. Swift was full of indignation at the treatment which he had received in Ireland, and therefore resolved to pursue his studies at Oxford. *Orrery, let. 1.*

‡ Walsendon Warren, Esq; a gentleman of fortune near Belfast, in the north of Ireland, who was chamber-fellow with Dr Swift, declared, that he then saw a copy of the Tale of a Tub in Swift's own hand-writing. *D. S. p. 31.*

In

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In 1688, when he was about twenty-one, and had been seven years at the college, his uncle Godwin was seized with a lethargy, and soon after totally deprived both of his speech and his memory. As by this accident Swift was left without support, he took a journey to Leicester, that he might consult with his mother what course of life to pursue. At this time Sir William Temple was in high reputation, and honoured with the confidence and familiarity of K. William. [*D. S. p. 33. 34.*] His father, Sir John Temple, had been Master of the Rolls in Ireland, and contracted an intimate friendship with Godwin Swift, which continued till his death; and Sir William, who inherited his title and estate, had married a lady to whom Mrs Swift was related. She therefore advised her son to communicate his situation to Sir William, and solicit his direction what to do. This advice, which perhaps only confirmed a resolution that Swift had secretly taken before he left Ireland, he immediately resolved to pursue.

Sir William received him [in 1690] with great kindness, and Swift's first visit continued two years. Sir William had been ambassador and mediator of a general peace at Nimeguen before the revolution. In this character he became known to the Prince of Orange, who afterwards when King frequently visited him at Sheen, and took his advice in affairs of the utmost importance. [*Sketch, § 23.*] Sir William being then lame with the gout, Swift used to attend his Majesty in his walks about the garden; who admitted him to such familiarity, that he shewed him how to cut asparagus after the Dutch manner, and once offered to make him a captain of horse. [*D. S. p. 108.*] Swift appears to have fixed his mind very early upon an ecclesiastical life; and it is therefore probable, that, upon declining this offer, he obtained a promise of preferment in the church; for in a letter to his uncle William Swift, dated in 1692, [in vol. 8. p. 197.], he says, "I am not to take orders till
" the King gives me a prebend."

Sir William becoming still more infirm, and wishing to retire farther from London, bought an estate at Farnham in Surrey, called *Moorpark*, whither he was

accompanied by Swift. [*Sketch*, § 23.] * About this time a bill was brought into the house for triennial parliaments; against which the King, who was a stranger to the English constitution, was very averse, by the advice of some weak people, who persuaded the Earl of Portland, that Charles I. lost his crown and life by consenting to such a bill [*Sketch*, § 23. 24.]. Upon this occasion the Earl was by the King dispatched to Moorpark, for Sir William's advice; who said much to shew him the mistake, but without effect; and therefore he soon afterwards dispatched Swift to Kensington, with the whole account in writing, to convince the King and the Earl how ill they were informed. Swift, though he was then very young, was yet well acquainted with the English history, and gave the King a compendious account of the matter, which he amplified to the Earl. But the measure was at last rejected †; and thus ended Swift's first embassy to court, so much to his dissatisfaction, that he then declared it was the first incident that helped to cure him of vanity. [*Sketch*, § 24.]. Soon after ‡ this transaction he was seized with the return of a disorder which he had contracted

* There is some difficulty in reconciling the first and last paragraphs of sect. 23. i. the Dean's sketch of his own life, where Moorpark is mentioned. In the first it is said, that Swift, after having been some months with his mother at Leicester, was received by Sir William, who was *now retired to Moorpark*; and in the last, that Sir William, tired of being near London, bought an estate near Farnham in Surrey, *where Mr Swift accompanied him*. The sense of the last, which seems to imply that Swift lived with Sir William at Sheen before he went to Moorpark, is adopted upon the credit of Mr Deane Swift, who says [p. 108.], that Swift was there familiar with King William; and the King does not appear to have continued his visits after the removal to Moorpark. *Hawkes.*

† The consequence of this wrong step, says Dr Swift, in this *Sketch*, § 24., was very unhappy; for it put K. William under a necessity of introducing those people called Whigs, into power and employments, in order to pacify them. For although it be held a part of the King's prerogative to refuse passing a bill yet the learned in the law think otherwise, from that expression used at the coronation, wherein the prince obligeth himself to consent to all laws, *quas vulgus elegerit*.

‡ It must have been *after*, though it is *first* related in the sketch; for it is said, sect. 23. that he went to Ireland after he had been two years at Moorpark, and in sect. 24. that his expedition to court was soon after the removal from Sheen. *Hawkes.*

in Ireland by eating a great quantity of fruit; and upon this occasion returned thither by the advice of his physicians, who hoped that his native air would contribute to the recovery of his health. But from this journey he received no benefit; and therefore in a short time returned to Sir William, being ever afterwards subject to that giddiness, which gradually increased, though with irregular intermissions, till it terminated in total debility of body and mind *.

But he was still indefatigable in his studies; and to prevent the loss of health in the acquisition of knowledge, by the want of bodily exercise, it was his constant practice to run up an hill that was near the house and back again every two hours. The distance backwards and forwards was about half a mile, and he used to run it in about six minutes. [*D. S. p. 272.*] By what books his studies were principally directed, cannot certainly be known. But several copious extracts from Cyprian, Irenæus, Sleidan's Commentaries, and Padre Paolo's history of the council of Trent, were found among his papers, which appear, by memorandums in his own hand-writing, to have been made while he lived with Sir William Temple. [*D. S. p. 276.*]

About a year after his return from Ireland, he thought it expedient to take his degree of Master of Arts at Oxford. With this view he appears to have written to his uncle William Swift, to procure and send him the testimonium of his Bachelor's degree. With this testimonium, which is dated May 3. 1692, he went to Oxford; where having received many civilities, he was admitted *ad eundem* June 14. and took his Master's degree July 5. following.

It has been said, that the civilities which he received at Oxford, proceeded from a misunderstanding of the phrase *speciali gratia*, which was there supposed to be a compliment paid to uncommon merit. [*D. S. p. 30. 44.*]

* To this surfeit (says Lord Orrery) I have often heard him ascribe that giddiness in his head, which, with intermissions sometimes of a longer, and sometimes of a shorter continuance, pursued him till it seemed to complete its conquest, by rendering him the exact image of one of his own struldbruggs, a miserable spectacle, devoid of every appearance of human nature, except the outward form. [vol. 4. p. 212.]

O. let. 1.] But these words are not to be found in that copy of the testimonium which is entered in the congregation-book at Oxford*; and not to have inserted them there, when they were thought a compliment, would have been an affront. It is therefore probable, that, by the influence of Swift's uncle, they were omitted in the copy which he procured and sent; especially as some such favour seems to be intimated in Swift's letter to him, [in vol. 8. p. 197.], after he had received it: "I am still," says he, "to thank you for *your care* in my testimonium; and *it was to very good purpose*, for I was never more satisfied than in the behaviour of the university." The civilities which he received at Oxford, might indeed proceed from his known connection with Sir William Temple; but he might reasonably impute them also to the suppression of a reproach against which there was good reason to fear this connection would not have supported him: nor is it strange, that Swift, after his reputation was established, should, while he was sporting with this incident in the gaiety of his heart, pretend a mistake which never happened, or

* The certificate of his degree is as follows.

Omnibus quorum interest salutem. Nos prepositus sociique seniores Collegii Sacro-sanctæ et Individuæ Trinitatis juxta Dublin, testamur JONATHAN SWIFT die decimo quinto Februarii 1685 gradum Baccalaureatus in artibus suscepisse. præsente prius fidelitatis erga Regiam Majestatem juramento; quod de prædicto testimonium, subscriptis singulorum nominibus, et collegii sigillo quo in hisce utimur, confirmandum curavimus. Datum die tertio Maii 1692.

ROB. HUNTINGTON *Præpos.* L. S.

ST GEORGE ASHE.

RICH. READER.

GEO. BROWN.

BEN. SCROGGS.

Quibus in venerabili congregatione magistrorum regentium 14 die Junii 1692 habitâ publicatis, JONATHAN SWIFT (gratiâ prius petitâ et concessâ) ad eundem gradum, statum, et dignitatem, admissus fuit, apud Oxonienses, quibus insignitus erat apud suos Dublinenses.

10 Nov. 1753,

vera copia

RIC. RAWLINSON.

JONATHAN SWIFT, M. A.

Hart Hall, July 5. 1692.

D. S. p. 43. 44.

that

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that what he meant as a jest upon the university, should be seriously remembered as an event of his life.

It has also been said, that, upon his disgrace at Dublin, he resolved to pursue his studies at Oxford, where he almost constantly resided during three years, and was avowedly supported by Sir William Temple. [*O. let. 2.*] * But the contrary is incontestably true; for there are not quite two months between the date of his testimonium, and his taking his Master's degree. Besides, in the letter to his uncle just mentioned, he says, "I am
" ashamed to be more obliged in a *few weeks* to *strangers*, than in *seven years* to Dublin college †." [vol. 8. p. 197.]

From Oxford he returned again to Moorpark, where he assisted Sir William Temple to revise his works †, corrected and improved his Tale of a Tub, and added the digressions. From the conversation of Sir William, who was minutely acquainted with all the intricacies of party, and the secrets of state, during the reigns of K. Charles II. and K. James II. Swift greatly increased his political knowledge. But having long suspected Sir William of neglecting to provide for him, merely that he might keep him in his family, he at length resented it so warmly, that, in 1694, a quarrel ensued, and they parted. [vol. 8. p. 199.]

It is probable that Swift did not leave Sir William for such a reason without severe expostulation, not only because Swift was no respecter of persons, but because it appears that Sir William, though he was extremely an-

* See the note, above, p. xxxvi.

† He went to college, at the age of fourteen, in 1681; continued there seven years, as appears by his letter; so that he did not leave Ireland till 1688. He was some months with his mother before he went to Sir William, and two years with him before he went to Ireland for his health, which must therefore be in 1691. He returned from Ireland, and continued some time longer with Sir William before he went to Oxford; which must therefore be 1692: and in that very year he took his degree. The fact therefore which, Lord Ormery says, was immediately construed to favour an opinion that Swift was Sir William's natural son, appears never to have happened. See Swift's sketch of his own life. *Harveys*.

‡ Swift translated for Sir William his letters out of the original French into English. *D. S. p. 99.*

gry, admitted his claim to some provision, by offering to make him his deputy as Master of the Rolls in Ireland. This offer however Swift did not accept; but replied, that since he had now an opportunity of living without being driven into the church for support, a scruple which had hitherto kept him out of it, he was determined to go into Ireland and take orders. [*Sketch*, § 25. vol. 8. p. 199.]

Swift, during his residence with Sir William, had never failed to visit his mother at Leicester once a-year; and his manner of travelling was very extraordinary. He always went on foot, except the weather was very bad; and then he would sometimes take shelter in a waggon. He chose to dine at obscure alehouses among pedlars and hostlers, and to lie where he saw written over the door, *Lodgings for a penny*; but he used to bribe the maid with a tetter for a single bed and clean sheets. He delighted (says Lord Orrery) in scenes of low life. The vulgar dialect was not only a fund of humour for him, but I verily believe was acceptable to his nature; otherwise I know not how to account for the many filthy ideas and indecent expressions (I mean indecent in point of cleanliness and delicacy) that will be found throughout his works *.

In

* When Swift was a young man, he was prodigiously fond of rambling, even before his pocket could afford the common expences of a journey: and therefore we cannot but applaud his manner of travelling; since travel about he certainly must, or else die of the spleen. Oxford, Dublin London, Moorpark, and Leicester, were at various times the places of his abode; but Leicester in particular, during his mother's life, he commonly visited once a-year, let his general residence have been where it would. In short, upon his own feet he ran like a buck from one place to another. Gates, stiles, and quicksets, he no more valued than if they had been so many straws. His constitution was strong, and his limbs were active — His company in those flights were, I believe, all sorts of people which he met in towns and villages where he chanced to refresh himself; some chat for an hour, and again to the fields. His imagination was always alive, and perhaps beyond all others he had a power to conciliate his ideas to the several capacities of all human race, and at the same time catch entertainment to himself from every species of understanding; agreeable to what is said in that panegyric on the Dean written in the person of a lady in the north of Ireland.

W. Henderson

In this manner he went down to his mother upon his leaving Sir William, and from Leicester he wrote a letter, dated June 1694, [in vol. 8. p. 198.], to his cousin Deane Swift, then at Lisbon; in which he relates his quarrel with Sir William, and declares his purpose to take orders in the September following, withing he could procure for him the chaplainship of the factory.

What was the effect of this letter, is not known; but Swift soon after obtained a recommendation (supposed to be from Sir William Temple) to Lord Capel, then Lord Deputy of Ireland, who gave him the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, a northern district, worth about 100 l. a-year *. But Sir William, who had been used to the conversation of Swift, soon found that he could not be content to live without him; he therefore urged him to resign his prebend in favour of a friend, and promised to obtain preferment for him in England, if he would return †. Swift consented; and

*Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a case
Whether with Dermot, or his Grace;
With Teague O Murphy, or an Earl,
A Duchess or a kitchen-girl.
With such dexterity you fit
Their scur'ol talents with your wit,
That Moll the chambermaid can joke,
And Gahagan take ev'ry joke. vol. 6. p. 362.*

However, the Doctor hath often told his friends, that whatever money he saved by this manner of travelling, he constantly threw it away, as soon as he went to London, upon a fine waistcoat, or some additional gaiety upon a suit of cloaths. D. S. p. 99. 100, 1.

* Swift soon grew weary of this preferment. It was not sufficiently considerable, and was at so great a distance from the metropolis, that it absolutely deprived him from that kind of conversation and society in which he delighted. He had been used to very different scenes in England, and had naturally an aversion to solitude and retirement. He was glad therefore to resign his prebend in favour of a friend, and to return to Sheen, &c. Orrery, let. 2.

† This appears by a letter from Swift's sister, then in Ireland, to her cousin Deane in Portugal, dated May 26. 1699. "My poor brother" (says she) "has lost his best friend Sir William Temple, who was so fond of him whilst he lived, that he made him give up his living in this country to stay with him at Moorpark, and promised to get him one in England: but death came in between, and has left him unprovided both of friend and living." D. S. p. 66.

Sir

Sir William was so much pleased with this act of kindness, that during the remainder of his life, which was about four years, his behaviour was such as produced the utmost harmony between them. Swift, as a testimony of his friendship and esteem, wrote the battle of the books, of which Sir William is the hero; and Sir William, when he died, left him a pecuniary legacy, (supposed to have been about 500 l.), and his posthumous works. [*Sketch*, § 25.]

What other favours he received from Sir William, cannot certainly be known. Swift acknowledged none but his ineffectual recommendation to K. William; and he is known to have received frequent remittances from his uncle William, and his uncle Willoughby Swift: so that Sir William does not seem to have treated him with a liberality for which it is difficult to account.

Upon the death of Sir William Temple, Swift applied by petition to K. William for the first vacant prebend of Canterbury or Westminster, for which the royal promise had been obtained by his late patron, whose posthumous works he dedicated to his Majesty, to facilitate the success of this application. But it does not appear, that, after the death of Sir William, the King took the least notice of Mr Swift *. His petition and dedication were equally neglected †; and after a fruitless attendance at court, which probably increased the austerity of his temper, he accepted an invitation of the Earl of Berkeley, who had been appointed one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, to attend him as chaplain and

* The promises of kings are often a kind of chaff, which the breath of a minister bloweth, and scattereth away from the face of a court. Swift's petition had no effect. It was either totally forgotten, or drowned amidst the clamours of more urgent claims. From this first disappointment, may probably be dated that bitterness towards kings and courtiers, which is to be found so universally dispersed throughout his works. *Orrery*, *let.* 3.

The Earl of Rumney, who professed much friendship for Mr Swift, promised to second his petition; but as he was an old, vicious, illiterate rake, without any sense of truth or honour, he said not a word to the King. *Sketch*, § 26.

† What then was to be done? Honour, or, to use a properer word, pride hindered him from staying long in a state of servility and contempt. *Orrery*, *let.* 3.

private

private secretary. It might reasonably have been hoped, that although he had been disappointed of the preferment for which he solicited, yet the employment to which he was invited would have been secure. But it happened, that after he had acted as secretary during the whole journey to Dublin, one Bush found means to insinuate to Lord Berkeley, that the post of secretary was not fit for a clergyman; and his Lordship suffered himself to be so easily convinced of this impropriety, that, after making some apology to Mr Swift, he appointed Bush secretary in his stead *. [*Sketch*, § 26.]

This disappointment was soon after followed by another. It happened, that the deanery of Derry became vacant, and it was the Earl of Berkeley's turn to dispose of it. Yet whatever atonement was due to Swift for his Lordship's late breach of engagement, the secretary having received a bribe †, the deanery was given to another, upon pretence that Swift, who was then more than thirty years old, was too young ‡; and

* Here was another disappointment, and a fresh object of indignation. The treatment was thought injurious, and Swift expressed his sensibility of it in a short, but satirical copy of verses, intitled, *The Discovery. Orrery*, *let. 3.*—See vol. 7. p. 134.

† I have been told, that upon the Secretary's being offered 1000 l. for the deanery of Derry, he would not conclude the bargain, but kept it in reserve, until he had acquainted Swift with the proposal he had received: which after he had done, he made him the offer of the deanery for the like sum. But Swift told him plainly, that he thought he had nothing to do with ecclesiastical preferments, and rejected his overture with all imaginable disdain. *D. S.* p. 113.

‡ The rich deanery of Derry was intended for Swift by Lord Berkeley, if Dr King, then Bishop of Derry, and afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, had not interposed; intreating with great earnestness, that the deanery might be given to some grave and elderly divine, rather than to so young a man; "because" (added the Bishop) "the situation of Derry is in the midst of Presbyterians, and I should be glad of a clergyman who could be of assistance to me. I have no objection to Mr Swift. I know him to be a sprightly ingenious young man; but instead of residing, I dare say, he will be eternally flying backwards and forwards to London; and therefore I intreat, that he may be provided for in some other place."—Swift was accordingly set aside on account of youth; but, as if his stars had destined to him a parallel revenge, he lived to see the Bishop of Derry afterwards set aside on account of age. That prelate had been Archbishop of Dublin many years, and had been long celebrated

and he received instead of it the two livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin, in the diocese of Meath, which together did not amount to half the value of the deanery *. [Sketch, § 27.]. The first of these rectories was worth about 200 l. and the latter about 60 l. a-year; and they were the only church-preferments that Dr Swift enjoyed till he was appointed Dean of St Patrick's, in 1713. [O. let. 3.]

Whilst Swift was chaplain to Lord Berkeley, his only sister, who was of a middle size, finely shaped, rather beyond what is called the agreeable throughout her whole person, was polite and well bred, with at least a good share of understanding, and at that time worth 300 l. by the consent and approbation of her uncles and relations, accepted a proposal of marriage from a tradesman, whose fortune, character, and situation were

brated for his wit and learning, when Dr Lindsay the Primate of Ireland died. Upon his death, Archbishop King immediately made claim to the primacy, as a preferment to which he had a right from his station in the see of Dublin, and from his acknowledged character in the church. Neither of these pretensions were prevalent. He was looked upon as *too far advanced in years* to be removed. The reason alledged was as mortifying as the refusal itself. But the Archbishop had no opportunity of shewing his resentment, except to the new Primate Dr Bolter, whom he received at his own house, and in his dining-parlour, without rising from his chair, and to whom he made an apology, by saying, in his usual strain of wit, and with his usual sneering countenance, "My Lord, I am certain your Grace will forgive me, because, *you know, I am too old to rise.*" Orre-
ry, let. 3.

Whether or no Dr King, who was at that time very deservedly in high reputation, although descended from the meanest of the people, [being the son of a miller], was afraid of being eclipsed by the superior lustre of this young aspiring genius, who was in all respects, notwithstanding that he agreed with the Bishop in affairs ecclesiastical, a man of a quite different cast and manner of thinking, I shall not presume to determine. However, it is by no means improbable, that Swift's prodigious talents, which appear throughout his whole life to have been dreaded by all his contemporaries, not excepting even those ministers, who were desirous to have the honour of being ranked among his best friends, had a greater share in obstructing his promotion to the deanery of Derry, than perhaps any silly, trifling objections against his youth and sprightliness. D. S. p. 114.

* As Swift did not receive these livings till after the deanery was given to another, his non-residence could not, as Lord Orrery supposes, be the reason why it was not given to him. *Harveys.*

esteemed,

esteemed, by all her friends, suitable for her in every respect. He was reputed to be worth five thousand pounds. Having communicated this proposal to her brother, and finding him utterly averse from entertaining the most distant thoughts of it, she began to remonstrate to him in the way of reason, (for the match was by no means very desirable in her own breast), that she could not support herself on her 300 l. On which her brother assured her, that he would never see her want the necessaries or the conveniencies of life; and as a further proof to convince her that his regards were truly affectionate and sincere, he promised to settle upon her 500 l. being all he was then possessed of in the world, the very hour he should get some benefice in the church, which he daily expected, provided she would reject this overture of marriage with a proper disdain. But the match having taken place, notwithstanding her brother's remonstrances, it was entirely disagreeable to him. It seemed to interrupt those ambitious views which he had long since formed. He grew outrageous at the thoughts of being brother-in-law to a tradesman. He utterly refused all reconciliation with his sister, nor ever would listen to the intreaties of his mother, who came over to Ireland, under almost a certainty of pacifying his anger; having, in all other respects, ever found him a dutiful and obedient son. But his pride was not to be conquered; and Mrs Swift, finding her son inflexible, hastened back to Leicester, where she continued till her death. However, his sister's marriage proved in the end very unfortunate. The husband was an old tyrannical, vitious rake; and with regard to his 5000 l. he was scarce worth half so much on the day he was married. After he had two or three children, he broke and died, leaving his family in very deplorable circumstances. Mr Swift upon this event acquainted his sister by message, (for he would never be so far reconciled as to see her face), that he would allow her 20 l. a-year during her life, provided she would live in England, but not otherwise. She accordingly went to England, where she constantly received her annuity till her death.

[D. S. p. 101.—104. O. let. 3.]

In 1699, Swift had like to have burnt the castle of Dublin,

I AN ACCOUNT OF

blin, and Lord Berkeley in the midst of it. For the Doctor, whose bedchamber was the next room to his Excellency's, having grown drowsy over his book while he was reading in bed, dropt asleep without extinguishing his candle; which happening to fall upon his quilt, set it on fire, and burnt its passage quite through the bed-cloaths, until it reached his thigh. Swift roused by the pain, leaped out of bed, and extinguished the fire, which by this time had burnt part of the curtains. He took care to have the damages repaired; and by throwing away some guineas in hush-money, the accident was never made known in the castle. [*D. S. p. 112.*]

As Swift had refused a commission under King William, and a secular employment under Sir William Temple, it appears, that his attachment to a religious life, however early and however strong, was not the effect of temporary views, but of zeal for the success of the great work in which he was about to engage, and a consciousness of his own ability to acquit himself with advantage. That religious purposes were at this time predominant in his mind, he used frequently to declare; he hoped, he said, that, by diligent and constant application, he should so far excel, that the sexton might sometimes be asked on a Sunday morning, "Pray, does the Doctor preach to-day?" And when, after having taken possession of his livings, he went to reside at Laracor *,

* As soon as the Earls of Berkeley and Galway had been succeeded in the government by the Primate and the Earl of Drogheda, which happened. I think, somewhat about a year after his being presented to the livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin, poor Swift, half in despair of any further preferment, gallops down to Laracor; where solitude, retirement, the fanning of leaves, and the warbling of birds, threw him into some kind of reveries, more suitable, if any stress can be laid on the general opinions of the world, to the gravity and sedateness of an older divine, than to that abundant sprightliness and fire which animated the soul of this young, vigorous, uncommon, heteroclitic genius. Perhaps it may be thought exceedingly strange by those who admire Swift only for his wit and politics, that immediately after he had gone to reside in the country, he should begin to reflect, that he was intrusted with the cure of souls. But Swift was really a man of high religion, without grunting, groaning, canting, hypocrisy, or making wry faces. And sure it is, that in proportion to those talents, which he is allowed to have possessed in the most eminent degree, he beat all his contemporaries many thousands of leagues in the race of Christianity. *D. S. p. 115. 116.*

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he gave public notice, that he would read prayers on every Wednesday and Friday; a labour which he would not have brought upon himself, if he had been principally concerned about the value of his dues, which had been long before customarily paid for much less service. [J. R. p. 40. 41.]

The duties of the church, which he thus rendered more frequent, he performed with the utmost punctuality, and the most rational devotion. He was indeed devout, not only in his public and solemn addresses to God, but in that transient act of adoration, which is called *saying grace*, and which generally consists only in a mutter and a bow; in which the speaker appears to compliment the company, and the company each other. Swift always used the fewest words that could be uttered on the occasion; but he pronounced them with an emphasis and fervour which every one around him saw and felt, and with his hands clasped in each other, and lifted to his breast. And it is hoped, that those who can no otherwise emulate the character of Swift, will attempt it in this act of religious decorum, and no longer affect either to be wits or fine gentlemen, by a conduct directly contrary to so great an example.

But Swift, with all this piety in his heart, could not resist the temptation to indulge the peculiarity of his humour when an opportunity offered, whatever might be the impropriety of time and place.

On the first Wednesday after he had summoned his congregation at Laracor, he ascended his desk, and having sat some time with no other auditor than his clerk Roger, he rose up, and, with a composure and gravity that upon this occasion was irresistibly ridiculous, he began, "Dearly beloved Roger, the scripture moveth you
"and me in sundry places;" and so proceeded to the end of the service *. [O. let. 3.]

During Swift's residence at Laracor, he invited to Ireland a lady whom he has celebrated by the name of

* What a glorious priest would he have been, to reform the young and frightly from the extravagance of their ways? But, alas! that amazing capacity, so continually rolling over with torrents of wit and humour, was by no means adapted to the solemnity of a country-parish, or to the consolation of old women. D. S. p. 117.

Stella. With this lady he became acquainted while he lived with Sir William Temple. She was the daughter of his steward, whose name was *Johnson*; and Sir William, when he died, left her 1000 l. in consideration of her father's faithful services. At the death of Sir William, which happened in January 1698-9, she was in the sixteenth year of her age *; and it was about two years afterwards, that, at Swift's invitation, she left England, accompanied by her friend Mrs Dingley, a lady who was fifteen years older, and whose whole fortune, though she was related to Sir William, was no more than an annuity of 27 l. [*D. S.* p. 85. 86. 90.]. Whether Swift at this time desired the company of Stella as a wife or a friend, is not certain; but the reason which she and her companion then gave for their leaving England, was, that in Ireland the interest of money was high, and provisions were cheap. It appears, however, that other reasons were suspected in the neighbourhood of Moorpark: for Mr Thomas Swift, the rector of Puttenham, in a letter, dated Feb. 5. 1706, inquires "whether Jonathan was married, or whether he had "been able to resist the charms of both those gentle- "women who marched from Moorpark to Dublin, with "a resolution to engage him †?" [*D. S.* p. 86. 87.]. It appears too, that Swift, if he did not address her himself, yet contrived to break off a treaty of marriage with another, by persuading her to insist upon terms with which the gentleman could not comply ‡. But
whatever

* Mr Deane Swift says 18; but it appears by the poem on her birth-day in 1718, that she was then but 34. The Dean says she was in Ireland from 18, in his introduction to *Bons Mots de Stella*, in vol. 8. p. 295. *Harakef*.

† The beauty and gracefulness of Mrs Johnson's person had been remarked by Swift about two years before Sir William Temple's death, but never, we may be sure, had he made her the least advances. I am inclined however to think, that having observed her to be a delightful girl, and of a genius quick and lively, he had given her some instructions for the improvement of her mind in those happy years of ductility, when the soul is apt to receive all the finest impressions; which, like seed thrown upon a rich and fertile soil, might have prejudiced her inclinations to have a tenderness for him. *D. S.* p. 85. 86.

‡ Dr Swift made no addresses to this charming fair upon her first arrival in Ireland, when she was in the prime of her life, and splen-
dor

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whatever was Swift's attachment to Mrs Johnson, every possible precaution was taken to prevent scandal. They never lived in the same house. When Swift was absent from Laracor, Mrs Johnson and her friend resided at the parsonage; when he returned, they removed either to the house of Dr Raymond, vicar of Trim, a gentleman of great hospitality, and Swift's intimate friend, or to a lodging provided for them in the neighbourhood: neither were they ever known to meet but in the presence of a third person. [*D. S. p. 90.*] Swift made frequent excursions to Dublin, and some to London: but Mrs Johnson was buried in solitude and obscurity; she was known only to a few of Swift's most intimate acquaintance, and had no female companion except her friend Mrs Dingley, who was by all accounts a very insipid companion*.

In

dor of her beauty. However, the gracefulness of her person, and the politeness of her conversation, were not to be resisted by a gentleman of wit and learning, who was an intimate friend of the Doctor, and with whom she had frequently conversed. This gentleman declared his passion, and made her proposals of marriage.—Mrs Johnson discovered no repugnancy to the match; but still she would be advised by Dr Swift. The Doctor, perhaps loath to be separated from so delightful a companion, threw an obstacle in the way that was not to be surmounted. The gentleman had a benefice in the church of a considerable value about 100 miles from Dublin, which required his attendance. Dr Swift, in order to bring matters to a final issue, made him an overture, that he should settle upon his wife 100 l. a year for pin-money. The lover indeed, though extremely captivated with the charms of his mistress, was by no means delighted with this proposal; he desired, however, that he might have a night's time to consider of it. And the next morning, contrary to expectation, he agreed to the terms. Swift, never at a loss for some uncommon flight of imagination, insisted further, that he should live in Dublin, and keep a coach for his wife. The gentleman had more honour than to promise what he could not perform; and so the match was broken off. *D. S. p. 87. 89* — See Lord Orrery's account of this lady, and of Dr Swift's correspondence with her, in vol. 8. p. 291. in the notes.

* This course of life, so very singular in a fine woman, abstracted Mrs Johnson in a great measure from the converse of her own sex. She lived, I cannot absolutely say by her own choice, wholly in the circle of books and men: a life so unnatural to the sweetness and delicacy of a tender female constitution, that I cannot suppose it, with all its glittering advantages in the way of science, to have been

In 1701, Swift took his Doctor's degree; and in 1702, soon after the death of King William, he went to England, for the first time after his settlement at Laracor; a journey which he frequently repeated during the reign of Queen Anne. Mrs Johnson was once also in England in 1705; but returned in a few months, and never afterwards crossed the channel. [*D. S.* p 90.]

He soon became eminent as a writer, and in that character at least was known to the great men in both the factions, which were distinguished by the names of *Whig* and *Tory**. He had been educated among the Whigs; but he at length attached himself to the Tories, because, as he said, the Whigs had renounced their old principles, and received others, which their forefathers held in utter abhorrence†. [*O. let.* 4]. He did not
however

near so eligible to the lovely Mrs Johnson, as that open free converse with the world, which is totally unacquainted with every colour and species of involuntary confinement. However, that greatness of mind, which inspires, like the demon of Socrates, courage and resolution into the souls of the innocent, comforted and supported the religious and virtuous Mrs Johnson, under all the bitterness and pressures of her restraint. *D. S.* p 90. 91.

* Two creatures, says a modern author, who are born with a secret antipathy to each other, and engage as naturally when they meet, as the elephant and rhinoceros. In a mixture of these two jarring animals consisted the first ministry of Q. Anne; but the greater share of the administration was committed to the Whigs, who, with indefatigable industry, soon ingrossed the whole; inclosing their sovereign within their own fortifications, and keeping her captive within their own walls. The Queen, whose heart was naturally inclined towards the Tories, remained an unwilling prisoner several years to the Whigs; till Mr Harley, with a Tory army, undermined all the Whiggish fortresses, levelled their works to the ground, seized the princess, and, during the remainder of her life, surrounded and defended her with a new set of troops under the command of the Duke of Ormond. *O. let.* 4.

† The effects of power and ambition are extraordinary and boundless. They blind our faculties, they stagger our resolution, and they subvert our nature. Not all the metamorphoses of Ovid can produce a parallel equal to the change that appears in the same man, when from a patriot he becomes a courtier. Yet it may be asserted, and will redound to the honour of Dr Swift, that when he rose into the confidence and esteem of those great men who sat at the helm of affairs during the last years of Q. Anne's reign, he scarce ever lost himself, or grew giddy by the plenitude of power, and the exalted
station

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however write any political pamphlet from the year 1701 * to the year 1708 †. [*D. S. p. 148.*]

But

station of frequently appearing in the confidence and favour of the reigning minister. He may have been carried away by inconsiderate passion, but he was not to be swayed by deliberate evil. He may have erred in judgment, but he was upright in intention. The welfare and prosperity of these kingdoms were the constant aim of his politics, and the immediate subject of his thoughts and writings. *O. let. 4.*

* In 1701 Dr Swift having wrote the piece intituled, *A discourse of the contests and dissensions in Athens and Rome* [in vol. 2. p. 8.], returned from England to Ireland; where having met with old Bp Sheridan, at his uncle William Swift's in Dublin, the Bishop, after some conversation with him about affairs in England, asked him if he had read that pamphlet, and what reputation it carried at London? The Doctor told him modestly, that he had read it, and that, as far as he had observed, it was very well liked at London. Very well liked! said the Bishop, with some emotion; yes, Sir, it is one of the finest tracts that ever was written. Well, surely Bishop Burnet is one of the best writers in the whole world! Bishop Burnet, my Lord! said the Doctor: Why, my Lord, Bishop Burnet was not the author of that discourse. Not the author of it? said the Bishop. Why, Sir, there is never a man in England except the Bishop capable of writing it. I can assure your Lordship, replied the Doctor, Bishop Burnet was not the author of it. Not the author of it? said the Bishop: Pray, Sir, give me your reason for thinking so. Because, my Lord, said Swift, that discourse is not written in the Bishop's style. Not in the Bishop's style? replied old Sheridan, with some degree of contempt. No, my Lord, the style of that pamphlet is, I think, wholly different from the style of the Bishop. Oh, Mr Swift, replied Sheridan, I have had a long acquaintance with your uncles, and an old friendship for all your family, and really I have a great regard for you in particular. But let me advise you, for you are still a very young man; I know you have a good share of abilities, and are a good scholar; however, let me assure you notwithstanding, that you are still a great deal too young to pronounce your judgment on the style of authors. I am greatly obliged to your Lordship, replied Swift, for the good opinion you are pleased to entertain of me; but still I am to assure your Lordship, that Bishop Burnet was not the author of that discourse. Well, Sir, said the Bishop, let me know who it was that did write it. Why, really, my Lord, replied Swift, I writ it myself. And this was the first time that ever he acknowledged himself to be the author of that famous tract. *D. S. p. 122, 3.*

† During this interval, Dr Swift had worked hard within those subterraneous passages, where, as has been hinted in a former note, the mine was formed that blew up the Whiggish ramparts, and opened a way for the Tories to the Queen. Swift was to the Tories
what

But though, by his frequent excursions to England, and a long absence from his cures, he appears to have delayed the execution of his purpose to excel as a preacher; yet he used to declare, that he did not renounce it till his acquaintance with Harley; nor did he ever mention his subsequent attachment to politics, without indubitable signs of penitence and regret. [*J. R. p. 41. 42. 266.*]

It is probable, that he hoped to exert himself more effectually in the church, by acquiring some other preferment; and that, with this view, he was solicitous to be near the court: for before his acquaintance with Lord Oxford, a bishoprick was intended for him by the Queen. But Abp Sharpe, and a certain great lady, having misrepresented his principles and character, her Majesty gave it to another*. Of this injury, however, the Archbishop was afterwards truly sensible, expressed great sorrow for it, and desired his forgiveness. [*J. R. p. 271.*]

After this disappointment it was not long before a new scene opened before him; for in 1710, being then in England, he was empowered by his Grace the Lord Primate of Ireland to solicit the Queen to exonerate the clergy of Ireland from paying the twentieth parts and first fruits. And upon this occasion his acquaintance with Harley commenced †.

As soon as he had received the Bishop's letter, instructions, and authority, he resolved to apply to Mr Harley, not only because he was a principal person in the Queen's ministry, but because, by his interest, the same favour had been granted to the clergy of England. That he might not wait upon Mr Harley, to whom his name was well known, wholly without recommendation, he got himself represented as a person who had

what Cæsar was to the Romans, at once a leader of their armies, and an historiographer of their triumphs. He resided very much in England: his inclinations were always there *O. let. 4.*

* Abp Sharpe represented him as a person who was not a Christian, and the great lady supported the aspersions. Swift kept himself indeed within some tolerable bounds, when he spoke of the Queen: but his indignation knew no limits, when he mentioned the Archbishop or the lady. *O. let. 4.*

† See the letters that passed between Dr Swift and the Irish Bishops on this occasion, in vol. 8. p. 212.—217.

been

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been extremely ill used by the last ministry, because he would not go certain lengths which they would have had him ; this being in some sort Mr Harley's own case *. [vol. 8. p. 212.]

Mr

* Swift no sooner appeared at London in September 1710, but " all the Whigs were ravished to see him, and would have laid hold " on him as a twig to save them from sinking; and the great men " were all making him their clumsy apologies." [*Let. to S. Sept. 9. 1710.*] " It is good" [saith the Doctor] " to see what a lamentable " confession the Whigs all make of my ill usage." [*Ib. Sept. 30.*]. In short, the Whigs would gladly have depended on his superior talents for their resurrection; and the Tories dreaded from his pen their inevitable destruction. *D. S. p. 312, 13.* — It does not appear, that Swift had any design of attaching himself to the Tory ministry at this time. For he declares within a few days after his arrival, that " he is heartily weary of London, and wishes that he had never stirred from Ireland." [*Let. to S. Sept. 12. 1710.*] But observing in October in what manner he was courted by Mr Harley and Mr Secretary St John, (" who frequently protested, after he had become " their intimate, that he was the only man in England they were " afraid of,") [*Ibid, June 30. 1711.*], as well as by all the rest of the great people in power, to whom he was immediately introduced by Mr Harley upon their first acquaintance, he readily enough accepted the invitation to be their friend and protector.

And now the public interest to support,

By Harley SWIFT invited comes to court. [vol. 6. p. 249.]

" I stand with the new people" [saith he] " ten times better than " ever I did with the old; and forty times more caressed." [*Oct. 14. 1710.*] " The present ministry have a difficult task, and want me, " &c. According to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing " the true interest of the public; and therefore I am glad to contribute what lies in my power." [*Nov. 29. 1710.*] " As for your " news that Mr St John is going to Holland, he has no such thoughts " to quit the great station he is in; nor if he had, could I be spared " to go with him." [*Jan. 24. 1710.*] " May my enemies live here " [at London] in summer; and yet I am so unlucky, that I cannot possibly be out of the way at this juncture — I he Whigs whisper " that our ministry differ among themselves, and they begin to talk " out the Secretary. They have some reasons for their whispers; " though I thought it was a greater secret. I do not much like the " present posture of things. I always apprehended that any falling " out would ruin them, and so I have told them several times. The " Whigs are mighty full of hopes at present; and whatever is the " matter, all kinds of stocks fall. I have not yet talked with the " Secretary about Prior's journey [to France]. I should be apt to " think it may foretel a peace; and that is all we have to preserve " us." [*Aug. 27. 1711.*] — Swift and the Secretary having appointed

Mr Harley received him with the utmost kindness and respect; he sat with him two hours in company, and two hours he was with him alone. He not only engaged in the Doctor's immediate business with the utmost zeal, and soon after accomplished it; but told him, he must bring him acquainted with Mr St John; invited him to dine with him; charged him to come often; and, when the Doctor proposed attending at his levee, told him that was no place for *friends*. The Doctor soon after became personally acquainted with the rest of the ministers, who appear to have courted and caressed him with uncommon assiduity. He dined every Saturday at Mr Harley's, with the Lord Keeper, Mr Secretary St John, and Lord Rivers. On that day no other person was for some time admitted; but this select company was at length enlarged to sixteen, all men of the first class, Swift included. They dined once a-week at the houses of each other by rotation, and went under the general denomination of *brothers**.

From

pointed to spend a whole day in private together upon affairs of the greatest consequence; "The duce" (saith he) "is in this Secretary. When I went to him this morning, he had people with him; but says, we are to dine with Prior to-day, and then will do all our business in the afternoon. At two, Prior sends word he is otherwise engaged. Then the Secretary and I go and dine with Brig Briton; sit till eight, grow merry, no business done; we part, and appoint no time to meet again. This is the fault of all the present ministers, teasing me to death for my assistance, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon it; and slipping opportunities." [O^{ff}. 31. 1711.] D. S. p. 329, 30, 1.

* Swift was represented to Mr Harley, "as one extremely ill used by the last ministry," [vol. 8. p. 212.]; a sentiment which, in his political wisdom, that great minister both greedily and fearfully imbibed. And accordingly, when Swift waited upon him about the first fruits and twentieth parts; Harley, knowing the pride and spirit of the man with whom he had to deal, instantly began to pay his court to Swift in all the shapes that were consistent with his spirit and dignity. The moment that Swift appeared in his house, Harley "received him with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable; and appointed him an hour two or three days after to open his business to him." [L^{et}. to S. O^{ff}. 4. 1710.]. No sooner had Swift told him his business on the day appointed, but Harley "entered into it with all kindness, asked him for his powers and read them, and read likewise the memorial he had drawn up, and put it into his pocket

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From this time the Doctor supported the interest of his new friends with all his power, in pamphlets, poems, and periodical papers; his intimacy with them was so

“ pocket to shew the Queen; told him the measures he would take; and, in short, said every thing he could wish; told him he must bring Mr St John and him acquainted; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem, that he [Swift] was inclined to believe what some friends had told him, that he [Harley] would do every thing to bring him over. He [Harley] desired him to dine with him on Tuesday; and after four hours being with him, set him down at St James’s coffeehouse in a hackney-coach.” [Oct. 7. 1710.]. Add again, “I must tell you” [saith the Doctor] “a great piece of refinement in Harley.” [This was but four days after their first acquaintance]. “He charged me to come to see him often. I told him I was loath to trouble him in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee: which he immediately refused, and said, *that was no place for friends.*” [Oct. 8. 1710.]. In two days after Harley “told him, he had shewn his memorial to the Queen, and seconded it very heartily; because (said he) the Queen designs to signify it to the Bishops of Ireland in form, and take notice that it was done upon a memorial from you: which Mr Harley told Swift *he did to make it look more respectful to him.*” [Oct. 10. 1710.].—“I believe” [saith the Doctor] “never any thing was compassed so soon, and purely done by my personal credit with Mr Harley, who is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to shew the rascals of the other party, that they used a man unworthily who had deserved better.” [Oct. 21. 1710.]. “Harley speaks all the kind things to me in the world” [Nov. 8. 1710.]. But the account of his entertainment and reception at the Secretary’s, will give some clearer light into these matters. “I dined to-day” [saith he] “by invitation with the Secretary of State, Mr St John. Mr Harley came in to us before dinner, and *made me his excuses* for not dining with us, because he was to receive people who came to propose the advancing money to the government.—*The Secretary used me with all the kindness in the world.* Prior came in after dinner; and upon an occasion he [the Secretary] said, the best thing he ever read is not yours, says he, but Dr Swift’s on Vanbrugh [in vol. 6. p. 71. 72.]; which I do not reckon so very good neither: but Prior was damped, till I stuffed him with two or three compliments. He told me among other things, that *Mr Harley complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him.* I knew that was a refinement; and so I told him; and it was so. Indeed it is hard to see these great men use me like one *who was their betters,* and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me. But there are some reasons for all this.” [Nov. 11. 1710.]. These last words have an eye to his writing the Examiner; which he kept as a profound secret from all the world, except the printer and the ministry.

so remarkable, that he was thought not only to defend, but in some degree to direct their measures; and such was his importance in the opinion of the opposite party, that many speeches were made against him in both houses of parliament*; a reward was also offered for discovering the author of *The public spirit of the Whigs*. [vol. 2. p. 51.] †

Whatever

ministry. Prior was suspected for being the author of the *Examiner*, see numb. 26. 31. [in vol. 2.], and had like to have been insulted for it in the street; to which the letter from the Whigs to the *Examiner*, No. 28. very plainly alludes. — It is a point beyond all controversy, that no sovereign prince was ever more caressed by noble, generous, and manly spirits, than Swift undoubtedly was, not only by the great Harley, but all the Tory ministry. For it is certain, that Swift courted not the ministry, but the ministry courted Swift to be their champion and their protector, [See his own words, *Examiner*, No. 26.]; and used him with the same respect, as well after, as before he had taken them under his care. Neither did he once consent to stay with the ministry, and run his fortune among them. *D. S. p.* 313.—316.

* See vol. 6. p. 249, 50.

† Among the various branches into which Swift's expansive genius spread itself, those peculiar talents of levelling his writings to the lowest, and sustaining their dignity to the highest capacity, were probably the original motives that attracted the Earl of Oxford's friendship to him. In the year 1709, the character of Dr Swift as an author, was perfectly established. He had shewn abilities equal to those attributed by Homer to Ulysses: he could appear a beggar among beggars, and a king among kings. — From the year 1709, to the latest period of Q. Anne, we find him fighting on the side of the ministers, and maintaining their cause in pamphlets, poems, and weekly papers. In a letter to Mr Pope, of Jan. 10. 1721, he has this expression: "I have conversed in some freedom with more ministers of state, of all parties, than usually happens to men of my level; and I confess, in their capacity as ministers, I look upon them as a race of people whose acquaintance no man would court, otherwise than on the score of vanity or ambition." [vol. 8. p. 27.]. Lord Oxford, as a gentleman and a scholar, might be open and unreserved to Dr Swift, as far as his Lordship's nature would permit; but as a minister of state he ever appeared mysterious and enigmatical, delivering his oracles, like the Delphian deity, in occult terms and ambiguous expressions. — A man always appears of more consequence to himself, than he is in reality to any other person. Such perhaps was the case of Dr Swift. He found himself much indulged by the smiles and conversation of the Earl of Oxford. He knew how useful he was to the administration in general: and in the aforementioned letter, he says, that the place of historiographer was intended for him [vol. 8. p. 23.]. But I am apt to suspect that he flattered himself too highly: at

Whatever excellence we possess, or whatever honours we obtain, the pleasure which they produce, is all relative to some particular favourite, with whom we are tenderly connected, either by friendship or by love; or, at most, it terminates, like rays collected by a burning-glass, in a very small circle, which is scarce more than a point, and, like light, becomes sensible only by reflection. Thus Swift, while he was courted and caressed by those whom others were making interest to approach, seems to have enjoyed his distinction, only in proportion as it was participated with Stella; for amidst all the business, and all the honours that crowded upon him, he wrote every day an account of whatever occurred, and sent her a journal, regularly dated, every fortnight, during the whole time of his connection with Q. Anne's ministry. [*D. S. p. 258.*] From these unrestrained effusions of his heart, many particulars are known, which could have been known no other way. And by these it appears incontestably, that he was not only employed, but trusted; and that Harley, who is universally allowed to have been one of the most reserved and mysterious of all politicians, was to him, in affairs of the utmost moment, open and explicit *. The result of one
of

at least it is very evident, that he remained without any preferment till the year 1713, when he was made Dean of St Patrick's. In point of power and revenue, such a deanery might be esteemed no inconsiderable promotion; but to an ambitious mind, whose perpetual aim was a settlement in England, a dignity in any other kingdom must appear (as perhaps it was designed) only an honourable and profitable banishment. *O. let. 4.*

* The Earl of Oxford had a real friendship for Dr Swift. And there are some little gratifications in the commerce of friendship, which appear to be as strong, if not stronger indications of our love and esteem for particular persons, than what is called advancing them in the *grande monde*, whether to honours or preferment. Of this nature I take some presents to have been which the Earl made to the Doctor, particularly his own picture enamelled by Zinck, the seal of Julius Cæsar, and especially the seal of the young Hercules, which were both given to the Earl by his royal mistress, and afterwards by the Earl presented to the Doctor; alluding perhaps, in the present of the young Hercules, to the character of Alcides in the poem called *Atlas*, the Earl being conscious to himself how much the Doctor had supported the constitution, the Queen, and the ministry. But what, I think, shewed more kindness and affection than any of the former,

of their conferences, so early as the year 1710, was to this effect, That the kingdom was as certainly ruined as a bankrupt merchant; that a peace, whether bad or good, was absolutely necessary; that the confederacy must soon break, and factions increase; and that the ministry was upon too narrow a bottom, and stood like an isthmus, between the Whigs on one side, and the violent Tories on the other; a situation in which they could not subsist*. These violent Tories were formed into a society called the *October club*, of whom Swift says, "They are about an hundred parliament-men of the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the parliament-house, to drive things on to extremes against the Whigs, to call the old ministry to account, and

was the present of that penknife wherewith the Earl himself had been stabbed by Guiscard. It was a common ordinary penknife, with a tortoise-shell handle; and when it was shut, was just about the length of a man's little finger. But as the blade was broken within half an inch of the handle, by the violence of the blow against one of the Earl's ribs, the Doctor had a hole drilled through that part of the blade which was broken off, and another hole through that piece which remained in the handle, and by that contrivance they were both held together by a little silver chain. *D. S. p. 162, 3.*

* Dr Swift's own account of this is as follows. "This kingdom is certainly ruined as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We must have peace, let it be a bad or a good one; though nobody dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things, the worse I like them. I believe the confederacy will soon break to pieces; and our factions at home increase. The ministry is upon a very narrow bottom; and stand like an isthmus between the Whigs on one side, and violent Tories on the other. They are able seamen; but the tempest is too great, the ship too is rotten, and the crew all against them. Lord Sommers has been twice in the Queen's closet, once very lately; and the Duchess of S——t, who now has the key, is a most insinuating woman; and I believe they will endeavour to play the same game that has been played against them. I have told them all this, which they know already; but they cannot help it: they have cautioned the Queen so much against being governed, that she observes it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon these things; but they make me melancholy. I could not but observe, that lately after much conversation with Mr Harley, though he is the most fearless man alive, and the least apt to despond, he confessed to me, that uttering his mind to me gave him ease." [*Lett. to Stella, March 4. 1710.*] *D. S. p. 318.*

" get

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"get off five or six heads*." [*Let. to S. Feb. 18. 1710. D. S. p. 319. 320.*]

But, if Swift thought this party too precipitant, it is certain he thought Lord Oxford too slow; and he once told him so in a manner that shews both his integrity, and the freedom of his conversation with those who have a prescriptive right to servility and adulation. He had received (from Col. Hill, a gentleman of worth, who had commanded with great bravery in the battle of Almanza, soon after his promotion to a regiment) a present of a fine tortoise-shell snuff-box, richly lined with gold, with the prospect of the rialto of Venice, several gondalos playing on the canals, and other figures to the number of 150, representing the pleasures of a carnival, painted on the inside of the lid. This present he shewed one day to Harley; who having admired the painting and the workmanship, at last spied a figure studded on the outside of the bottom, which he thought resembled a goose; upon which, turning to the Doctor, "Jonathan," says he, "I think the Colonel has made a goose of you." "Yes, my Lord," says the Doctor; "but, if your Lordship will look a little farther, you will see that I am driving a snail before me;" which indeed happened to be the device. To this the Earl coolly replied, "That is severe enough, Jonathan; but I deserve it." [*D. S. p. 163, 4.*]

It is equally true, and equally evident, that Swift had no expectations of advantage from his connection with these persons; that he knew they could not long

* — The ministry seem not to regard them; yet one of them in confidence told me, that there must be something thought on to settle things better. I'll tell you one great state secret. The Queen, sensible how much she was governed by the late ministry, runs a little into the other extreme, and is jealous in that point even of those who got her out of the other's hands. The ministry is for gentler measures, and the other Tories for more violent. Lord Rivers talking to me the other day, cursed the paper called the *Examiner*, for speaking civilly of the Duke of Marlborough. This I happened to talk of to the Secretary; who blamed the warmth of that Lord and some others, and swore, that if their advice were followed, they would be blown up in twenty-four hours. And I have reason to think that they will endeavour to prevail on the Queen to put her affairs more in the hands of a ministry than she does at present: and there are, I believe, two men thought on, &c. [*Let. to S.]. D. S. p. 320.*

preserve their power ; that he did not honour it while it lasted, and that he disdained pecuniary obligations *.

“ The ministry” (saith he) “ are good honest hearty fellows. I use them like dogs, because I expect they will use me so. They call me nothing but Jonathan ; and I said I believed they would leave me Jonathan as they found me ; and that I never knew a ministry do any thing for those whom they make companions of their pleasures ; but I care not.” [*Let. to S. Feb. 17. 1710. D. S. p. 322.*]

In the summer of 1711, he foresaw the ruin of the ministry, by those misunderstandings among themselves which at last effected it ; and it was not only his opinion, but their own, that if they could not carry a peace, they would not be able to keep themselves out of the Tower, even though they should agree. [*D. S. p. 331. Let. to Stella.*] In order therefore to facilitate this great event, Swift wrote *The conduct of the allies* ; a piece which he confesses cost him much pains, and

* Swift, conscious of his great abilities, and that he was not obliged to the ministry, for any the least favour, how much soever they had been obliged to him for his care and protection, treated every one of them round, just in what style and manner he thought convenient. The ministry, who were themselves men of wit and penetration, bore with his temper, and soothed him in his greatest irregularities. Had they ventured to have acted otherwise, they knew in their souls, that he would have taken horse the next morning, and, careless of their fate, exposed them to the fury of their enemies. But this spirit of dominion, which more or less gave a tincture to all his conversation and behaviour throughout his whole life, was suffered freely to pass under the soft and gentle appellation of wit and humour. “ I dined to-day” (saith he) “ with Mr Secretary St John : I went to the court of requests at noon, and sent Mr Harley into the house to call the Secretary, to let him know I would not dine with him if he dined late.” [*Let. to S. Feb. 12. 1710.*] Where do you find in the Roman, the Grecian, the Persian, the Assyrian, the Egyptian, or the Punic story, any champion, or protector of a ministry, alive and spirited to such an exalted degree, as to command the first minister of state to call out the Secretary from the important business of his King and country, upon so bootless an affair ? But a spirit of liberty, or, in other words, a just and true notion of inherent wisdom and fortitude, will bear up the possessor, like the hand of an angel, and encourage him to things which are wild, strange, and amazing to slaves, and flatterers, and all the inferior classes of wretched human kind. *D. S. p. 320, 1, 2.*

which

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which succeeded even beyond his expectation. [*D. S. p. 332. Let. to S.*]. It was published Nov. 27. 1711, just ten days before the parliament met; and, before the 28th of January, above eleven thousand were sold, seven editions having been printed in England, and three in Ireland. [*D. S. p. 335.*]. The Tory members in both houses who spoke, drew all their arguments from it; and the resolutions which were printed in the votes, and which would never have passed but for *The conduct of the allies*, were little more than quotations from it *. [*D. S. p. 337. Let. to S.*]

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* The Whigs, encouraged, supported, and abetted, by the Dutch, the Emperor, and all the princes in the grand alliance, were furious against a peace. In summer 1711 they had been extremely active in mustering up their forces, and collecting their whole strength against the next meeting of the parliament; and with such dexterity their affairs were managed, that actually they had got the Queen herself to be secretly on their side, as appeared to a demonstration from her behaviour to the Duke of Shrewsbury, Dec. 7. 1711. For "when the Queen was going from the house of Lords, where she sat to hear the debate, Shrewsbury, Lord Chamberlain, asked her Majesty, whether he, or the Great Chamberlain Lindsay, ought to lead her out? she answered short, Neither of you; and gave her hand to the Duke of Somerset, who was louder than any in the house against the peace." [*Let. to S. Dec. 8. 1711.*]. And Dr Swift having asked Lord Oxford, whether some particular Lords would have voted against the court, if the Duke of Somerset had not assured them it would please the Queen? Lord Oxford plainly told him, his conjectures were true, and that my Lord Duke of Somerset had so assured them." [*Ib. Dec. 11.*]. And this behaviour of the Queen was in fact the original cause of her making twelve Peers at once, "after she had at last been persuaded to her own interest and security. Yet, after all," adds Swift, "it is a strange unhappy necessity of making so many Peers together; but the Queen has drawn it upon herself, by her trimming and moderation." [*Ib. Dec. 29.*]. The Whigs thus elated with hope, and with a full assurance of success in defeating the ministry, and quashing the preliminaries of a peace, stocks fell, and all difficulties seemed to vanish before them. "We have no quiet" (saith the Doctor) "with the Whigs, they are so violent against a peace; but I will cool them with a vengeance, very soon." [*Oct. 26. 1711.*]. "I have written a paper" (saith he) "which the ministers reckon will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched against a peace. Few of this generation can remember any thing but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be; whereas it is certain, we are the most undone people in Europe, as I am afraid

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From this time till the year 1713, he continued to exert himself, with unwearied diligence, in the service of the ministry. [*D. S. p. 156.*] And while he was at Windsor, just at the conclusion of the peace of Utrecht, he

"I shall make appear beyond all contradiction." [*Oct. 30.*].— After the publication of *The conduct of the allies*, all London, both court and city, were alarmed. The Dutch envoy designed to complain of it, and refused dining with Dr D'Avenant, because, among others, he was suspected to be the author. The Whigs resolved to bring it into the house of Lords, to have it there examined; and the Lord Chief Justice sent for Morpew the printer, threatened him, asked him who was the author of *The conduct of the allies*, and bound him over to appear the next term. The noise which it made was extraordinary. "It is fit" (saith the Doctor) "it should answer the pains I have been at about it. Some lay it to Prior, others to Mr Secretary St John; but I am always the first they lay every thing to." [*Dec. 2.*]. However, within four days after it was published, there was a report in London, that several of the Whigs began to be content that a peace should be treated.— The parliament, however, met Dec. 7. "The Earl of Nottingham began and spoke against a peace, and desired, that in their address they might put in a clause to advise the Queen not to make a peace without Spain; which was debated, and carried by the Whigs, by about six voices, in a committee of the whole house," [*Dec. 7.*]; and the next day "the clause was carried against the court in the house of Lords almost two to one." [*Dec. 8.*]. The Doctor, who has written copiously on these proceedings, concludes his letter in these words. "This is a long journal, and of a day that may produce great alterations, and hazard the ruin of England. The Whigs are all in triumph. They foretold how all this would be, but we thought it boasting. Nay, they said the parliament should be dissolved before Christmas, and perhaps it may. This is all your D— of S—t's doings. I warned them [the ministers] of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since. The Secretary always dreaded it. I told Lord Treasurer, I should have the advantage of him, for he would lose his head, and I should only be hanged, and so carry my body entire to the grave." [*Dec. 8.*].— And shortly after talking of these affairs, "Here are" (saith the Doctor) "the first steps towards the ruin of an excellent ministry; for I look upon them as certainly ruined. Some are of opinion the whole ministry will give up their places next week; others imagine, when the session is over. I do resolve, if they give up, or are turned out soon, to retire for some months, and I have pitched upon the place already. I would be out of the way upon the first of the ferment. For they lay all things on me, even some I have never read." [*Dec. 15.*].— Nevertheless, while things continued in this doubtful situation, and many of the friends of the ministry had given

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he drew the first sketch of *An history of the four last years of Q. Anne*. The work would have been published soon after, if his friends in the ministry had not disagreed about it; and, after the Queen's death, he spent much time in improving and correcting it; but it has not yet appeared. [D. S. p. 340. vol. 8. p. 23.]

During all this time, he received no gratuity or reward till the year 1713; and then he accepted the deanery of St Patrick's, Dublin.

It may perhaps be thought strange, that his friends did not rather procure him a bishoprick in England, and place him in the house of Lords, where his political eloquence might have been employed with great advantage. But this was not in their power; and they might be willing to secure to him such advantage as they could, knowing their own instability, and foreseeing their fall*. [vol. 8. p. 203.]

But,

given all for gone, such was the force of reasoning, and such were the merits of that pamphlet, *The conduct of the allies*, "that the Tory Lords and Commons in parliament argued all from it; and all agreed, that never any thing of that kind was of so great consequence, or made so many converts." [Dec. 18.]. And at last, such were the effects that it produced almost universally in the minds of men, that "the house of Commons" (saith the Doctor) "have this day made many severe votes about our being abused by our allies. Those who spoke drew all their arguments from my book, and their votes confirm all I writ. The court had a majority of 150. All agree that it was my book that spirited them to these resolutions." [Feb. 4.]. And presently after he confirms what he had asserted beyond all possibility of mistake. "The resolutions" (saith he) "printed the other day in the votes, are almost quotations from it, and would never have passed, if that book had not been written." [Feb. 8.].—Such were the politics, and such was the importance of Dr Swift, in those furious times. D. S. p. 332.—337.

* I am much inclined to believe, that the temper of Swift might occasion his English friends to wish him happily and properly promoted, at a distance. His spirit, for I would give it the softest name, was ever untractable. The motions of his genius were often irregular. He assumed more the air of a patron, than of a friend. He affected rather to dictate than advise. He was elated with the appearance of enjoying ministerial confidence. He enjoyed the shadow; the substance was detained from him. He was employed, not trusted; and at the same time that he imagined himself a subtle diver, who dextrously shot down into the profoundest regions of politics, he was
suffered

But, with whatever view, or from whatever cause, the deanery of St Patrick's was given him, he received it with less pleasure than he would have done a settlement with much less power and profit in England.

He immediately crossed the channel to take possession of his new dignity; but did not stay in Ireland more than a fortnight, being urged by an hundred letters to hasten back, and reconcile Lord Oxford and Lord Bo-

lister only to sound the shallows nearest the shore, and was scarce admitted to descend below the froth at the top. Perhaps the deeper bottoms were too muddy for his inspection. *O. let. 4.*

But what reward, what recompense, or what dignities were conferred upon this heroic champion of the ministry, this Herculean defender of the constitution, for all his labours? Why, to be sure, he was invited to be of the cabinet-council, he had some part in the administration of affairs committed to his care, he was raised in the church even to the highest pinnacle of honour that he could possibly arrive at, without having others knocked on the head to make room for his preferment? Quite the contrary: that very ministry whose battles he had fought with so much vigour and success, never once exerted their interest to get him any sort of promotion either in church or state. Perhaps dreading those amazing abilities which had been their chief support, they were not desirous that he should be raised to an English bishoprick, which would have intitled him to a seat in the house of Lords, where it is not impossible that his talents might have shone forth in a blaze of politics that would have rendered him as much the *idol* of the public as the wonder of all his contemporaries: and therefore, in the abundance of their sagacity, they banished him into Ireland, and gave him the deanery of St Patrick, Dublin, which, as he himself expresseth it, was the only small favour that he had ever received at their hands. I know it hath been said, and thought by many, that the Earl of Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke were his patrons. But if I know the meaning of the word *patron*, as I think I do, I cannot but assert, as a truth beyond all question, that Dr Swift never had any patrons at all; or at least if he had, that his obligations to them were invisible. Nay, I have heard the Doctor affirm, that he never was obliged to any man in his whole life; meaning undoubtedly, that he never had got any preferment in the church by the interest of his friends, which his own particular merit had not paid for over and over. Nevertheless, if the word *patron* must be used upon these occasions, as I think it may, I will stake my reputation against the judgment of any critic in Europe, or, in other words, I will hold fifty guineas to one, that Dr Swift was more a patron to the *ministry*, than any of the *ministry* were patrons to Dr Swift: which is a point so manifest to all that are acquainted with his political writings, that I think it would be needless to insist upon any particular proofs of it. *D. S. p. 155, 6, 7.*

lingbroke,

Wingbroke, the consequences of whose misunderstanding were justly dreaded by their friends *. [vol. 8. p. 201.]

When he returned, he found their quarrels and coldness increased; and having predicted their ruin from this very cause, he laboured to bring about a reconciliation, as that upon which the whole interest of their party depended.

With this view he contrived to bring them to Lord Masham's at St James's; and Lord and Lady Masham being acquainted with his purpose, left him alone with them. He then expostulated with them both; but to little effect; being able only to engage them to go to Windsor the next day; still hoping, that if he could keep them together, they would come to some agreement; well knowing, that in absence the mind perpetually revolves the recent offences of a friend, and heightens them by every possible aggravation; but that, when the offended and offender meet, the dying sparks of esteem or kindness often brighten into a flame, the remembrance of past pleasure and confidence returns, and mutually inclines them to secure, by an accommodation, that which they feel they cannot lose without regret.

Swift soon after followed them; but was told by Lord Bolingbroke, that his scheme had come to nothing; and he had the mortification to observe, that

* In the beginning of the year 1714, Swift returned to England. He found his *great* friends, who sat in the seat of power, much divided among themselves. He saw the Queen declining in her health, and distressed in her situation; while faction was exerting itself, and gathering new strength every day. The part which he had to act upon this occasion, was not so difficult, as it was disagreeable. He exerted the utmost of his skill to reunite the ministers, and to cement the apertures of the state. I could descend into very minute particulars, were I to relate what I have heard him say upon this occasion. But we are at present too near that æra, and have had too many unexpected consequences from it, either to judge impartially, or to write undauntedly, of those tempestuous times. As soon as Swift found his pains fruitless, his arguments unavailing, and his endeavours, like the stone of Sisyphus, rolling back upon himself, he retired to a friend's house in Berkshire, where he remained till the Queen died. So fatal a catastrophe put a final period to all his views in England, and made him return, as fast as possible, to his deanery in Ireland, loaded with those agonizing passions, grief and discontent. *O. let. 5.*

they

they grew more cold to each other every day. In the mean time Lord Oxford's credit grew less and less, and the Queen's health visibly declined.

Swift, however, contrived yet once more to meet them at Lord Masham's, and was again left alone with them. This was the last time they ever met, and he spoke to them both with great freedom; but at length, despairing of his purpose, he told them he would retire, for that all was gone. Bolingbroke whispered him that he was right, but Oxford said all would do well.

Swift still adhered to his opinion; and therefore went in a day or two to Oxford by the coach, and thence to the house of a friend in Berkshire, where he continued till the Queen's death, which happened in about ten weeks. [vol. 8. p. 201, 2.]

While he was at this place, his mind was still busy for his friends; and he wrote a discourse, called *Free thoughts on the present state of affairs*, which he thought might be useful at that juncture, and sent it up to London; but, some difference of opinion happening between him and Lord Bolingbroke concerning it, the publication was delayed till the Queen's death; and then he recalled his copy; which was afterwards deposited with the late Alderman Barber, and having been since published, will be found in vol. 4. p. 362. [vol. 8. p. 22. 23.]

A few weeks after the death of the Queen, he went back to his station in Ireland; all his connections with the court being broken, and all his expectations disappointed.

But it would be an injury to Swift not to stop a moment here; and, before we descend with him into the vale of private life, look back, as from an eminence, upon the country we have passed.

Few of those who have been permitted to associate with persons greatly superior in rank and fortune, who have climbed in the retinue of power, and been distinguished by reflected greatness, have been able to sustain the native dignity of their own character, without stooping as they ascended the hill, or being blinded by the light that made them conspicuous to others.

Let it therefore be recorded to the honour of Dr Swift,

Swift, and to animate others by his example and reward, that, during his connection with those who were in the highest rank, and who in every rank would have been great, he would never suffer himself to be treated but as an equal; and repulsed every attempt to hold him in dependence, or keep him at a distance, with the utmost resentment and indignation.

It happened upon some occasion, that Harley sent him a bank-bill of 50 l by his private secretary Mr Lewis; which Swift instantly returned, with a letter of expostulation and complaint. Harley invited him to dine, but he refused. He wrote to Mr Lewis to mediate between them, desiring to be reconciled; but Swift sent word, that he expected farther satisfaction. Harley replied, if he would but come and see him, he would make him easy: but Swift insisted, that he should apologize by message; and declared, that, otherwise, *he would cast him off* *. [D. S. p. 324. 5. *let. to S.*]

It is possible that this favour might have been rejected, as not worth his acceptance: but it is certain, that, if it had been of greater value, it would not have atoned for any indecorum in the offer, or have induced Swift to suffer an obligation from those whom he did

* Swift was a man of such exalted spirit and fire, that if a benefit designed him were not accompanied with elegance and grace in the manner of proposing it, he would scorn the intended favour, and resent it as an affront. He quarrelled with his friend Harley on a punctilio of this kind. "Mr Harley" (saith Dr Swift) "desired me to dine with him again to-day, but I refused him; for I fell out with him yesterday, and will not see him again till he makes me amends." [*Let. to S. Feb. 6. 1710.*]. "I was this morning early" (says he) "with Mr Lewis of the Secretary's office, and saw a letter Mr Harley had sent him, desiring to be reconciled; but I was deaf to all intreaties, and have desired Lewis to go to him, and let him know I expect further satisfaction. *If we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them.* He promises to make me easy if I will but come and see him; but I won't; and he shall do it by message, *or I will cast him off*; in that he did something which he intended for a favour, and I have taken it quite otherwise, disliking both the thing and the manner: and it has heartily vexed me; and all I have said is truth, though it looks like jest: and I absolutely refused to submit to his intended favour, and expect further satisfaction." [*Feb. 7. 1710.*]. But in a few days after, he says, "I have taken Mr Harley into favour again." [*Feb. 13. J.* D. S. p. 323, 4.

not

not esteem; for he refused the place of historiographer with disdain, because it was in the disposal of a person whom he regarded with disgust and contempt *.

He would not suffer even negative incivilities from those who, if by their station they had not been his superiors, would have been his equals by learning and parts. It happened, that having on a Sunday dined with Mr St John, who was then secretary of state, and remarked that he appeared to be much out of temper; he took the first opportunity to see him alone, asked him what the d—ailed him on Sunday; told him he observed he was much out of temper; that he did not expect he would tell him the cause, but would be glad to see he was in better; and warned him never to behave to him with silent reserve, for that he would not be treated like a schoolboy; and that he had felt too much of that in his life already. “I told him,” says he, “that I expected, that every great minister who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw any thing to my disadvantage, would let me know it in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no subject’s favour was worth it. I told him, that I designed to let my Lord Keeper and Mr Harley know the same thing, that they may use me accordingly.”

The Secretary received the reproof like a friend, as it was given, and apologized for his behaviour, by saying, that business had kept him up several whole nights, and drinking one more; and to make up matters, he pressed the Doctor to stay to dinner; which, however, he declined, as well because he would not encourage a second offence by too easily passing over the first, as because he was engaged with another friend †. [*D. S. p. 326, 7. let. to S. April 3. 1711.*]

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* If Swift refused this place, he could not, as Lord Orrery supposes, be mistaken in believing it intended for him; and that he did refuse it, we have his own express declaration in his letter to Pope, dated Jan. 10. 1721. [vol. 8. p. 23.] *Hawkes.*

† At the hours that Swift was not engaged in political affairs, he laughed, he played, he amused himself, with every whim and vagary that

If in this representation of his behaviour, as it is in many particulars taken from his letters to Stella, he should be suspected of having somewhat exaggerated to gratify his vanity, he may be abundantly justified by a letter still extant, which he wrote to Lord Oxford after the connection between them was broken. "When
" I was with you," says he, "I have said more than
" once, that I would never allow quality or station
" made any difference between men.—I loved you just
" so much the worse for your station.—In your public
" capacity you have often *angered* me to the heart, but
" as a private man never once.—I was too proud to be
" vain of the honour you did me.—I was never afraid
" of offending you, nor am now in any pain for the
" manner I write to you in." [vol. 8. p. 199. 200, 1.]

Neither was this conduct the effect of pride and self-sufficiency, but of true dignity of mind; for he exacted nothing which, in his turn, he did not pay, nor asked more for himself than for others whose pretensions or circumstances were the same.

When he was desired by Lord Oxford to introduce

that floated on the surface of his imagination. "Secretary St John" (saith he) "would needs have me dine with him to-day; and there I
" found three persons I never saw; two I had no acquaintance with,
" and one I did not care for: so I left them early, and came home;
" it being no day to walk, but scurvy rain and wind. The Secretary tells me he has put a cheat upon me; for Lord Peterborow sent
" him twelve dozen flasks of Burgundy, on condition that I should
" have my share; but he never was quiet till they were all gone:
" so I reckon he owes me 36 l." [Let. to S. Feb. 13. 1710].—
But, in a few days after, Swift, in a pleasant manner, took ample satisfaction of the Secretary. For "I dined to-day" (saith he) "with
" Mr Secretary St John, on condition I might chuse my company;
" which were, Lord Rivers, Lord Carteret, Sir Thomas Mansell,
" and Mr Lewis. I invited Malham, Hill, Sir John Stanley, and
" George Granville; but they were engaged: and I did it in revenge of his having such bad company when I dined with him before. So we laughed," &c. [Feb. 25. 1710.]. This puts me in mind of an accident which happened at Windsor. "The court here" (saith the Doctor) "have got by the end a good thing I said to the
" Secretary some weeks ago. He shewed me his bill of fare, to tempt
" me to dine with him. Poh, said I, I value not your bill of fare;
" give me your bill of company. Lord Treasurer was mightily pleased, and told it every body as a notable thing." [Sept. 2. 1711.].
D. S. p. 322, 3.

Dr Parnel to his acquaintance, he refused, upon this principle, that a man of genius was a character superior to that of a Lord in a high station. He therefore obliged his Lordship to walk with his treasurer's staff from room to room through his own levee, inquiring which was Dr Parnel, in order to introduce himself, and beg the honour of his acquaintance.

It was known by an accident, after his memory failed, that he allowed an annuity of fifty guineas to Mrs Dingley; but instead of doing this with the parade of a benefactor, or gratifying his pride, by making her feel her dependence, he always pretended, that he acted only as her agent, and that the money he paid her, was the produce of a certain sum which she had in the funds: and the better to save appearances, he always took her receipt; and sometimes would pretend, with great seeming vexation, that she drew upon him before he had received her money from London. [*D. S. p. 346.*]

As to his political principles, if his own account of them is to be believed, he abhorred Whiggism only in those who made it consist in damning the church, reviling the clergy, abetting the dissenters, and speaking contemptibly of revealed religion. He always declared himself against a Popish successor to the crown, whatever title he might have by proximity of blood; nor did he regard the right line, upon any other account, than as it was established by law, and had much weight in the opinions of the people. He was of opinion, that when the grievances suffered under a present government became greater than those which might probably be expected from changing it by violence, a revolution was justifiable; and this he believed to have been the case in that which was brought about by the Prince of Orange. He had a mortal antipathy against standing armies in times of peace; and was of opinion, that our liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation, till the ancient law should be revived, by which our parliaments were made annual. He abominated the political scheme of setting up a moneyed interest in opposition to the landed; and was an enemy to temporary suspensions of the *Habeas corpus* act. If some asperities that cannot be justified have escaped his pen, in papers which were hastily

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stily written in the first ardour of his zeal, and often after great provocation from those who wrote against him, surely they may, without the exertion of angelic benevolence, be forgiven. [vol. 8. p. 29. 30. 31.]

That he was not at any time a bigot to party, and that he did not indiscriminately transfer his resentments from principles to persons, was so evident by his conduct, that it was a usual subject of raillery towards him among the ministers, that he never came to them without a Whig in his sleeve. And though he does not appear to have asked any thing for himself, yet he often pressed Lord Oxford in favour of Mr Addison, Mr Congreve, Mr Rowe, and Mr Steele; with whom, except Mr Steele, he frequently conversed during all Lord Oxford's ministry; chusing his friends by their personal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue; and, in particular, his friendship with Mr Addison continued inviolable, and with as much kindness as when they used to meet at Lord Halifax's or Lord Sommers's, who were leaders of the opposite party. [vol. 8. p. 26. 27.]

Among other persons with whom he was intimately acquainted during this gay part of his life, was Mrs Vanhomrigh. She was a lady of good family, the daughter of Mr Stone the commissioner, and niece to the accomptant-general of Ireland. She was also a lady of politeness and good breeding. [D. S. p. 258.]

She was the widow of Mr Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, first a merchant of Amsterdam, and afterwards of Dublin, who was appointed commissary of the stores by King William, upon his expedition into Ireland; a place which, during the war, was computed to be worth 6000 l. *per annum*. After the affairs of Ireland were settled, he was appointed mustermaster-general, and a commissioner of the revenue, and laid out about 12,000 l. in the purchase of forfeited estates: but though he received the produce of this estate, and enjoyed his appointments thirteen years; yet when he died, in 1703, his expences had been so nearly equal to his revenue, that his whole fortune, the value of his estate included, amounted only to 16,000 l. This sum he directed, by his will, to be divided equally between his

wife and four children, of which two were sons and two were daughters. The sons died soon after their father, and their share of his fortune fell to the daughters. [*D. S. p. 260. &c. O. let. 9.*]

In 1709, the widow and the two young ladies came to England, where they were visited by persons of the first quality; and Swift, lodging within a few doors of their house in Bury-street, St James's, used to be much there, coming and going without ceremony, as if he had been one of the family. [*D. S. p. 259.*]. During this familiarity, he became insensibly a kind of preceptor to the young ladies, particularly the eldest, who was then about twenty years old, was much addicted to reading, and a great admirer of poetry. In a person of this disposition, it was natural for such a character as that of Swift to excite admiration, a passion which by frequent converse was softened into complacency, and complacency was at length improved into love. Love itself perhaps was in this case complicated with vanity, which would have been highly gratified by an alliance with the first wit of the age; and thus what neither could have effected alone, was done by the joint effort of both, and she ventured to make the Doctor a proposal of marriage. It is probable, that his connections with Mrs Johnson at this time were such, that he could not with honour accept this proposal, whatever pleasure or advantage it might promise: however, it is certain, he declined it, though without assigning any other engagement as the reason.

He appears first to have affected to believe her in jest, then to have rallied her on so whimsical a choice, and at last to have put her off without an absolute refusal; perhaps, partly, because he was unwilling to give her pain, and partly, because he could not refuse her with a good grace, otherwise than by discovering some particulars which he was willing to conceal. While he was in this situation, he wrote the poem called *Cadenus and Vanessa*, [vol. 6. p. 10.]; the principal view of which seems to have been at once to compliment and to rally her; to apologize for his conduct, and soften a tacit denial, by leaving the event undetermined.

This poem appears to have been written about the
year

year 1713, a short time before he left Vanessa and the rest of his friends in England, and returned to the place of his exile, which he always mentioned with regret.

In the year 1714 Mrs Vanhomrigh died; and, having lived at an expence much greater than her fortune would bear, she left some debts unpaid.

Her two daughters, whose fortunes she had also lessened, she appointed joint executrixes of her will; an office which, however troublesome, the situation of their affairs obliged them to accept. It appears too, that they had contracted some debts in their own right, which it was not in their power immediately to pay; and therefore, to avoid an arrest, they followed the Dean into Ireland*.

Upon his arrival to take possession of his deanery, and his return after the Queen's death, he was received, according to the account of Lord Orrery [vol. 6. p. 55. note] and Mr Deane Swift, with every possible mark of contempt and indignation, especially by the populace, who not only reviled and cursed him, but pelted him with stones and dirt as he passed along the streets. [D. S. p. 178. 183.]. The author of the *Observations*, on the contrary, affirms, that he was received by all ranks of men, not only with kindness, but honour; the Tories being then in full power, as well in Ireland as in England, and Swift's service to the church and credit at

* After the death of her husband and sons, with this increase of wealth, and with heads and hearts elated by affluence, and unrestrained by foresight or discretion, the widow Vanhomrigh and her two daughters quitted the luxurious soil of their native country, for the more elegant pleasures of the English court. During their residence at London, they lived in a course of prodigality that stretched itself far beyond the limits of their income, and reduced them to great distress; in the midst of which the mother died, and the two daughters hastened in all secrecy back to Ireland, beginning their journey on a Sunday, to avoid the interruption and importunities of a certain fierce kind of animals called *bailiffs*, who are not only sworn foes to wit and gaiety, but whose tyranny, although it could not have reached the deified Vanessa, might have been very fatal to Esther Vanhomrigh. Within two years after their arrival in Ireland, Mary the youngest sister died, and the small remains of the shipwrecked fortune centred in Vanessa. *O. let. 9.*—See Orrery's account of Vanessa's character, and of Swift's conduct with her, in vol. 6. p. 10. *et seqq.* in the notes.

court being well known. [*J. R. p. 87.*] This indeed was true when he went to take possession: but when he returned to his deanery, the power of the Tories and the Dean's credit at court were at an end; circumstances which might well cause the rabble at least to forget his services to the church. It is certain, that great clamour was then raised by the new men against the late ministry, with whom Swift had been closely connected: they were charged with a design to bring in the pretender; and the same design was consequently imputed to Swift, whom it was therefore considered by some as a qualification for preferment to revile and oppose: which party the mob took, whose fault it has never been to coincide implicitly with a court, posterity must judge for themselves. But it seems probable, that these accounts, however contradictory, may both be true; and that Swift at this time might be the Sacheverel of Ireland, followed by the mob of one faction with execrations, and by the other with shouts of applause *.

It is however agreed, that the Archbishop of Dublin, and some of his old friends in the chapter, set themselves against his measures with all their force, and laboured to disappoint him in the exercise of his power by every art of opposition and delay. But whatever prejudice they had conceived against him was soon removed, by the disinterested integrity of his conduct, which was so apparent and striking, that they soon regarded him with respect and veneration, and almost implicitly acquiesced in whatever he proposed.

* We are now no longer to behold Dr Swift of any importance in England: his hopes there are crushed for ever; his ministerial friends are degraded, banished, or imprisoned. Indecent rage, sanguinary zeal, and ill-tempered loyalty, revelled at large throughout the three kingdoms, especially in Ireland, where duels were fought almost every week, and where the pest was so universal, that the ladies were as violent as the gentlemen. Even children at school quarrelled for kings, instead of fighting for apples.—As Swift was known to have been attached to the Queen's last ministry, to have written against the Whigs, and “to have oiled many a spring which Harley” moved,” he met with frequent indignities from the populace, and indeed was equally abused by persons of all ranks and denominations. Such a treatment soured his temper, confined his acquaintance, and added bitterness to his style. *O. A. 6.* See vol. 6. p. 55. in the notes.

This

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This removal from England to Ireland was the great event which determined the colour of his life, bounded his views, and shewed him at once what he might possess, and for what he might hope.

There is a time when every man is struck with a sense of his mortality, and feels the force of a truth to which he has consented merely from custom, without considering its certainty or importance. This time seldom happens in the chearful simplicity of infancy, or in the first impatience of youth, when "the world is all before us," when every object has the force of novelty, and every desire of pleasure receives auxiliar strength from curiosity: but after the first heat of the race, when we stop to recover from our fatigue, we naturally consider the ground before us, and then perceive that at the end of the course are clouds and darkness; that the grave will soon intercept our pursuit of temporal felicity; and that, if we cannot stretch to the goal that is beyond it, we run in vain, and spend our strength for nought. Great disappointments which change our general plan, and make it necessary to enter the world as it were a second time, seldom fail to alarm us with the brevity of life, and repress our alacrity, by precluding our hopes.

The Dean, whether by the vigour and activity of his imagination, the multitude of his ideas, or the ardour of his pursuits, escaped the force of this thought, till his retreat to Ireland on the death of the Queen: and then indeed it came upon him with such influence, that, after fifteen years, it constantly recurred when he first awaked in the morning, and was not dismissed till he again began to sleep. [vol. 8. p. 100.]

As soon as he was settled at Dublin, Mrs Johnson removed from the country to be near him; but they still lived in separate houses: his residence was at the deanery, and hers in lodgings on the other side of the river Liffy.

The Dean kept two public days every week; and though the circle of his visitors is said at first to have been small, yet it soon increased, and always consisted of the best company. [D. S. p. 91. 180.]. Those who were more particularly the companions of his choice, were such as would have done honour to any character.

They

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They were the Grattons, seven brothers, the sons of Dr Gratton, a venerable and hospitable clergyman, who gave them all a liberal education. The eldest was a justice of peace, and lived reputably on his patrimony in the country; another was a physician, and another a merchant, both eminent in their professions; three others were clergymen, who had a competent provision in the church; and the youngest was fellow of Dublin college, and master of the great free school at Enniskilling. They were all persons of great merit, as generally acquainted, and as much beloved as any in the kingdom. The Jacksons, a family of which both men and women were genteel, agreeable, and well bred, such companions as no wise man ever wanted, if they could be had; George Rochford, and Peter Ludlow, men of fortune, learning, wit, humour, and virtue; and Mr Matthew Lord, deemed the best lay scholar of his time: These, with the fellows of the college, Dr Walmesley, Dr Hefham, Dr Delany, Dr Stopford, now Bishop of Cloyne, and Dr Sheridan; Lady Eustace, Mrs Moore, Lady Betty Rochford, and Mrs Ludlow, with Mrs Johnson, and her friends, were the persons with whom Swift spent his leisure-hours, from the year 1714 to the year 1720, [*J. R. p. 90. &c.*]; a period in which it has been injuriously said, that his choice of companions shewed him of a depraved taste *. There was indeed among his companions one person who could derive no honour from his lineage, a foundling, whom Swift therefore used to call *Melchisedek*, because Melchisedek is said to have had neither father nor mother. This gentleman's name was *Worral*; he was a clergyman, a master of arts, a reader, and a vicar of his cathedral, and master of the song. He was nearly of the Dean's own standing in the college, had good sense, and much humour. He was married to a woman of great sprightliness, good-nature, and generosity; remarkably cleanly and elegant in her person, in her house, and at her ta-

* It is matter of astonishment to find the same person, who had enjoyed the highest and the best conversation, equally delighted with the lowest and the worst: and yet it is certain, that from Swift's settlement in Dublin as Dean of St Patrick's, his choice of companions in general shewed him of a very depraved taste. O. let. 6.

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ble. But there is another particular in Mr Worral's character which greatly contributed to his intimacy with the Dean: he was a good walker. The Dean used this exercise in an immoderate degree, under the notion of its being absolutely necessary, not to health only, but to cleanliness, by keeping the pores of the skin clear, and throwing off impurities by perspiration. Mr Worral's situation in the church naturally engaged his frequent attendance upon the Dean. This attendance commonly ended in a walk; and the walk in their dining together, either at Mr Worral's, or at the deanery. The Dean, being a single man, was oftener a guest to Mr Worral, than Mr Worral was a guest to him. And this brought on an agreement, that the Dean should dine with him whenever he would at a certain rate, and invite as many friends as he pleased upon the same terms. This gentleman is lately dead, and left a large sum of money to be disposed of to public charities, at the discretion of his executors; 500 l. of which was appropriated to the Dean's hospital. [*D. S. p. 299. J. R. p. 92. vol. 8. p. 340, 1.*]

The Dean, when he first settled at Dublin, was in debt; a situation which ill suited his spirit, and determined him to a severe œconomy, with which this agreement with Worral well suited. [*J. R. p. 92.*]. On his public days, however, the dignity of his station was sustained with the utmost elegance and decorum, under the direction of Mrs Johnson, who yet appeared in the circle without any character distinct from the rest of the company. She was however frequently invited with the Dean, whether to entertainments, or parties of pleasures, though not so generally as if she had been his wife. She visited, and received visits, as far as the practice is a mere ritual of good breeding. Her friendships seem to have been still among the men, but she was treated with great politeness by the ladies. [*D. S. p. 92.*]

The Dean's mind had been now so filled with politics, that he found it impracticable to excel as a preacher, his first and most laudable ambition; and frequently declared, that though he sometimes attempted to exert himself in the pulpit, yet he could never rise higher than preaching pamphlets. [*J. R. p. 42.*]. He was however
still

still a good dean, and a good priest: He applied himself to the care of his deanery, his cathedral, its regulations, its income and œconomy, with great diligence; he renewed the primitive practice of celebrating the holy communion every Sunday; and at this sacrament he was not only constantly present, but he consecrated and administered it with his own hands, in a manner equally graceful and devout; he attended at church every morning, and generally preached in his turn; he also constantly attended the performance of the anthem on a Sunday night, though he did not understand music, to see that the choir did not neglect their duty. [D. S. p. 370, 1.]

As to his employment at home, he seems to have had no heart to apply himself to study of any kind, but to have resigned himself wholly to such amusements as offered, that he might not think of his situation, the misfortune of his friends, and the disappointment of his hope. Such at least is the account that he gives to Mr Gay, in his letter dated January 8. 1722-3. "I was "three years," says he, "reconciling myself to the "scene and business to which fortune hath condemned "me; and stupidity was what I had recourse to *." [vol. 8. p. 33.]

It has been suggested, that the acquaintance he fell into with men of learning, made it necessary for him about this time to review his Greek and Latin, and obtain some acquaintance with church-history, [7. R. p. 101.]. But surely he who had studied eight hours a-day for seven years, or, according to Mr Deane Swift,

* From the 1714, till he appeared, in 1720, a champion for Ireland against Wood's halfpence, his spirit of politics and of patriotism was kept almost closely confined within his own breast. Idleness and trifles ingrossed too many of his hours; fools and sycophants too much of his conversation. However, it may be observed, that the treatment which he received after the death of Q. Anne, was almost a sufficient reason to justify a contempt, if not an abhorrence, of the human race. He had bravely withstood all hostile indignities, during the lifetime of that princess; but when the whole army of his friends were not only routed, but taken prisoners, he dropt his sword, and retired into his fortification at Dublin, from whence he seldom stirred beyond the limits of his own garden, unless in great indulgence to some particular favourites. O. let. 6.

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[D.S. p. 271. 272. 276.], ten hours a-day for nine years; he who had read and extracted the fathers more than sixteen years before, had little occasion to review his Latin and Greek, or acquaint himself with church-history, lest he should not sustain his character among learned men: for except it be pretended that others were able to acquire more knowledge in less time and with less labour, it must be allowed that Swift was likely to be always the most knowing of his company. Lord Orrery says, that he was little acquainted with the mathematics, and never considered the science except as an object of ridicule *: but the author of the *Observations* affirms, on the contrary, that he had acquired considerable mathematical knowledge; and that he had seen him more than once undertake to solve an algebraic problem by arithmetic. [J. R. p. 101.]

The first remarkable event of his life that occurred after his settlement at the deanery, was his marriage to Mrs Johnson, after a most intimate friendship of more than sixteen years. This was in the year 1716; and the ceremony was performed by Dr Ashe, then Bishop of Clogher, to whom the Dean had been a pupil in Trinity college, Dublin †, [vol. 8. p. 14.]. But whatever were the motives of this marriage, the Dean and the lady continued to live afterwards just in the same manner as they had lived before ‡. Mrs Dingley was still

* See the notes, above, p. xxxviii.

† Though it is admitted, that Dr Swift was married to Mrs Johnson in 1716, yet it may be asserted with great truth, that he never had any serious thoughts of marriage after he was one and twenty. Some time indeed before, while he was a stripling in the university of Dublin, he had a passion for Miss Warren, the sister of his chamber-fellow. But whatever attachments he had to that lady, upon his going to live in England, where he applied himself close to politics and learning at Sir William Temple's, his passions quickly subsided, and he forgot his amour. Neither do I believe, further than common forms, that he ever paid his court, throughout his whole life, to any woman besides, in the character of a professed lover. D. S. p. 93. 94.—See Swift's letter to Mr Kendall, vol. 8. p. 288.

‡ Mrs Johnson, with regard to her manners, her virtues, her mind, and her person, was not undeserving to have been married to the greatest prince in Europe: but her descent was from a servant of Sir William Temple; and therefore she was by no means worthy to have been the acknowledged wife of Dr Swift.—If Dr Swift had acknowledged

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still the inseparable companion of Stella where-ever she went; and she never resided at the deanery, except when the Dean was seized with violent fits of giddiness, which sometimes lasted near a month *.

Till this time he had continued his visits to Vanessa; who, though she had suffered very great pecuniary losses, had yet preserved her reputation, and her friends: for she was visited by many persons of rank, character, and fortune, of both sexes; particularly Mrs Conolly, a lady of very high reputation; Dr Berkeley, the late most excellent Bishop of Cloyne; the late Judge Lindsay †, and the Lord Chief Justice Marley. [*D. S. p. 262.*] The

knowledge of his marriage even with this improved, this adorable creature, he would, in spite of his genius, and all the reputation he had acquired in the days of K. William and Q. Anne, have immediately sunk in the esteem of the world. For among the rest of his enemies, (and these were not few), there were some that were not unacquainted with the story of Mrs Johnson's birth and education, who, on account of some particular disobligations they had received from the Doctor, would have been glad of an opportunity of exposing him to contempt and ridicule for the meanness of his spirit; and as in that case they would have had it full in their power, as well as strong in their inclination, they would have published and confirmed the obscurity of Mrs Johnson's birth and education among all their acquaintance. They would have declared, among other particulars, that Mrs Johnson, when she was about ten or eleven years old, was appointed to wait upon the Doctor's sister in the character of her little servant, during the summer that she spent at Moorpark in 1692. Neither can we suppose, that even the Doctor's sister, with whom he had quarrelled to such a degree as never to see her face, on account of a match he thought greatly beneath her acceptance, [*above, p. xlix.*], would have stifled her indignation, or with any patience have forbore to retaliate the severities of her brother upon his own back, when he himself had married and acknowledged a wife so very meanly extracted, and particularly that individual person whom she despised and hated beyond all the inhabitants on earth. In one word, if Dr Swift, whose ambition was not to be gratified without some uncommon degree of admiration, had acknowledged Mrs Johnson for a wife, he would on all sides have been so persecuted with contempt and derision, (as half mankind were in 1716 his professed enemies), that, unable to support himself under the burthen of his affliction, he would have lost his spirits, broken his heart, and died in a twelvemonth. And accordingly we find he had more wisdom than to acknowledge this beautiful, this accomplished woman, for his wife. *D. S. p. 80. 83.*

84 85.

* See vol. 8. p. 291. 292.

† See vol. 7. p. 87. vol. 8. p. 342.

Dean appears still to have preserved the character of her preceptor, to have directed her progress in literature, and explained and illustrated the authors she had read. But soon after his marriage he visited her on another account; he went as an advocate for Mr Dean Winter, whom he took with him, a gentleman who was a professed admirer of Vanessa, and had made her some overtures of marriage: but though he had an estate of near 800 l. a-year, besides 300 l. a-year preferment in the church; yet Vanessa rejected the proposal in such terms, as that it was never repeated. She was also addressed by Dr Price, who was afterwards Archbishop of Cashell, but without success. [*D. S. p. 263. 265.*]. From this time the Dean's visits were much less frequent. In the year 1717 her sister died; and the whole remains of the family-fortune being then centered in Vanessa, she retired to Selbridge, a small house and estate, about twelve miles distance from Dublin, which had been purchased by her father.

From this place she wrote frequently to the Dean, and he answered her letters. In these letters she still pressed him to marry her; and in his answers he still rallied, and still avoided a positive denial. At length, however, she insisted with great ardour, and great tenderness, upon his positive and immediate acceptance or refusal of her as a wife. The Dean wrote an answer, and delivered it with his own hand.

As this letter of Vanessa's, which was written in 1723, is a demonstration that she was then utterly ignorant of the Dean's marriage with Stella, and as she appears to have known it almost immediately afterwards, it is probable that the Dean's answer communicated the fatal secret, which at once precluded all her hopes, and accounted for his former conduct: it is probable too, that the resentment which he felt at having it thus extorted from him, was the cause of the manner in which he delivered the letter; for having thrown it down upon her table, he hasted back to his horse, and returned immediately to Dublin. [*D. S. p. 264. O. let. 9.*]

This letter the unhappy lady did not survive many weeks. However, she was sufficiently composed to cancel a will that she had made in the Dean's favour, and

to make another, in which she left her fortune, which long retirement and frugality had in a great measure restored, to her two executors, Dr Berkeley, the Bishop of Cloyne, and Mr Marshall, one of the King's serjeants at law, gentlemen whose characters are excellent in the highest degree *.

Such was the fate of Vanessa. And, surely, those whom pity could not restrain from being diligent to load her memory with reproach, to construe appearances in the worst sense, to aggravate folly into vice, and distress into infamy, have not much exalted their own character, or strengthened their claim to the candour of others. If Vanessa, by her fondness for the gaities of life, encouraged by the example, and perhaps influenced by the authority of a mother, lessened her fortune at an age when few have been discreet; it cannot be denied, that she retrieved it by prudence and œconomy, at an age when many have continued dissolute; and was frugal, after the habit of expence had made frugality difficult. If she could not subdue a passion which has tyrannized over the strongest and purest minds, she does not appear to have known that it was criminal, or to have desired that it might be unlawfully gratified. She pressed a person whom she believed single, to marry her: but it does not therefore follow, that she was his concubine; much less that she desired to be reputed so, and was then solicitous to incur the infamy which has been since thrown upon her. It cannot surely be believed, that the shameless and reputed concubine, even of Swift, would have been visited by ladies of credit and fashion, or solicited in marriage by two clergymen of eminence and fortune, to whom her story and character must have been well known. Besides, Dr Berkeley, after having carefully perused all the letters that passed between them, which Vanessa directed to be published, with the poem, found, that they contained nothing that could bring the least disgrace upon the Dean. Hers, indeed, were full of passionate declarations of her love; his contained only compliments, excuses, apologies, and thanks for trifling presents. There was not in either

* See vol. 6. p. 12. 13.

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the least trace of a criminal commerce; which, if there had been any such, it would, in so long an intercourse, have been extremely difficult to avoid: and if she desired to be reputed his concubine *, it cannot be supposed that she concealed any letter which would have proved that she was so, especially as it would have gratified her repentment against him, for refusing to make her his wife. [*J. R. p. 121. 122. 123.*]

If it appears, therefore, that there was no criminal commerce between them, and that she did not desire the world should believe there had been any; it follows, from her directing the publication of the poem, of which perhaps she possessed the only copy, that, in her sense of the verses, none of them implied a fact which would dishonour her memory. And this appears also to have been the opinion of her executors, who, though they suppressed the letters, because they contained nothing that could do her honour, yet published the poem; by which it must therefore be supposed they did not think she would be disgraced. [*J. R. p. 123.*]

It has indeed been said, that Vanessa, from the time she was deserted, “devoted herself, like Ariadne, to “Bacchus,” [*J. R. p. 123.*]: and perhaps it is true, that, in the anguish of disappointed desire, she had recourse to that dreadful opiate, which never fails to complicate disease with trouble, to leave the sufferer more wretched when its operation is at an end; to divide life into frenzy and despair, and at once to hasten the approach, and increase the terrors of death. But it cannot be thought, that when she made her will, she was either intoxicated or delirious, because the perfect exercise of reason is essential to the validity of the act. No particular of her distress, therefore, can weaken the arguments drawn from the direction in her will to publish the poem and the letters, of which the gratification of her vanity was so evidently the motive, that it is difficult to conceive how it could be overlooked.

From 1716 to 1720 is a chasm in the Dean's life, which it has been found difficult to fill up. That he had no need to repeat his college-exercises, has been

* See vol. 6. p. 11.

shewn already; and that, in this interval, he went through a voluminous course of ecclesiastical history [*J. R.* p. 101.], seems farther improbable, by a letter to Lord Bolingbroke, dated April 5. 1729 [vol. 8. p. 91.]; in which it appears, that he was then reading Baronius, and Baronius was the only piece of church-history that was found in his library. Lord Orrery thinks, with great reason, that he employed this time upon *Gulliver's Travels*. [*O. let.* 16.]

The author of the *Observations* indeed supposes the Dean's genius to be verging towards a decline in the year 1723, and that *Gulliver's Travels* were written after that time: but in both these suppositions he is probably mistaken; though in the former he seems to be favoured by a passage in a letter written by the Dean himself to Mr Pope, dated Sept. 20. 1723. [vol. 8. p. 40.]

That his genius was not declining in 1723, appears by the *Drapier's Letters*, which were not written till 1724; and of these the *Observer* himself says, "his genius never shone out in greater strength than on that and the subsequent occasions;" a truth which is universally acknowledged. That *Gulliver's Travels* were written before that time, is equally evident: for Swift went into the north of Ireland early in the spring of 1725; and, in a letter to Dr Sheridan, during his residence there, he puts him in mind of his description of the Yahoos [vol. 8. p. 234.]. So that Sheridan must have seen the *Travels* in manuscript, at least in the year 1724. The Dean also, in a letter to Mr Pope, dated Sept. 29. 1725 [vol. 8. p. 45.], says, "Oh! if the world had but a dozen of Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my *Travels*." It may reasonably be concluded, therefore, that his *Travels* were then all written, and that at this time he was reviewing and retouching them for the press; especially as they were published in 1726; and as he was otherwise employed in 1724, they must have been written at least before 1723.

Upon the whole, perhaps, it is not an extravagant conjecture, that having, according to his own account, wholly neglected his studies for the first three years of his residence at the deanery, and indulged the resentment

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ment which his disappointments had produced, till it could be contained no longer, he conceived the first notion of expressing it in such a manner as might correct the enormities which he exposed; and with this view immediately began his *Travels*, of which the first copy was probably finished before the year 1720.

About this time, the Dean, who had already acquired the character of a humourist and a wit, was first regarded with general kindness, as the patriot of Ireland. He wrote a proposal for the universal use of Irish manufactures [vol. 3. p. 3.]; a tract which, as it was apparently calculated for the service of Ireland, and zealously condemned a sacrifice of interest to England, made him very popular *. But this service would not perhaps have been so long and so zealously remembered, if a prosecution had not been commenced against the printer. As soon as this measure was taken, the importance of the work was estimated by the diligence of the government to suppress it; and the zeal and integrity of the writer were measured by the danger he had incurred.

* In the year 1720, Swift began to reassume, in some degree, the character of a political writer. A small pamphlet in defence of the Irish manufactures, was, I believe, his first essay, in Ireland, in that kind of writing; and to that pamphlet he owed the turn of the popular tide in his favour. His sayings of wit and humour had been handed about, and repeated from time to time among the people. They had the effect of an artful preface, and had pre-engaged all readers in his favour. They were adapted to the understanding, and pleased the imagination of the vulgar: and he was now looked upon in a new light, and distinguished by the title of THE DEAN — The flux and reflux of popular love and hatred are equally violent. They are often owing to accidents, but sometimes to the return of reason, which, unassisted by education, may not be able to guide the lower class of people into the right track at the beginning, but will be sufficient to keep them in it, when experience has pointed out the road. The pamphlet proposing the universal use of Irish manufactures within the kingdom, had captivated all hearts. Some little pieces of poetry to the same purpose were no less acceptable and engaging. The attachment which the Dean bore to the true interest of Ireland, was no longer doubted. His patriotism was as manifest as his wit. He was looked upon with pleasure and respect, as he passed through the streets: and he had attained so high a degree of popularity, as to become an arbitrator in the disputes of property among his neighbours; nor did any man dare to appeal from his opinion, or to murmur at his decrees. O. let. 6.

No public notice, however, was taken of the Dean on this occasion; and Waters, the printer, after having been long harassed and imprisoned, at length obtained a *Noli prosequi*.

The Dean did not again appear in his political character till the year 1724. A patent having been iniquitously procured by one Wood to coin 180,000 l. in copper for the use of Ireland, by which he would have acquired exorbitant gain, and proportionably impoverished the nation, the Dean, in the character of a *Drapier*, wrote a series of letters to the people, urging them not to receive this copper money. These letters united the whole nation in his praise, filled every street with his effigies, and every voice with acclamations; and Wood, though he was long supported by those who prostituted the highest delegated authority to the vilest purposes, was at length compelled to withdraw his patent, and his money was totally suppressed *.

* The popular affection which the Dean had hitherto acquired, may be said not to have been universal, till the publication of the *Drapier's* letters, which made all ranks and all professions unanimous in his applause. The occasion of those letters was a scarcity of copper coin in Ireland, to so great a degree, that for some time past the chief manufacturers throughout the kingdom were obliged to pay their workmen in pieces of tin, or in other tokens of supposititious value. Such a method was very disadvantageous to the lower parts of traffick, and was in general an impediment to the commerce of the state. To remedy this evil, the late King granted a patent to William Wood, to coin, during the term of fourteen years, farthings and halfpence in England for the use of Ireland, to the value of a certain sum specified. These halfpence and farthings were to be received by those persons who would voluntarily accept them. But the patent was thought of such dangerous consequence to the public, and of such exorbitant advantage to the patentee, that the Dean, under the character of *M. B. Drapier*, wrote a letter to the people, warning them not to accept Wood's halfpence and farthings as current coin. This first letter was succeeded by several others to the same purpose; all which are inserted in his works.—At the sound of the *Drapier's* trumpet, &c. [see vol. 3. p. 23. in the notes.]—This is the most succinct account that can be given of an affair, which alarmed the whole Irish nation to a degree, that in a less loyal kingdom must have fomented a rebellion: but the steadfast loyalty of the Irish, and their true devotion to the present royal family, is immovable; and although this unfortunate nation may not hitherto have found many distinguishing marks of favour and indulgence from the throne, yet it is to be hoped in time they may meet with their reward. O. let. 6.

Upon

Upon the arrival of Lord Carteret, soon after the publication of the fourth letter, several passages were selected as sufficient ground for a prosecution; and his Excellency and council published a proclamation, offering 300 l. reward for a discovery of the author. This proclamation gave the Dean a remarkable opportunity to illustrate his character. It happened, that his butler, whom he had employed as his amanuensis, and who alone was trusted with the secret, went out in the afternoon of the day of the proclamation without leave, and staid abroad the whole night, and part of the next day. There was great reason to suspect that he had made an information; and having received his reward, would never return. The man however came home in the evening; and the Dean was advised by his friends to take no notice of his fault, lest he should be provoked to a breach of trust, from the dread of which his return had just delivered them. But the Dean rejected this counsel with the utmost disdain, and commanding the man into his presence, ordered him immediately to strip off his livery, and leave the house. "You villain," said he, "I know I am in your power; and for that very reason I will the less bear with your insolence or neglect. I suppose by this time you are rewarded, or at least in a fair way of being rewarded for your treachery."

The man, in very submissive terms, confessed that he had been drinking all night, and intreated to be forgiven; but Swift was inexorable. He then begged that he might be confined in some part of the house so long as the proclamation could intitle him to any reward; lest, when he was driven from his service, and destitute of another, the temptation might be too strong for his virtue, and his distress might involve him in a crime which he most abhorred. Swift however was still inexorable; and the man was dismissed. During all the time of danger, Swift obstinately refused to contribute one farthing towards his support, nor could he be persuaded to see his face; but when the time limited in the proclamation was expired, he was permitted to return to his service. Soon afterwards he was called hastily up by the Dean; who, without any preface, again ordered

dered him to strip off his livery, put on his own cloaths, and then come to him again. The butler stared with surprise, wondering for what crime he had deserved to be turned out of his place. His master observing this, asked him if he had no cloaths of his own to put on? he told him he had. Then go your ways, said the Doctor, and as soon as you have thrown off your livery, and dressed yourself, come back to me again. The poor fellow, though he was greatly astonished at this proceeding, knew Swift too well to expostulate; and therefore, with whatever reluctance, did as had been commanded. When he returned, the Dean ordered the other servants to be called up; who immediately attended, expecting that the butler was to be dismissed *in terrorem*; and that they should be warned in very severe terms of his offence. Swift, as soon as they had ranged themselves before him, ordered them to take notice, that Robert was no longer his servant; he is now, said the Dean, Mr Blakely, the verger of St Patrick's cathedral, a place which I give him as a reward for his fidelity. The value of this place is between thirty and forty pounds a-year. However, Robert would not quit his master, but continued to be his butler some years afterwards. [*D. S. p. 190, 1.*]. In this instance the Dean exercised his pride, his fortitude, and his equity, in a manner peculiar to himself; and though there are many who would equally have rewarded such fidelity, there are few who would have ventured to wait the issue of so severe and dangerous a probation.

From this time the Dean's influence in Ireland was almost without bounds. He was consulted in whatever related to domestic policy, and, in particular, to trade. The weavers always considered him as their patron and legislator, after his proposal for the use of Irish manufactures, and came frequently in a body to receive his advice in settling the rates of their stuffs, and the wages of their journeymen; and when elections were depending for the city of Dublin, many corporations refused to declare themselves, till they knew his sentiments and inclinations. Over the populace he was the most absolute monarch that ever governed men; and he was regarded

garded by persons of every rank with veneration and esteem*.

It appears by many of his writings, that he lived in great friendship and familiarity with Lord Carteret during his lieutenancy, notwithstanding his Lordship had signed the proclamation to discover him as the writer of the *Drapier's letters*. Swift indeed remonstrated against this proceeding; and once asked his Lordship, how he could concur in the prosecution of a poor honest fellow, who had been guilty of no other crime than that of writing three or four letters for the instruction of his neighbours, and the good of his country? To this question his Excellency elegantly replied, in the words of Virgil,

——— *Regni novitas me talia cogit*
Moliri.——— [D. S. p. 270.]

He was equally diligent to recommend his friends to Lord Carteret as he had been to recommend them to Lord Oxford; and he did it with the same dignity and freedom. "Pray, my Lord," said he one day, "have you the honour to be acquainted with the Grattons?"

* The name of *Augustus* was not bestowed upon Octavius Cæsar with more universal approbation, than the name of the *Drapier* was bestowed upon the Dean. He had no sooner assumed his new *cognomen*, than he became the idol of the people of Ireland, to a degree of devotion, that in the most superstitious country scarce any idol ever obtained. Libations to his health, or, in plain English, bumpers, were poured forth to the Drapier, as large and as frequent as to the glorious and immortal memory of K. William III. His effigies were painted in every street in Dublin. Acclamations and vows for his prosperity attended his footsteps where-ever he passed. He was consulted in all points relating to domestic policy in general, and to the trade of Ireland in particular: but he was more immediately looked upon as the legislator of the weavers, who frequently came in a body, consisting of fifty or sixty chieftains of their trade, to receive his advice, in settling the rates of their manufactures, and the wages of their journeymen. He received their addresses with less majesty than sternness, and ranging his subjects in a circle round his parlour, spoke as copiously, and with as little difficulty and hesitation, to the several points in which they supplicated his assistance, as if trade had been the only study and employment of his life. When elections were depending for the city of Dublin, many corporations refused to declare themselves, till they had consulted his sentiments and inclinations, which were punctually followed with equal cheartulness and submission. In this state of power, and popular love and admiration, he remained till he lost his senses. O. let. 6.

My Lord answered, he had not : " Why then, pray, my " Lord," said Swift, " take care to obtain it ; it is of " great consequence : the Grattons, my Lord, can raise " ten thousand men." [*J. R. p. 95.*] He obtained a living for his friend Dr Sheridan ; and he recommended several others, of whom he knew nothing, but that they were good men. [vol. 8. p. 231.]

He used also to remonstrate with great freedom against such measures as he disapproved ; and Lord Carteret having gained the advantage of him in some dispute concerning the distresses of Ireland, he cried out in a violent passion, " What the vengeance brought you among " us ? Get you gone, get you gone ; pray God al- " mighty send us our boobies back again," [*J. R. p. 25.*] ; a reply which shewed at once the turn, the strength, and the virtue of his mind ; as it was a fine compliment to the force of reason, by which he had been just foiled, and was expressed with all the vehemence of his temper, and all the peculiarity of his wit.

He was several times in England, on a visit to Mr Pope, after his settlement at the deanery, particularly in the years 1726 and 1727.

There is a passage in one of his letters to Dr Sheridan [vol. 8. p. 242.], during his visit in 1726, by which it appears, that he then had such an offer of a settlement, in the midst of his friends, within twelve miles of London, as, if he had been ten years younger, he would gladly have accepted : " but I am now," says he, " too " old for new schemes, and especially such as would " bridle me in my freedoms and liberalities." He had also an invitation from Lord Bolingbroke to spend a winter with him at his house on the banks of the Loire in France ; and this he would have accepted, but that he received an account from Ireland, that Mrs Johnson was dangerously ill. [vol. 8. p. 242.]

Mrs Johnson's constitution was tender and delicate ; and, as the Dean himself says, she had not the *flamina vitæ*. In the year 1724, she began visibly to decay ; and, in the year 1726, was thought to be dying. The Dean received the news with agonies not to be felt but by the tenderest and most ardent friendship, nor conceived

ceived but by the most lively imagination, and immediately halted back into Ireland. [vol. 8. p. 243.]

It happened, however, that Mrs Johnson, contrary to the opinion of her physician, recovered a moderate share of health; and the Dean, probably to complete some design, which in his haste he had left unfinished, returned again to England in 1727.

From England he was once more about to set out for France, upon Lord Bolingbroke's invitation, when news arrived of the King's death. [vol. 8. p. 246.]

He had attended the late Queen, while she was Princess, in his former excursions to England; and he had seen her twice in one week by her Royal Highness's command in this. She had always treated the Dean with great civility, and the Dean had treated her with his usual and peculiar frankness. The third day after the news of the late King's death, he attended at court, and kissed the King and the Queen's hand upon their accession, and was blamed by his friends for deferring it so long. [vol. 8. p. 246.]

What prospect he had of a change in public affairs on this event, or of any advantage which such a change might produce to himself or his friends, does not appear; but he was earnestly intreated to delay his journey. And when he had again determined to set out, he was, upon some new incidents, again prevailed upon not to go, by the vehement persuasion of some persons, whom, he says, he could not disobey. Many schemes were proposed, in which he was eagerly solicited to engage; but he received them coldly; not, as it appears, because he was determined no more to enter into public life, but because the schemes themselves were such as he did not approve. However, in the same letter in which he says, that if the King had lived ten days longer, he should not have dated it from London, but Paris, he says, that his share in the hurry of the time would not be long, and that he should soon return. [vol. 8. p. 246. 247.]

He was soon after seized with one of his fits of giddiness and deafness; a calamity which was greatly aggravated by the news that Mrs Johnson was again so ill, that the physicians despaired of her life. Upon this

this occasion he relapsed into the agonies of mind which he had felt the year before. He expected by the next post to hear that she was dead; and intreated that he might be told no particulars, but the event in general; for that, his age being then within three months of sixty, his weakness and his friendship would bear no more. As he despaired of seeing her alive, he determined not to return to Ireland so soon as he had intended, but to pass the winter either near Salisbury-plain, or in France. That he might not be interrupted by company, and condemned to the torment of suppressing his sorrow, to preserve the rules of good-breeding, he quitted the house of Mr Pope at Twickenham, and retired to a village near London, with a female relation for his nurse. The next letter that he received, he kept an hour in his pocket, before he could sufficiently fortify himself against the shock which he expected when he should open it. However, as Stella's life ebbed by slow degrees, and sometimes seemed at a stand, if not to flow, his hope of a parting interview revived, and he set out for Ireland as soon as he was able to travel. [vol. 8. let. 120, 1, 2.]

He found her alive; but, after having languished about two months longer, she expired on the 28th of January 1727-8, in the 44th year of her age, regretted by the Dean with such excess of affection and esteem, as the keenest sensibility only could feel, and the most excellent character excite.

Beauty, which alone has been the object of universal admiration and desire, which alone has elevated the possessor from the lowest to the highest station, has given dominion to folly, and armed caprice with the power of life and death, was in Stella only the ornament of intellectual greatness; and wit, which has rendered deformity lovely, and conferred honour upon vice, was in her only the decoration of such virtue, as without either wit or beauty would have compelled affection, esteem, and reverence.

Her stature was tall, her hair and eyes black, her complexion fair and delicate, her features regular, soft, and animated, her shape easy and elegant, and her manner feminine, polite, and graceful; there was a natural

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ral music in her voice, and a pleasing complacency in her aspect when she spoke.

As to her wit, it was confessed by all her acquaintance, and particularly by the Dean, that she never failed to say the best thing that was said whenever she was in company, though her companions were usually persons of the best understanding in the kingdom. [vol. 8. p. 295.]

But this dangerous power was under the direction of such sweetness of temper, such general kindness, and reluctance to give pain, that she never indulged it at the expence of another.

Neither was her wit merely of the colloquial kind. She had great force of poetical fancy, could range her thoughts in a regular composition, and express them in correct and harmonious verse. Of her wit in conversation some instances will be found in vol. 8. p. 295. under the name of *Bons mots*; and two specimens of her poetry are to be found in vol. 6. p. 175. 258. Her virtue was founded upon humanity, and her religion upon reason. Her morals were uniform, but not rigid; and her devotion was habitual, but not ostentatious.

Why the Dean did not sooner marry this most excellent person; why he married her at all; why his marriage was so cautiously concealed; and why he was never known to meet her but in the presence of a third person, are inquiries which no man can answer, or has attempted to answer, without absurdity, and are therefore unprofitable objects of speculation *.

His

* If any one should ask, why this renunciation of marriage-rites? I shall answer that question by asking another. Why did not Swift marry this adorable creature in or about the year 1702? was he not exactly at that æra thirty-five, just rising into the meridian of his abilities; and Mrs Johnson nineteen, in the full splendor of the most attractive beauty, surrounded with every grace, and blessed with every virtue, that could allure the affections and captivate the soul of the most stubborn philosopher? And, without dispute, if the meanness of her birth, like an evil genius, had not stood in the way to oppose her felicity, not all the Dr Swifts upon earth could have resisted the force of her enchantments. — As the prime intention of Mrs Johnson's going over to Ireland was to captivate the affections of Dr Swift, in all probability she secretly hoped, from time to time, to complete her conquest. But finding, upon the Queen's demise, when all the Doctor's hopes to gratify his ambition were totally at an end, that

His peculiar connection with Mrs Johnson does indeed appear to have been suspected, if not known, by his particular acquaintance: one of whom had the courage indirectly to blame his conduct several times, by setting before him the example of a clergyman of distinguished merit, who married nearly in the same circumstances; but, instead of concealing his marriage, retired into thrifty lodgings till he had made a provision for his wife, and then returned to the world, and became eminent for his hospitality and charity. [*J. R. p. 63.*]

The Dean, whether moved by these representations, or whether by any other motive, did at length earnestly desire, that she might be publicly owned as his wife: but as her health was then declining, and his œconomy become more severe, she said it was *too late*; and insisted that they should continue to live as they had lived before. To this the Dean, in his turn, consented; and suffered her to dispose entirely of her own fortune, by her own name, to a public charity when she died. [*J. R. p. 56. 288.*]

It appears by several little incidents, that Stella regretted and disapproved the Dean's conduct, and that she sometimes reproached him with unkindness; for to such regret and reproach he certainly alludes in the following verses on her birth-day, in 1726.

O then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills *affect your mind*,
To fancy they can be *unkind*.
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your sufferings share. [Vol 6. p. 119]

It

although her Platonic lover had quitted the noise and tumult of a political world, and had retired, like a sober honest clergyman, within the precincts of his deanery, he thought no more upon the subject of wedlock than he had done for the preceding fourteen years; her spirits might have become dejected, by her frequent revolving in her mind the oddness of her situation. If we suppose this to have been the case, it is not unreasonable to imagine, that Swift, thoroughly and sincerely her friend, and almost her lover, was unable to endure the least abatement in her cheerfulness and vivacity: and therefore, to raise her spirits, and to secure the fame of her innocence from all possibility of reproach, resolved to gratify her with the consciousness of being his *legal* wife. And this indeed, or somewhat very like it, how

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It seems indeed to be generally agreed, that Stella was destroyed by the peculiarity of her circumstances ; and that the fabrick, however weak by the delicacy of its composition, would not have fallen so soon, if the foundation had not been injured by the slow minings of regret and vexation.

But it is also generally allowed, that, in this instance, as in every other, the Dean's intention was upright, though his judgment might be erroneous ; and, whatever censure his behaviour to Stella may draw upon him, it must insure him some praise, and secure him against some calumny : for it is a demonstration, that he was the absolute master of those passions by which the greatest have been enslaved, and the best sometimes corrupted ; and if he could abstain from gratifying these passions with a lady whom he most admired, after the gratification was become lawful, he cannot, with any appearance of reason, be supposed to have indulged the same passion where there was less beauty to attract, and less affection to urge, where it would have been attended with guilt and infamy, where the motives were less and the obstacles more. [above, p. lxxxvi.]

From the death of Stella, his life became much more retired, and the austerity of his temper naturally increased. He could not join in the social cheerfulness of his public days, or bear such an intrusion upon his own melancholy as the cheerfulness of others. These entertainments therefore were discontinued ; and he sometimes avoided the company of his most intimate friends *.

how strange soever and chimerical it may sound in the ears of the world, was certainly the reason that he ever married her at all. *D. S.* p. 93. 94. 95.

* Dr Swift generally spent his time from noon till he went to bed, which was usually about eleven o'clock, in the pleasures of conversation among a set of companions either select or mixed: a course of life in which he continued for about thirteen years after the change of times, until the decease of Mrs Johnson in 1727-8. But when he lost that companion, whose genius he himself had been improving and cultivating for at least five and twenty years, he could no longer endure those pleasures and amusements which on his public days were conducted, under the eyes and direction of his beloved Stella, with the greatest elegance and decorum. And accordingly, having sacrificed to her manes these polite and rational entertainments, he renounced his public days, and lived during the whole remainder of his life abundantly more retired. *D. S.* p. 181.

But when the lenient hand of time had allayed the anguish of his mind, he seems to have regretted the effects of its first violence, and to wish for the return of those whom his impatience had banished. [*D. S.* p. 307, 8.]. In the year 1732, he complains, in a letter to Mr Gay, [vol. 8. p. 136.], that he had a large house, and should hardly find one visitor, if he was not able to hire them with a bottle of wine. "I generally," says he, "dine alone; and am thankful if a friend will pass the evening with me." He complains also about the same time, in a letter to Mr Pope, that he was in danger of dying poor and *friendless*, even his female friends having forsaken him; which, as he says, was what vexed him most. [vol. 8. p. 178.]. These complaints were afterwards repeated in a strain of yet greater sensibility and self-pity. "All my friends," says he, "have forsaken me." [vol. 8. p. 275.]

Vertiginosus, inops, surdus, male gratus amicis.

Deaf, giddy, helpless, *left alone*,

To all my friends a burden grown. [vol. 7. p. 154.]

Yet he confesses, that, though he was less patient in solitude, he was harder to be pleased with company; so that even now perhaps his behaviour did not much invite those whom before it had driven away *. [vol. 8. p. 143.]

His complaint of being forsaken by his female friends, shews, that at this time his house was not a constant *seraglio* of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning till night, as my Lord Orrery has asserted [vol. 6. p. 4.]; and it seems to imply, that the *Observer* is also mistaken, when he says, that females were *rarely admitted* into his house, and *never* came but upon very *particular invitations*. The absence of persons whom

* These several causes, added to the death of some, the dispersion of others, and the ingratitude of those who forsook the Doctor's acquaintance, after they had made their fortunes under the shelter of his patronage, gave occasion to those melancholy, those tender complaints, of that once great and admired person; whose conversation, even in his latter days, after the vigour and sprightliness of his genius had greatly subsided, had somewhat in it strangely uncommon, which was not to be remarked in the rest of human-kind. *D. S.* p. 309.

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he kept at such distance, and so rarely admitted, could scarce be supposed to *vex him most*: nor is it easy to conceive, in what sense they could be said to forsake him, who never came but upon particular invitation. However, as to the seraglio, the *Observer* affirms, in the most solemn manner, and from frequent intercourse with the Dean, and long intimacy with his most intimate friends, that Lord Orrery was grossly misinformed, and that no such ever subsisted; Mrs Whiteway, a near relation, who came to live with him some time after Stella's death, being the only female in his family, except servants.

As he lived much in solitude, he frequently amused himself with writing; as appears by the dates of many of his pieces, which are subsequent to this time. And it is very remarkable, that although his mind was certainly greatly depressed, and his principal enjoyment at an end, when Mrs Johnson died; yet there is an air of trifling and levity in some of the pieces which he wrote afterwards, that is not to be found in any other. Such, in particular, are his directions to servants [vol. 7.], and several of his letters to Dr Sheridan [vol. 8.].

As he was undoubtedly much more tenderly and strictly connected with Stella than with any other woman, so his friendship seems to have been more intimate and unreserved with Dr Sheridan than with any other man; his letters to him are evidently the spontaneous effusions of his heart, whether he was chearful or sad, and seem to imply a perfect acquaintance with every peculiarity of his circumstances*.

Dr Sheridan was a clergyman of considerable parts and great learning. He had in particular an extensive and critical knowledge of the language and history of the ancient Greeks and Romans, which he taught with great success in a grammar-school of which he was master; and it was remarked, that his scholars brought to the university, not only much learning, but good morals. This gentleman was by nature suited to Swift as a companion in the highest degree. He had a vein of humour

* See his letters on Stella's sickness, and from Sir Arthur Acheson's, in vol. 8.

that was a constant occasion of merriment; he had an absence of mind, which rendered him a perpetual object of raillery, and an indolent good nature, which made him unapt to take offence; he was always disposed to be chearful, and therefore readily concurred in the entertainment of Swift's hours of pleasantry; and could, without much pain or displeasure, give way to his petulance or his coldness, in his paroxysms of fretfulness and reserve: he also greatly contributed to Swift's amusement, by little sprightly pieces of the inferior kind of poetry, which he was always writing; and yet more to his employment, by hints and materials which he was every moment throwing out.

With this easy, negligent, contented creature, Swift passed much of his time, as well during Mrs Johnson's life as afterwards. And though there is in general an air of superiority in his letters, and might be sometimes, in his behaviour, a want of that complacency which no familiarity should exclude; yet it appears that the Dean did not hold Sheridan cheap. Sheridan he loved for his own merit, and was content to have deserved his love by the interest of another. "Stella," says he, "loved you well; and a great share of the little merit "I have with you, is owing to her solicitations." [vol. 8. p. 244, 83, 84.]

In the year 1733, when an attempt was made to repeal the test-act in Ireland, the dissenters often affected to call themselves brother Protestants, and fellow Christians, with the members of the established church. Upon this occasion the Dean wrote a short copy of verses [vol. 7. p. 29.], in which there is a passage that so provoked one Bettelworth, a lawyer, and member of the Irish parliament, that he swore, in the hearing of many persons, to revenge himself either by murdering or maiming the author: and, for this purpose, he engaged his footman with two ruffians, to secure the Dean wherever he could be found. As soon as this oath and attempt of Bettelworth were known, thirty of the nobility and gentry of the liberty of St Patrick's waited upon the Dean in form, and presented a paper, subscribed with their names, in which they solemnly engaged, in behalf of themselves and the rest of the liberty, to defend

send his person and fortune, as the friend and benefactor of his country. [vol. 8. p. 322.]

Such was the reverence and affection with which Swift was treated in his old age; not by domestics or dependents, whom the hope of some future advantage might induce to dissemble; but by persons of rank and fortune, with whom he had no connection, but as a benefactor to the public, and who, as they had nothing future to hope, could be prompted only by gratitude for the past; such gratitude as was never yet excited but by characters very different from actual misanthropy, or sordid selfishness.

When this paper was delivered, Swift was in bed, giddy and deaf, having been some time before seized with one of his fits; but he dictated an answer in which there is all the dignity of habitual pre-eminence, and all the resignation of humble piety. Though he acknowledged the kindness of his friends, yet he declared his trust to be in God. He bewailed his incapacity to receive and thank them, as in justice and gratitude he ought; and concluded with a short but pathetic prayer for their temporal and eternal happiness. [vol. 8. p. 322. 323.]

These fits of giddiness and deafness, which were the effects of his surfeit before he was twenty years old, became more frequent and more violent in proportion as he grew into years. And in 1736, while he was writing a satire on the Irish parliament, which he called *The legion-club* [vol. 7. p. 45.], he was seized with one of these fits; the effect of which was so dreadful, that he left the poem unfinished, and never afterwards attempted a composition, either in verse or prose, that required a course of thinking, or perhaps more than one sitting to finish. [vol. 8. p. 346].

From this time his memory was perceived gradually to decline, and his passions to pervert his understanding; a calamity to which many particulars seem to have concurred.

His solitude, which has been already accounted for, prevented the diversion of his mind by conversation from brooding over his disappointments, and aggravating every injury that he had suffered, by all the circumstances
which

which ingenious resentment, if it does not find, is apt to create; a resolution which he had taken, and to which he obstinately adhered, not to wear spectacles, precluded the entertainment which he might otherwise have found in books; and his giddiness, though it was a mere corporal disorder, prevented the employment of his mind in composition. In this situation, his thoughts seem to have been confined to the contemplation of his own misery, which he felt to be great, and which in this world he knew to be hopeless. The sense of his present condition was necessarily complicated with regret of the past, and with resentment both against those by whom he had been banished, and those who had deserted him in his exile. A fixed attention to one object, long continued, is known to destroy the balance of the mind; and it is not therefore strange, that Swift should by degrees become the victim of outrageous madness.

That he was weary of life, appears by many passages in his letters and expressions to his friends*. In 1739, three years after his memory first declined, he had been standing with a clergyman under a very large heavy pier glass, which, just as they moved to another part of the room, fell down, and broke to pieces. The clergyman, struck with a sense of the danger from which they had escaped, turned to Swift, and cried out, "What a mercy " it is that we moved the moment we did! for if we " had not, we should certainly have been killed." The Dean replied, that, as to himself, he was sorry he had changed ground, and wished the glass had fallen upon him. [*D. S. p. 217.*]

Till about the time of this accident, though his memory was become very defective, and his passions more violent, yet his conversation was still sprightly and sensible, but mingled with more satire, and that satire was

* It was, for many years before the Doctor had lost his memory, a common saying of his, at the time of his parting in the evening with an intimate friend, that used to visit him twice or thrice a-week, "Well; God bless you; good night to you; but I hope I shall never see you again." In this manner he would frequently express the desire he had to get rid of the world, after a day spent in cheerfulness, without any provocation from anger, melancholy, or disappointment. *D. S. p. 217.*

more bitter. He also continued to correspond by letter with his friends in England; particularly Mr Pope, with whom he had contracted an early friendship, which continued till his death. It has been said, that towards the end of their lives it grew cold: but the Dean, in a letter to Lord Orrery, which he wrote a short time before his incapacity, says, "When you see my dear friend Pope, tell him, I will answer his letter soon; *" I love him above all the rest of mankind."* [vol. 8. p. 3.]. He has also called Mr Pope his *dearest* friend in his will [vol. 8. p. 339]; and Mr Pope, in a letter which was written about the same time, makes this request. "Assure him [the Dean], the world has nothing in it I *admire* so much, nothing the loss of which I should *regret* so much, as his GENIUS and his VIRTUES." [vol. 8. p. 3.]

In the beginning of the year 1741, his understanding was so much impaired, and his passions so much increased, that he was utterly incapable of conversation. Strangers were not permitted to approach him, and his friends found it necessary to have guardians appointed of his person and estate. [vol. 8. p. 346.]. Early in the year 1742, his reason was wholly subverted, and his rage became absolute madness. The last person whom he knew was Mrs Whiteway; and the sight of her, when he knew her no more, threw him into fits of rage so violent and dreadful, that she was forced to leave him; and the only act of kindness that remained in her power was, to call once or twice a-week at the deanery, inquire after his health, and see that proper care was taken of him. Sometimes she would steal a look at him when his back was towards her, but did not dare to venture into his sight. He would neither eat nor drink while the servant who brought him his provisions staid in the room: his meat, which was served up ready cut, he would sometimes suffer to stand an hour on the table before he would touch it, and at last he would eat it walking; for, during this deplorable state of his mind, it was his constant custom to walk ten hours a-day. [vol. 8. p. 343.]

In October 1742, after this frenzy had continued several months, his left eye swelled to the size of an egg; and

and the lid appeared to be so much inflamed and discoloured, that the surgeon expected it to mortify: several large boils also broke out on his arms and his body. The extreme pain of this tumour kept him waking near a month; and, during one week, it was with difficulty that five persons kept him, by mere force, from tearing out his own eyes. [vol. 8. p. 343, 4.]

It has been observed, that corporal pain, whether by forcing the mind from that object which has ingrossed it, or by whatever means, has restored lunatics to the use of reason; and this effect, in a great degree, it produced upon the Dean: for just before the tumour perfectly subsided, and the pain left him, he knew Mrs Whiteway, took her by the hand, and spoke to her with his former kindness. That day, and the following, he knew his physician and surgeon, and all his family, and appeared to have so far recovered his understanding and temper, that the surgeon was not without hopes he might once more enjoy society, and be amused by the company of his old friends. This hope, however, was but of short duration; for a few days afterwards he sunk into a state of total insensibility, slept much, and could not, without great difficulty, be prevailed upon to walk cross the room. [vol. 8. p. 344.]. This was the effect of another bodily disease, his brain being loaded with water. Mr Stevens, an ingenious clergyman of Dublin, pronounced this to be the case during his illness; and upon opening his body, it appeared that he was not mistaken: but though he often intreated the Dean's friends and physicians that his head might be trepanned, and the water discharged, no regard was paid to his opinion or his intreaty. [J. R. p. 149.]

After the Dean had continued silent a whole year in this state of helpless idiocy, his housekeeper went into his room on the 30th of November, in the morning, and told him that it was his birth-day, and that bonfires and illuminations were preparing to celebrate it as usual. To this he immediately replied, It is all folly, they had better let it alone.

Some other instances of short intervals of sensibility and reason, after his madness had ended in stupor, seem

to prove, that his disorder, whatever it was, had not destroyed, but only suspended the powers of his mind.

He was sometimes visited by Mr Deane Swift, a relation; and about Christmas 1743 he seemed desirous to speak to him. Mr Swift then told him he came to dine with him; and Mrs Ridgeway, the housekeeper, immediately said, *Won't you give Mr Swift a glass of wine, Sir?* To this he made no answer, but shewed that he understood the question, by shrugging up his shoulders, as he had been used to do when he had a mind a friend should spend the evening with him; and which was as much as to say, *You will ruin me in wine.* Soon after he again endeavoured, with a good deal of pain, to find words; but at last, after many efforts, not being able, he fetched a deep sigh, and was afterwards silent. A few months afterwards, upon his housekeeper's removing a knife as he was going to catch at it, he shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "I am what I am, I am what I am;" and in about six minutes repeated the same words two or three times. [vol. 8. p. 345.]

In the year 1744, he now and then called his servant by his name; and once attempting to speak to him, but not being able to express his meaning, he shewed signs of much uneasiness, and at last said, "I am a fool." Once, afterwards, as his servant was taking away his watch, he said, *Bring it here*; and when the same servant was breaking a large hard coal, he said, "That is a stone, you blockhead." [vol. 8. p. 345.]

From this time he was perfectly silent till the latter end of October 1745; and then died, without the least pang or convulsion, in the 78th year of his age. [vol. 8. p. 347.]

By his will, which is dated in May 1740, just before he ceased to be a reasonable being, he left about 1200 l. in specific legacies, and the rest of his fortune, which amounted to about 11,000 l. to erect and endow an hospital for idiots and lunatics. [vol. 8. p. 347.]

He was buried in the great isle of St Patrick's cathedral, under a stone of black marble, inscribed with an epitaph in Latin, written by himself. [vol. 8. p. 334.]

From this narrative of his life, and from his works,
to

to which it is prefixed, the striking peculiarities of his character may easily be collected; but there are some incidents which relate to his conversation, and some which respect his person and private œconomy, which should by no means be omitted.

In company he neither wrapped himself up in his own importance, without deigning to communicate his knowledge, or exert his wit; nor did he ingross the conversation by perpetual and overbearing loquacity. His rule was, never to speak more than a minute at a time, and then to wait at least as long for others to take up the conversation; after which he had a right to speak again. His colloquial style, like that of his writings, was clear, forcible, and concise. [*D. S. p. 366. J. R. p. 203.*] He greatly excelled in punning; a talent which, he said, no man affected to despise, but those that were without it; and his conversation would have furnished a more excellent compendium of this species of wit, than was ever yet compiled, or perhaps ever will. Some of these sallies of his imagination are still remembered; and among others the following, which may serve for examples.

He happened to be at the castle, in the lieutenancy of the Earl of Pembroke, when a learned physician was haranguing his Excellency upon the nature and qualities of bees, which he was perpetually calling a nation and commonwealth: "Yes, my Lord," says Swift, "they are a nation, and of great antiquity; you know, my Lord, Moses takes notice of them; he numbers the Hivites among the nations which Joshua was appointed to conquer."

He was another time in company with a lady, whose long train happened to sweep down a fine fiddle, and break it; upon which he immediately cried out,

Mantua vae miserae nimium vicina Cremonæ.

But his conversation abounded with turns of wit of an higher kind. Being one day at a sheriff's feast, who, after several other toasts had been drank, called out to him, "Mr Dean, *The trade of Ireland:*" the Dean turned

turned about, and immediately answered, "Sir, I
*" drink no memories *."* [*J. R. p. 214.*]

He greatly admired the talents of the late Duke of Wharton; and hearing him, one day, recount many of his frolics, "Ay, my Lord," said he, "you have had many frolics; but let me recommend one more to you, *take a frolic to be virtuous.* I assure you it will do you more honour than all the rest." [*J. R. p. 216.*]

The Dean also greatly excelled in telling a story: and though in the latter part of his life he was very apt to tell his stories too often, yet his wit, as well as his virtue, was always superior to the wretched expedients of those despicable babblers, who are perpetually attempting to put off double entendre and profaneness for humour and wit. His conversation was in the highest degree chaste, and wholly free from the least tincture of irreligion. [*J. R. p. 218.*]

As he was zealous to preserve all the delicacies of conversation, he was always best pleased when some of the company were ladies. And in a letter to Lord Oxford, he says, "Since women have been left out of all meetings, except parties at play, or where worse designs are carried on, our conversation has very much degenerated †." And in this instance, his example is a reproof to those pedants, who suppose that women are never in their proper sphere, but in the dressing-room or the nursery.

If the conversation turned upon serious subjects, he was neither petulant in the debate, nor negligent of the issue. He would listen with great attention to the arguments of others; and whether he was or was not engaged as a disputant himself, he would recapitulate what had been said, state the question with great clearness and precision, point out the controverted particular, and appeal to the opinion either of some neutral person, or of the majority. [*D. S. p. 368.*]

It is, however, true, that he kept his friends in some

* Dr Brown, Bishop of Cork, had just then printed two pamphlets, and preached several sermons, in which drinking to memories was zealously condemned. *Hawkey.*

† Proposal for correcting the English tongue, in vol. 4. p. 354.

degree of awe: and yet he was more open to admonition than flattery, if it was offered without arrogance, and by persons of whose ability and honesty he had no doubt. [J. R. p. 19.]. In his poem of Baucis and Philemon [vol. 5. p. 42.], which does not consist of quite two hundred verses, Mr Addison made him blot out fourscore, add fourscore, and alter fourscore. It was customary with his friends to make him some little annual present on his birth-day; *something*, according to his own definition of a present, which was of no great value, but which could not be bought: and Dr Delany, soon after he was admitted to some degree of intimacy, sent him, with such a memorial of his esteem, some verses, in which he upbraids him, though with great delicacy, for misapplying his talents; and admonishes him to turn the force of ridicule, of which he was so great a master, upon those who had laboured to employ it against the sacred doctrines of *Christianity*. The Dean, as he had suffered Addison's correction with approbation, received this admonition with kindness: he sighed, and said, with great appearances of regret, that it was *too late*; and from that day took all occasions to distinguish Delany by the name of *friend*.

He had indeed no skill in music, and so was not able to entertain his company with a song, to which some men of great dignity, and great parts, have condescended; but his power of ridicule extended even to music, of which he gave an instance too singular to be forgotten.

Dr Pratt, who was then provost of Dublin college, had acquired much of the Italian taste for music in his travels; and Tom Rossengrave, a celebrated performer, being just returned from Italy, played a voluntary at St Patrick's cathedral, where Dr Pratt heard him, and Swift was also present. The Doctor happened to dine at the deanery the same day, and was so extravagant in his encomiums on Rossengrave's voluntary, that several of the company said they wished they had heard it. "Do you?" said Swift; "then you shall hear it still;" and immediately he sung out so lively, and yet so ridiculous an imitation of it, that all the company were kept in continual laughter till it was over, except one old

old gentleman, who sat with great composure; and though he listened, yet shewed neither curiosity nor approbation. After the entertainment, he was asked by some of the company, How it happened that he had been no more affected by the music? To which he answered with great gravity, That he had heard Mr Rosengrave himself play it before.

Such was Swift as a companion. As a master he was not less remarkable or meritorious.

As he expected punctual, ready, and implicit obedience, he always tried his servants when he hired them by some test of their humility. Among other questions, he always asked whether they understood cleaning shoes; because, said he, my kitchen-wench has a scullion that does her drudgery, and one part of the business of my groom and footman is constantly to clean her shoes by turns. If they scrupled this, the treaty was at an end; if not, he gave them a farther hearing.

His kitchen-wench, however, was his cook, a woman of a large size, robust constitution, and coarse features, whose face was very much seamed with the small-pox, and furrowed by age. This woman he always distinguished by the name of *Sweetheart*. [vol. 6. p. 191.]

It happened one day, that *Sweetheart* greatly overroasted the only joint he had for dinner; upon which he sent for her up, and with great coolness and gravity, "Sweetheart," says he, "take this down into the kitchen, and do it less." She replied, That was impossible. "Pray then," said he, "if you had roasted it too little, could you have done it more?" Yes, she said, she could easily have done that. "Why then," *Sweetheart*, replied the Dean, "let me advise you, if you must commit a fault, commit a fault that can be mended."

To the rest of his servants indeed he appeared to be churlish and austere; but in reality was one of the best masters in the world. He allowed them board-wages at the highest rate then known; and if he employed them about any thing out of the ordinary course of their service, he always paid them to the full value of the work as he would have paid another. With these emoluments, and the fragments from his table, he expected

they should find themselves in victuals, and all other necessities, except the liveries which he gave them. If, in this situation, their expences were greater than their income, it was judged a sufficient reason to discharge them; but, on the contrary, as soon as they had saved a full year's wages, he constantly paid them legal interest for it, and took great pleasure in seeing it accumulated to a sum which might settle them in some employment if he should die, or if they found it advisable to quit his service, which seldom happened. And he with whom his servants live long, has indubitable witnesses that he is a good master.

It is also certain, that, notwithstanding the apparent austerity of his temper, he did not consider his servants as *poor slaves*, to whose service he had a right, in consideration merely of his money, and owed them no reciprocal obligation.

He had a servant whom he used to call *Saunders*, that lived long with him, and at length fell sick and died. In his sickness, which lasted many months, Swift took care that all possible relief and assistance should be afforded him; and when he died, he buried him in the south isle of his cathedral, and erected a small piece of statuary to his memory, with this inscription:

Here lieth the body of
Alexander Magee, servant to Doctor Swift,
Dean of St Patrick's.

His grateful master caused this monument to be erected in memory of his discretion, fidelity, and diligence, in that humble station.

Ob. Mar. 24. 1721, *atat.* 29.

In the original copy, which the author of the *Observations* saw in the Dean's own hand, the expression was still stronger, and more to the Dean's honour, thus:

His grateful friend and master.

But a person of the Dean's acquaintance, who is much more distinguished for vanity than wisdom, prevailed upon him to leave out *friend*, even in opposition to his own well-known maxim, That a faithful servant should
always

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always be considered, not as a *poor slave*, but an *humble friend*. Of this person the name is not told; but to conceal it, is rather injustice than mercy; for he ought, on this occasion, to inherit a disgrace at least proportionate to the honour which he found means to withhold from Swift.

As a member of civil society, he was a zealous advocate for liberty, the detector of fraud, and the scourge of oppression. In his private capacity he was not only charitable, but generous; and whatever misanthropy may be found in his writings, there does not appear to have been any in his life.

His writings in defence of the poor infatuated people of Ireland are well known; and that he might not be wanting himself while he pleaded their cause with others, he constantly lent out a large sum of money in small portions to honest, diligent, and necessitous tradesmen, who paid it with a small gratuity by way of interest to the person who kept the account of the disbursements and weekly payments; for he received back these loans by a certain sum out of the weekly profit of the borrower's trade, in such proportions as that the whole should be repaid in a year. [*J. R. p. 203, 4.*]

Besides this, he frequently gave away 5 and 10 l. when proper objects offered, without any parade. He was indeed diligent to relieve the poor, and at the same time to encourage industry, even in the lowest station; and used regularly to visit a great number of poor, chiefly women, as well in the public streets, as in the by-alleys; and under the arches of Dublin. Some of these sold plums, some hobnails, others tape, and others gingerbread; some knitted, some darned stockings, and others cobbled shoes: these women were most of them old, deformed, or crippled, and some were all three. He saluted them with great kindness, asked how they throve, and what stock they had? if the ware of any of them was such as he could possibly use, or pretend to use, he bought some, and paid for every halfpenny worth six pence; if not, he always added something to their stock, and strictly charged them to be industrious and honest. [*J. R. p. 132. 133.*]

It must be confessed, that these acts of bounty did not

appear to be the effects of compassion: for of the soft sympathy with distress that sometimes sparkles in the eye, and sometimes glows upon the cheek, he shewed no sign; and he may therefore be supposed to have wanted it. However, it is certain, that he was wholly free from ill-nature; for a man can have no complacency in that evil which he is continually busy to remove.

His bounty had not indeed the indiscriminating ardour of blind instinct; and, if it had, it would not have been the instrument of equal happiness. To feed idleness, is to propagate misery, and discourage virtue: but to insure the reward of industry, is to bestow a benefit at once upon the individual and the public; it is to preserve from despair those who struggle with difficulty and disappointment; it is to supply food and rest to that labour which alone can make food tasteful and rest sweet, and to invigorate the community by the full use of those members which would otherwise become not only useless, but hurtful; as a limb in which the vital fluid ceases to circulate, will not only wither, but corrupt. In this view, then, the bounty of Swift was, like every other Christian duty, a reasonable service. And that he felt no secret pleasure in the calamities of others, may be fairly concluded, not only from his general practice, but from many particular facts, in which he appears to have been watchful and zealous to alleviate distress by untolicited and unexpected liberality.

It happened, that a young gentleman of his choir, being abroad with his gun, suffered irreparable hurt by its going off accidentally. When the Dean heard of it, he expressed great concern; and, having paused a little, "Well," said he, "this will be a good time at once to reward merit and alleviate distress; I will make him a vicar:" which he did accordingly the same hour.

There are some infirmities to which the mind as well as the body naturally becomes subject in the decline of life. The desire of accumulating wealth almost always increases in proportion as it becomes more absurd; and those are most tenacious of money to whom money can be of least use. It has been generally said, that this weakness is the effect of long acquaintance with mankind, who are found to deserve less confidence and less kindness

kindness as they are more known. And indeed, though this opinion should not hastily be admitted, it must yet be confessed, that the first article in which men lessen their expences, is generally the money they have been used to give away, and that they gradually lose the inclination to do good as they acquire the power. But Swift, if he was not exempt from the infirmity, was yet clear of the vice. If his œconomy degenerated into avarice, it must be confessed that his avarice did not contract his bounty; and he suffers no degradation in his moral character, who, when the practice of any virtue is become more difficult, is yet able to exert it in the same degree.

Swift turned all the evil of excessive frugality upon himself. It induced him to walk when he had been used to ride; and he would then say he had earned a shilling or eighteen pence, which he had a right to do what he pleased with, and which he constantly applied to his usual charities; which by this expedient he could continue, and yet expend less upon the whole than before. But the distribution even of this charity was marked with the peculiarity of his character; for that he might proportion his bounty to the necessities and the merit of various objects, and yet give but one piece of money at a time, he constantly kept a pocket full of all sorts of coin, from a silver three-pence to a crown-piece. [*J. R. p 13.*]

But as his desire of immediate gain was not gratified at the expence of the poor, to whose distress he was a witness; neither was it gratified at the expence of those whom it was impossible he should know, though he had many opportunities of doing it.

He once resolved never to renew a certain lease belonging to the deanery, without raising the rent 30 l. a-year. The tenant had often solicited him, instead of raising the rent, to take a larger fine: and this man, a very short time before the Dean lost his memory, urged him with a very large sum, supposing, that as raising the rent could only enrich the Dean's successor, and a large fine would come into his own coffer, he should certainly succeed. The Dean however maintained his integrity, refused the offer with indignation, and fulfilled

led his purpose of raising the rent; though at this time his memory was so bad, that the next day he did not remember what he had done, and his love of money so predominant over every thing but his virtue, that though he complained of being deserted, yet he banished his best friends, merely to save the expence of entertaining them; and would sometimes refuse them a single bottle of wine. [*J. R. p. 208. 145.*]

As an ecclesiastic, he was scrupulously exact in the exercise of his function, as well with regard to spiritual as temporal things *. As to his cathedral, he expended more money to support and adorn it than had been applied to the same use in any period since it was first built †. He was extremely exact and conscientious in promoting

* Great coolness of temper, gentleness of deportment, and a profound respect to his superiors in the church, were the distinguishing characteristics of Dr Swift. The following story may not be improper here. Bp **, who had been lately translated from Bangor to the see of Meath, had not only the misfortune, in the violent days of party, to reflect with some degree of asperity on the Reverend Mr **, one of his own clergy; but also to recommend unto his whole diocese the wearing of numms, or scraps of linen to cover dirty shirts. This behaviour in the Bishop, and especially this recommendation of numms, fired the indignation of Swift to the uttermost. He fell upon the Bishop, when he got him into the synod, with outrageous severity; and after he had spoken in defence of Mr **, "What," said he, "do you think you have gotten among your Welch clergy? I would have you to know," said he, stripping up his cassock from his arms, and tearing open the breast of his waistcoat, "that you have gotten into a diocese of gentlemen, who abhor dirt, and filth, and nastiness." And thus he drove on, lashing the Bishop, and making him feel his sarcasms. Two gentlemen lay concealed in the church of Trim during the time of the synod, not without the connivance of Dr Swift, who had in a great measure invited them to the feast. *D. S. p. 272, 3.*

† In all business relating to his chapter, he pursued their public interest with firmness and constancy. He besides took as much care to regulate his choir, as if he himself had really some regard for music. But in this he was always guided by the opinion of those who were supposed to have been judges of harmony. And that his choir might do their duty, particularly on Sunday nights, when variety of the better sort usually came to hear the anthem, he constantly went to church himself. This puts me in mind of an anecdote which happened in those times. An idle, careless fellow, but an excellent singer, and one of the best performers belonging to his cathedral, having

promoting the members of his choir according to their merit, and never advanced any person to a vicarage who was not qualified in all respects, and in the highest degree, whatever their interest, or however recommended: and he once refused a vicarage to a person for whom the Lady Carteret was very importunate; though he declared to her Ladyship, that if it had been in his power to have made the gentleman a Dean or a Bishop, he would have obliged her willingly; because, he said, deaneries and bishopricks were preferments in which merit had no concern, though the merit of a vicar would be brought to the test every day. Nor would he suffer one shilling of the cathedral-money to be alienated from its proper use, even for the purpose of charity. When any person solicited such an alienation, he used to tell them that this money was appropriated; but, says he, as you declare the person to be relieved is an object of Christian charity, I will give out of my private purse any sum proportioned to my revenue, if you will contribute a sum in the same proportion to yours. My deanery is worth seven hundred pounds, your income is two; if you will give two shillings, I will give seven, or any larger sum after the same rate. [*J. R. p. 192.*]

As to the poor in the liberty of his own cathedral, they were better regulated than any other in the kingdom; they were all badged, and were never found begging out of their district: for these he built and furnished a little alms-house, being assisted by some voluntary contributions; and preserved among them uncommon cleanliness and decency, by constantly visiting them in person. [*J. R. p. 8.*]

It has already been remarked, that though he did not himself understand music, yet he always attended

ving laboured for some time under the highest displeasure of the Dean, was forced to absent himself from the church, and keep entirely out of his sight. But at last, one Sunday evening having ventured into the singing loft, full in the view of the Dean, he began that particular anthem, *Whither shall I go, whither shall I go, whither shall I fly, from thy presence?* "To jail, you dog you, to jail," said the Doctor, in a voice loud enough to be heard by many that were about him. But the next morning he forgave the poor sinner, on his promise of amendment. *D. S. p. 371.*

at the performance of the anthem, that the choir might do their duty. But he had another practice yet more singular and more useful. As soon as the preacher mounted the pulpit, he pulled out a pencil and piece of paper, and carefully noted whatever was wrong, both in the expressions, and the manner in which they were delivered, whether they were too scholastic to be generally understood, or so coarse and vulgar as to lose their dignity; and he never failed to make these the subject of an admonition to the preacher as soon as he came into the chapter-house. [*See letter to a young clergyman, in vol. 7. p. 170.*]

He improved even his living of Laracor, though he continued there but a short time, and left both the house and glebe a convenient and agreeable retreat to his successor at a considerable expence, for which he knew no return would be made to his executors; and he determined to assert his right of absence against the Archbishop of Dublin, at the expence of several hundred pounds, at a time when he did not believe he should ever more claim the privilege for himself, because he would not endanger the liberty of his successor by an injurious precedent. [vol. 8. p. 247.]

There is no act of virtue which men have so often substituted for the peculiar positive duties of Christians as liberality to the poor, nor any by which they have so often hoped to atone for the breach of every other moral obligation.

But the Dean, though he abounded in charity, was not less diligent in the practice of other virtues, or less devout and constant in the solemnities of religion. He was remarkably temperate both in eating and drinking; he was not only just, but punctual in his dealings, and he had an inviolable regard for truth. As he constantly attended divine worship when he was at home, so he used always to go early to church when he was in London; and never to sleep, without assembling his family in his own chamber to prayers.

It has often been remarked, that virtue in excess becomes vicious; and not only precludes the reward of the possessor, but produces rather mischief than good to others. An abhorrence of hypocrisy was a striking particular

ticular in Swift's character: but it is difficult to determine whether it was more a virtue than a vice; for it brought upon him the charge of irreligion, and encouraged others to be irreligious. In proportion as he abhorred hypocrisy, he dreaded the imputation of it, and therefore concealed his piety with as much diligence as others conceal those vices which custom has not made reputable. His constant attendance at church, when he was at the deanery, he knew would be considered as the duty of his station; but whatever had the appearance of voluntary devotion, he always took care to hide. When he went to church in London, it was early in the morning; so that, though he was constantly at prayers, and at the sacrament, yet he appeared to neglect both, as he was at home when others were at church. And when he went to prayers in his family, the servants assembled at the appointed hour as it were by stealth, without any notice from a bell, or any other call, except the striking of the clock; so that Dr Delany was six months in his family before he suspected him of this unfashionable practice. The same principle upon which he thus studiously avoided appearances of good, made him frequently incur appearances of evil, especially when an opportunity offered of indulging his peculiar vein of humour, and gratifying his natural disposition. One instance of this has already been given, in his solemn address to his clerk from the pulpit by the name of *Roger*, [above, p. li.]; but there are others which are less excusable. Soon after he was made Dean of St Patrick's, he had dined one Sunday with Dr Raymond, vicar of Trim, a little town near Dublin. When the bell had rung, the people were assembled to evening-prayers; and Dr Raymond was preparing to go to the church, which was not distant more than two hundred yards: "Raymond," said the Dean, "I will lay you a crown that I begin prayers before you this afternoon:" Dr Raymond accepted the wager; and immediately both run as fast as they could towards the church. Raymond, who was much nimbler than Swift, arrived first at the door; and when he entered the church, walked decently towards the reading-desk. Swift never slackened his pace, but, running up the isle, left

left Dr Raymond behind him in the middle of it, and stepping into the desk, without putting on a surplice, or opening the prayer-book, began the service in an audible voice, and thus won his wager. [*O. let. 16.*]

It has been common among pretenders to wit, to affect great contempt for every kind of regularity; to live, or pretend to live, in a state of continual dissipation, without regard to the return of those seasons which have been generally allotted to particular purposes, without sleeping or waking, or eating or drinking, like the rest of mankind. To recover these unhappy wretches from a condition so deplorable as to suppress indignation, and yet so contemptible as scarce to excite pity, it is here recorded, that the life of Swift was in the highest degree uniform and regular; his hours of walking and reading, of exercise and amusement, never varied; and that he might keep the revolution of his employments with greater exactness, his watch was almost constantly either in his hand, or on the table before him.

As his abhorrence of hypocrisy exempted him from affectation, the natural equity of his mind secured him against envy. Envy seems to be a desire of equality, gratified by degrading others; as emulation is a desire of equality, gratified by advancing ourselves. It does not appear that Swift, upon a supposition that he had no superior, was without emulation; but by his ready assistance to advance the reputation and circumstances of others, he appears to have been free from envy.

He cultivated genius where-ever he found it, and in whatever degree, with great zeal and assiduity, and would cheerfully spend much time in correcting and improving any literary composition that had the least appearance of ingenuity. Nor was this kindness confined to those whose parts could never come in competition with his own. He started many hints to Mr Gay, which he pursued with great success; and he recommended Congreve, Addison, Parnell, and many others, to those whose favour was most likely to render them conspicuous.

Among his singularities, were his resolution never to wear spectacles; and his obstinate perseverance in the use
of

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of too much exercise. His want of spectacles made it difficult to read, and his immoderate exercise wasted his flesh, and produced a poorness in his blood, as he was often told by his friends and physicians, Dr Hellsam and Dr Grattan, and as afterwards appeared by experiment; for when he was reduced to a state of idiotism, and ceased from walking, he recovered his flesh in a short time.

He was cleanly even to superstition; his nails were always pared to the quick, to prevent the least gathering of dirt under them; and he never dressed without a basin of water by him, with which he carefully cleansed his feet. In his person he was robust and masculine, his deportment was commanding, and his walk erect. His voice was sharp and high-toned, especially when he read prayers, but not effeminate; and there was a natural severity in his aspect, which even his smiles could scarce soften, nor his utmost gaiety relax. [*O. let. 9.*]

His manner was without ceremony, but not rustic; for he had a perfect knowledge of all the modes and variations of politeness and complaisance, which he practised in a manner peculiar to himself; and the respect that was due to him by these rules, he took care to exact without the least abatement. [*D. S. p. 360, 65.*]

It will readily be admitted, that every man has some appetite, affection, or disposition, which either in kind or in degree is irregular, and which it is the province of reason to order and restrain. As it will always happen, that in some instances passion will predominate, and reason in others, it follows, that there must be some dissimilitude in every character; from which Swift's could not therefore be exempt: but, upon the whole, it will be found uncommonly steady and uniform; though some, to screen their own scattered and inconsistent representations of it from censure, have pretended, that it was capricious, various, and contradictory.

Swift appears to have been naturally temperate and chaste, it was therefore easy for him to be frugal; but he was also naturally high-spirited: and therefore, as wealth is the pledge of independence, it is not strange his frugality should verge towards excess. However, as he acted upon principles, not only of general virtue,

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but of the noblest moral system of Christianity, he did not deliver himself up to natural propensities, when they were contrary to his duty; and therefore his love of money did not contract his charity to the poor, or defraud his successors to enrich himself. The same spirit which secured his integrity, by disdaining the meanness of a lie, produced that dread of hypocrisy which concealed his piety, and betrayed him into appearances of evil: and the same want of natural tenderness, which made him appear obdurate and austere, transferred the distribution of his liberality from instinct to religion, and made that, which in others is an exercise of self-love, in him an act of obedience to God.

Such was Dr Jonathan Swift, whose writings either stimulate mankind to sustain their dignity as rational and moral beings, by shewing how low they stand in mere animal nature; or fright them from indecency, by holding up its picture before them in its native deformity: and whose life, with all the advantages of genius and learning, was a scale of infelicity gradually ascending, till pain and anguish destroyed the faculties by which they were felt: while he was viewed at a distance with envy, he became a burden to himself; he was forsaken by his friends, and his memory has been loaded with unmerited reproach: his life therefore does not afford less instruction than his writings, since to the wise it may teach humility, and to the simple content.

Some particulars in Dr SWIFT'S CHARACTER, extracted from Lord ORRERY'S Remarks, and Mr SWIFT'S Essay.

From LORD ORRERY.

DR Swift was in the decline of life when I knew him. His friendship was an honour to me; and, to say the truth, I have even drawn advantage from his errors. I have beheld him in all humours and dispositions; and I have formed various speculations from the several weaknesses to which I observed him liable. His capacity and strength of mind were undoubtedly equal to

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to any task whatever. His pride, his spirit, or his ambition, call it by what name you please, was boundless : but his views were checked in his younger years, and the anxiety of that disappointment had a visible effect upon all his actions. He was sour and severe, but not absolutely ill-natured. He was sociable only to particular friends, and to them only at particular hours. He knew politeness more than he practised it. He was a mixture of avarice and generosity : the former was frequently prevalent ; the latter seldom appeared, unless excited by compassion. He was open to adulation ; and could not, or would not distinguish between low flattery, and just applause. His abilities rendered him superior to envy. He was undisguised, and perfectly sincere. I am induced to think, that he entered into orders, more from some private and fixed resolution, than from absolute choice. Be that as it may, he performed the duties of the church with great punctuality, and a decent degree of devotion. He read prayers rather in a strong nervous voice, than in a graceful manner : and although he has been often accused of irreligion, nothing of that kind appeared in his conversation or behaviour. His cast of mind induced him to think and speak more of politics than of religion. His perpetual views were directed towards power ; and his chief aim was to be removed into England : but when he found himself entirely disappointed, he turned his thoughts to opposition, and became the patron of Ireland.

Few characters have afforded so great a variety of faults and beauties. Few men have been more known and admired, or more envied and censured, than Dr Swift. From the gifts of nature he had great powers, and from the imperfection of humanity he had many failings. I always considered him as *an abstract and brief chronicle of the times* ; no man being better acquainted with human nature, both in the highest and in the lowest scenes of life. His friends and correspondents were the greatest and most eminent men of the age. The sages of antiquity were often the companions of his closet : and although he industriously avoided an ostentation of learning, and generally chose to draw his materials from his own store ; yet his knowledge in

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the ancient authors evidently appears from the strength of his sentiments, and the classic correctness of his style.

His attendance upon the public service of the church was regular and uninterrupted. And indeed regularity was peculiar to him in all his actions, even in the greatest trifles. His hours of walking and reading never varied. His motions were guided by his watch, which was so constantly held in his hand, or placed before him upon his table, that he seldom deviated many minutes, in the daily revolution of his exercises and employments.

From Mr DEANE SWIFT.

The character of Dr Swift is so exceedingly strange, various, and perplexed, that it can never be drawn up with any degree of accuracy. I shall however remark some few particulars, without venturing to attempt the delineation of a character, which hath entirely baffled all endeavours hitherto made, either by friends or enemies.

Swift's natural temper seems to have been a miraculous compound of the placid and the severe. The placid frequently had the superiority in his breast; and the severe in its turn, when excited by the follies and corruptions of human-kind, as frequently, the predominance.

He was by nature of a spirit wonderfully exalted. His pride, if pride it must be called, was of a turn peculiar to himself. His whole deportment was of a piece. He would not have stooped to converse with the greatest monarch in Europe, upon any terms lower than equality.

He knew to a point the respect that was due to him; which he took care to exact without any sort of abatements. It will appear from the following instance, with what quickness he resented any failure in good manners. An English clergyman, appointed a Bishop in Ireland, sent his servant one morning to the Dean, to beg the favour of him to order St Patrick's cathedral to be got ready against the next Sunday for his consecration. The Doctor would by no means grant his request; but said, he would order the church to be in readiness against the Sunday following. When the servant was gone, the
Doctor

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Doctor told a friend, then with him, that he could as well have had the church ready against the next, as against the following Sunday: but, said he, my reason for refusing to grant that gentleman's request was, because he ought to have come himself, and not sent his servant to me upon such a message.

Neither could he endure to be treated with any sort of familiarity, or that any man living (his three or four old acquaintances in England only excepted) should rank himself in the number of his friends. A young person of quality, upon some occasion or other, once ventured to address Dr Swift in the style of *Dear Swift*, and call himself the Doctor's *friend*. When the Dean opened his letter, which was designed as a compliment, his indignation took instant fire. *Dear Swift!* said he; what monstrous familiarity is here! But when he found the letter-writer had called himself his friend, he was out of all patience. "My friend! my friend!" said he; "pish, psha; my friend! But—" (said he, recollecting himself) — "he is a Lord, and so let it pass."

Swift's spirit was formed with a strong reluctance to submission of any kind; and particularly he paid no regard to the monitions of his friends and physicians, who had frequently admonished him of his over-exercise. This was not owing to his being weary of life. It was from an old settled principle, confirmed and rivetted in his mind, when he was in the height of his glory, and the meridian of his life: A principle indeed, which he maintains, or at least endeavours to maintain, with infinite wit and humour, in a letter to Mrs Johnson, Nov. 3. 1711, who had advised him to take physic upon the fall of the leaf. "A fig," (saith he), "Madam, for your physician. If I grow worse, I will; otherwise I will trust to temperance and exercise. Your fall of a leaf? What care I when the leaves fall? I am sorry to see them fall with all my heart; but why should I take physic because leaves fall off from trees? That won't hinder them from falling. If a man falls off a horse, must I take physic for that? This arguing makes you mad; but it is true right reason, not to be disputed."

He was not only above all tincture of envy in his composition;

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position; but his talents were so great, that he was totally superior to the emulation of all inferior wits. They every one of them bowed down to him as to the viceroy of Apollo.

The daemon of malice was also a stranger to his heart: and well it might; for if at any time he was attacked with injurious treatment, he never smothered his revenge, like a way-laying coward, until a safer opportunity; but, like a brave and generous spirit, knocked down his adversary directly on the spot.

The common vices and foibles of human-kind he lashed with great severity, in order to restrain their influence, and, if it were possible, to hinder the contagion from spreading in the community; yet still without making examples of particular persons. But slaves to party, and traitors to the public interest, he exposed without mercy to the derision of the world. It may be thought perhaps that private animosity frequently gave an edge to his satire. I cannot tell but in some cases it might. But then it should be considered, that Dr Swift never looked upon himself in the character of a private person. He knew, that a patriot, like an Asiatic prince, must make himself dreaded. If he be once foiled, his power is at an end. And, without controversy, dominion, absolute dominion, he had resolved to possess over the minds of men, especially over the minds of his countrymen; and accordingly he did possess it.

Swift was certainly a man of great ambition, though he denies it in his writings. But his ambition, ever directed by the rules of honour, was of a noble, exalted strain, worthy to be cherished in the breast of an angel. [vol. 8 p. 119.]

In his private character he was a man of fine address, and perfectly well bred. He knew to a point all the modes and variations of complaisance and politeness. And yet his manners were not framed like those of any other mortal; but, corrected by general observation, and adapted to his own peculiar turn of genius, they shone forth, always enlivened more or less with some spirit of dominion, in a blaze of politeness, so inimitably and so determinately his own, that in effect they seemed to be the result of pure nature, uncopied from any the brightest or the fairest original.

Swift

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Swift talked a great deal in all companies, without ingrossing the conversation to himself, [*above, p. cviii.*]. In the character of a *tete à tete* companion, he rather excelled himself. Few that are equal to him in that respect, perhaps none that are his superiors, can be found upon earth. He was by no means in the class with those who pour down their eloquence like a torrent, driving all before it. Far from any desires of that sort, he equally loved to speak, and loved to hearken. Like Falstaff, he not only had wit himself, but frequently was the cause of wit in others. However, that universal reverence which was paid to his great abilities, frequently struck a damp on the spirits of those who were not perfectly well acquainted with him: an effect of modesty, which however did not always happen to be construed to their advantage, unless in the case of very young people. For when such persons were gone, if none but his intimates were present, he would express himself with some degree of emotion, and cry, Such a one, I have heard, is a very great man; or, Such a one, they say, has abundance of learning; or, Such a one, I have been told, has an excellent understanding; but God deliver me from such companions!

If we consider Swift as a divine and a Christian, we shall find him, although not so grave, yet at least as perfect, as the most famous of his contemporaries. His first setting out in the world may be thought somewhat singular, in this profane, hypocritical, corrupted age. We are assured from his own accounts, that his ideas of religion were so extremely delicate, that he could not but entertain some scruple, notwithstanding his fortune was very small, of entering into the church merely for support; although it is plain, that he had early separated himself to the work of the ministry. He was of a genius thoroughly well adapted for the improvement of any congregation whatever, his arguments being always clear, cogent, and satisfactory. But surely those improved, extensive abilities, which rendered him at once the delight and the admiration of the world, were never designed by his Creator to be confined within the narrow limits of any parish or diocese.

In his private character as a man of religion, he appears

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appears to have been a great and shining example of Christian faith and morals. In himself, he was caste, sober, and temperate. I remember he once told me occasionally, that he never had been drunk in his life. In his general behaviour, he was open, free, disengaged, and cheerful. In his dealings with the world, he was honest and sincere. In relieving the poor and the distressed, he was liberal to profusion; if denying himself, and throwing upon the waters above a third part of his income, will intitle him to the character of being exceedingly generous. With regard to his faith, he was truly orthodox. Moreover, he was regular, exceedingly regular, in all his duties to God, especially in attending the public worship; yet still without any parade, or colour of ostentation. But to crown his whole character as a man of religion, and to shew how much he detested that satanical vice of hypocrisy, I shall transcribe a paragraph from a sermon of his, not yet published, *On the excellency of the Christian religion, opposed to Heathen philosophy*. "Christian wisdom (saith he) is without
 " partiality. It is not calculated for this or that nation or people, but the whole race of mankind; not
 " to the philosophical schemes, which were narrow and
 " confined, adapted to their peculiar towns, governments, or sects; but in every nation, he that feareth
 " God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with
 " him. Lastly, It is without hypocrisy: it appears to
 " be what it really is; it is all of a piece. By the doctrines of the gospel, we are so far from being allowed
 " to publish to the world those virtues we have not,
 " that we are commanded to hide even from ourselves
 " those we really have, and not to let our right hand
 " know what our left hand does; unlike several
 " branches of the Heathen wisdom, which pretended
 " to teach insensibility and indifference, magnanimity
 " and contempt of life, while at the same time in other
 " parts it belied its own doctrines."

Several other particulars in Swift's character, and various anecdotes concerning him, will be found in the notes throughout all the eight volumes, particularly in the Criticisms prefixed to vols 1. 6. & 8.

Some

Some particulars concerning Dr SWIFT.

Taken from Mrs PILKINGTON's Memoirs.

MRS Pilkington's acquaintance with Dr Swift commenced from sending him the lines on his birthday, vol. 7. p. 161. These the Dean received very kindly, and said, he would see her whenever she pleased.

A few days after, she was introduced to the Dean in Dr Delany's garden at Delville, by a gentlewoman. He saluted her, and asked the lady, if she was her daughter? The lady smiled, and said, she was Mrs Pilkington. "What," says he, "this poor little child married! God help her, she is early engaged to trouble." The Dean engaging Mr Pilkington to preach for him at the cathedral next Sunday, invited her, with the rest of the company, to dinner. As the communion is administered every Sunday in St Patrick's church, Mrs Pilkington was charmed to see with what a becoming piety the Dean performed that holy service, which he had so much at heart, that he wanted not the assistance of the liturgy, but went quite through it without ever looking in the book. He bowed at the table; which behaviour was censured, as favouring of Popery. But this circumstance may vindicate him from the wicked aspersions of being deemed an unbeliever, since it is plain he had the utmost reverence for the eucharist. Service being ended, the Dean was surrounded at the church-door, by a croud of poor; to all of whom he gave charity, except an old woman, who held out a very dirty hand to him. He told her, very gravely, That though she was a beggar, water was not so scarce but she might have washed her hands. When they came to the deanery, the Dean kindly saluted Mrs Pilkington, and, without allowing her time to sit down, bade her come and see his library; but merrily told Mr Pilkington, who was for following them, that he did not desire his company. "Well," said he to her, "I have brought you here to shew you all the money I got when I was in the ministry; but don't steal any of it." "I won't indeed, Sir," said she. So opening a cabinet,

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cabinet, he shewed her a parcel of empty drawers : “ Bless me,” says he, “ the money is flown.” He then opened his bureau, wherein he had a great number of curious trinkets of various kinds, some of which were presented to him by the Earl and Countess of Oxford, Lady Masham, and Lady Betty Germain. At last coming to a drawer filled with medals, he bade her chuse two for herself ; but he could not help smiling, when she began to poize them in her hands, chusing them by weight rather than antiquity.

At dinner the Dean’s behaviour was very humorous. He placed himself at the head of his table, opposite to a great pier glass, so that he could see in the glass whatever the servants did behind him. He was served entirely in plate, with great elegance. But the beef being over-roasted, put the company all in confusion. The Dean called for the cook-maid, and ordered her to take the beef down stairs, and do it less. She answered, very innocently, that she could not. “ Why, what sort of a creature are you,” says he, “ to commit a fault which cannot be amended ? ” And turning to Mrs Pilkington, he said very gravely, “ That he hoped, “ as the cook was a woman of genius, he should, by “ this manner of arguing, be able in about a year’s “ time to convince her she had better send up the meat “ too little than too much done ; ” charging the men-servants, whenever they imagined the meat was ready, they should take it spit and all, and bring it up by force, promising to aid them in case the cook resisted. Then turning his eye on the looking-glass, he espied the butler opening a bottle of ale ; and helping himself to the first glass, he very kindly jumbled the rest together, that his master and guests might all fare alike. “ Ha ! “ friend,” said the Dean, “ Sharp’s the word, I find ; “ you drank my ale, for which I stop two shillings of “ your board-wages this week ; for I scorn to be out-done in any thing, even in cheating.”

Dinner being ended, the Dean thanked Mr Pilkington for his sermon : “ I never,” said he, “ preached but “ twice in my life ; and then they were not sermons, “ but pamphlets.” Mrs Pilkington asked him, what might be the subject of them ? He told her, they were
against

against Wood's halfpence. Having asked Mr and Mrs Pilkington if they could smoke? and being answered, that they did not; "'Tis a sign," said he, "you were neither of you bred in the university of Oxford; for drinking and smoking are the first rudiments of learning taught there; and in those two arts no university in Europe can outdo them." Having asked Mrs Pilkington, if she had any faults? "Pray, Mr Dean," said Dr Delany, "why will you be so unpolite as to suppose Mrs Pilkington has any faults?" "I'll tell you," replied the Dean; "whenever I see a number of agreeable qualities in any person, I am always sure they have bad ones sufficient to poize the scale." Mrs Pilkington bowed, and told him, he did her great honour; in that copying Bp Berkeley, whom she had frequently heard declare, That when any speech was made to him, which might be construed either into a compliment or an affront, or that had two handles, he always took hold of the best.

The Dean then asked Mrs Pilkington, if she were a Queen, what she would chuse to have after dinner? She answered, "Your conversation, Sir." "Pooh!" said he, "I mean, what regale." "A dish of coffee, Sir," answered she. "Why then," said he, "I will so far make you as happy as a Queen; you shall have some in perfection: for when I was chaplain to the Earl of Berkeley, who was in the government here, I was so poor, I was obliged to keep a coffee-house, and all the nobility resorted to it to talk treason." The Dean then set about making the coffee: but the fire scorching his hand, he called to Mrs Pilkington to reach him his glove; and changing the coffee-pot to his left hand, held out his right one, ordering her to put the glove on it; which accordingly she did; when taking up part of his gown to fan himself with, and acting in character of a prudish lady, he said, "Well, I don't know what to think: women may be honest that do such things; but, for my part, I never could bear to touch any man's flesh—except my husband's; whom, perhaps," (said he), "she wished at the devil."

"Mr Pilkington," said he, "you would not tell
"me

“ me your wife’s faults; but I have found her out to
 “ be a d—n’d insolent, proud, unmannerly slut.”
 “ What has she done now?” said Mr Pilkington.
 “ Done,” said the Dean; “ why nothing, but sat there
 “ quietly, and never once offered to interrupt me in
 “ making the coffee; whereas a lady of modern good
 “ breeding would have struggled with me for the cof-
 “ fee-pot, till she had made me scald myself and her,
 “ and made me throw the coffee in the fire, or perhaps
 “ at her head, rather than permit me to take so much
 “ trouble for her.”

Mrs Pilkington staid at home with the Dean during the time of the afternoon’s service; and he made her read his history of the four last years of Q. Anne, asking her at the conclusion of every period, whether she understood it? “ for I would,” said he, “ have it intelligible to the meanest capacity; and if you comprehend it, ’tis possible every body may.”

She accompanied the Dean to evening-prayer; and on their return to the deanery, he told Mr and Mrs Pilkington, that he gave them leave to stay to supper; which from him was a sufficient invitation. The Dean then decanted a bottle of wine; and the last glass being muddy, he called to Mr Pilkington to drink it; “ for,” says he, “ I always keep some poor parson to drink the foul wine for me.” Mr Pilkington entering into his humour, thanked him, and told him, he did not know the difference, but was glad to get a glass at any rate. “ Why then,” said the Dean, “ you shan’t; for I’ll drink it myself. Why p—x take you, you are wiser than a paltry curate whom I asked to dine with me a few days ago; for upon my making the same speech to him, he told me he did not understand such usage; and so walked off without his dinner. By the same token, I told the gentleman who recommended him to me, that the fellow was a blockhead, and I had done with him.”

The Dean then missing his golden bottle-screw, told Mrs Pilkington very sternly, he was sure she had stolen it. She affirmed very seriously, she had not. Upon which he looked for it, and found it where he himself had laid it: “ ’Tis well for you,” said he, “ that I
 “ have

“ have got it, or I would have charged you with theft.”
 “ Why, pray, Sir,” said she, “ should I be suspected
 “ more than any other person in the company ? ” “ For
 “ a very good reason,” said he, “ because you are the
 “ poorest.”

At their going away, the Dean handed Mrs Pilkington down all the steps to the coach, thanking them for the honour of their company, at the same time slipping into her hand as much money as Mr Pilkington and she had given at the offering in the morning, and coach-hire also ; which she durst not refuse, lest she should have been deemed as great a blockhead as the parson who refused the thick wine.

In one of the Dean's periodical fits of deafness, he sent for Mrs Pilkington ; who having come, he brought out to her a large book, finely bound in turkey leather, and handsomely gilt : “ This,” said he, “ is a translation of the epistles of Horace, a present to me from the author ; 'tis a special good cover ; but I have a mind there should be something valuable within side of it.” So, taking out his penknife, he cut out all the leaves close to the inner margin. “ Now,” said he, “ I will give these what they greatly want ; ” and put them all into the fire. “ Your task, Madam, is to paste in these letters, in this cover, in the order I shall give them to you : I intended to do it myself, but that I thought it might be a pretty amusement for a child ; so I sent for you.” She told him, she was extremely proud, to be honoured with his commands ; but requested to have leave to read the letters as she went on. “ Why,” said the Dean, “ provided you will acknowledge yourself amply rewarded for your trouble, I don't much care if I indulge you so far.”

In reading the letters, she could not avoid remarking to the Dean, that, notwithstanding the friendship Mr Pope professed for Mr Gay, he could not forbear a great many satirical, or, if she might be allowed to say so, envious remarks on the success of the Beggar's opera. The Dean very frankly owned, he did not think Mr Pope was so candid to the merit of other writers as he ought to be. She then ventured to ask the Dean, whether he thought the lines Mr Pope addresses him with

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in the beginning of the Dunciad, were any compliment to him? *viz.*

O thou! whatever title please thine ear.

“ I believe,” said he, “ they were meant as such, “ but they are very stiff.” “ Indeed, Sir,” said she, “ he is so perfectly a master of harmonious numbers, “ that, had his heart been the least affected with his “ subject, he must have writ better. How cold, how “ forced, are his lines to you, compared with yours to “ him!

Hail, happy Pope! whose gen'rous mind, &c.

vol. 6. p. 325.

“ Here we see the masterly poet, and the warm, sincere, generous friend; while he, according to the “ character he gives of Mr Addison, *damns with faint “ praise.*” — “ Well,” replied the Dean, “ I’ll shew “ you a late letter of his.” He did so; and Mrs Pilkington was surprised to find it filled with low and ungentleman-like reflections, both on Mr Gay, and the two noble persons who honoured him with their patronage after his disappointment at court. “ Well, Madam,” said the Dean, “ what do you think of that “ letter?” (seeing she had gone quite through it). “ Indeed, Sir,” (replied she), “ I am sorry I have read “ it; for it gives me reason to think there is no such “ thing as a sincere friend to be met with in the “ world.” — “ Why,” replied he, “ authors are as jealous of their prerogative as kings; and can no more “ bear a rival in the empire of wit, than a monarch “ could in his dominions.” Mrs Pilkington then observing a Latin sentence writ in Italics, desired the Dean to explain it. “ No,” replied he, smiling, “ I’ll leave “ that for your husband to do. I’ll send for him to “ dine with us, and in the mean time we’ll go and take “ a walk in Naboth’s vineyard.” — “ Where may that “ be, pray, Sir?” said she. “ Why, a garden,” said the Dean, “ I cheated one of my neighbours out of.” When they entered the garden, or rather the field, which was square, and inclosed with a stone wall, the Dean asked her how she liked it? “ Why, pray, Sir,” said

said she, "where is the garden?" "Look behind you," said he. She did so; and observed the south wall was lined with brick, and a great number of fruit-trees planted against it, which being then in blossom, looked very beautiful. "What are you so intent on?" said the Dean. "The opening bloom," replied she; which brought Waller's lines to her remembrance.

Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime.

"Oh!" replied he, "you are in a poetical vein; I thought you had been taking notice of my wall. 'Tis the best in Ireland. When the masons were building it, (as most tradesmen are rogues), I watched them very close, and as often as they could, they put in a rotten stone; of which however I took no notice, till they had built three or four perches beyond it. Now, as I am an absolute monarch in the liberties, and king of the mob, my way with them was, to have the wall thrown down to the place where I observed the rotten stone; and, by doing so five or six times, the workmen were at last convinced it was their interest to be honest:"—"Or else, Sir," said Mrs Pilkington, "your wall would have been as tedious a piece of work as Penelope's web, if all that was done in the day was to be undone at night." "Well," answered the Dean, "I find you have poetry for every occasion; but as you cannot keep pace with me in walking, I would have you sit down on that little bank, till you are rested, or I tired, to put us more upon a par."

She seated herself, and away the Dean walked, or rather trotted as hard as ever he could drive. She could not help smiling at his odd gait; for she thought to herself, he had written so much in praise of horses, that he was resolved to imitate them as nearly as he could. As she was indulging this fancy, the Dean returned to her, and gave her a strong confirmation of his partiality to those animals. "I have been considering, Madam, as I walked," said he, "what a fool Mr Pilkington was to marry you; for he could have afforded to keep a horse for less money than you cost him; and that, you must confess, would have given

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“ him better exercise and more pleasure than a wife.
 “ —Why, you laugh, and don’t answer me—is not it
 “ truth?”—“ I must answer you, Sir,” replied she,
 “ with another question: Pray how can a bachelor
 “ judge of this matter?” “ I find,” said he, “ you
 “ are vain enough to give yourself the preference.”
 “ I do, Sir,” replied she, “ to that species here; to a
 “ Houyhnhnm I would, as becomes me, give prefe-
 “ rence. But, Sir, ’tis going to rain.”—“ I hope
 “ not,” said he, “ for that will cost me sixpence for a
 “ coach for you,” (the garden being at some distance
 from the house). “ Come, haste; O how the tester
 “ trembles in my pocket!” She obeyed, and they got
 in a doors just time enough to escape a heavy shower.
 “ Thank God,” said the Dean, “ I have saved my mo-
 “ ney. Here, you fellow,” (to the servant), “ carry
 “ this sixpence to the lame old man that sells ginger-
 “ bread at the corner, because he tries to do something,
 “ and does not beg.”

Mrs Pilkington was shewed into a little street-par-
 lour, where was Mrs Brent, his housekeeper. “ Here,”
 says he, “ Mrs Brent, take care of this child, while I
 “ take my walk out within doors.” The Dean then
 ran up the great stairs, down one pair of back-stairs,
 up another, in so violent a manner, that Mrs Pilkington
 could not help expressing her uneasiness to Mrs Brent,
 lest he should fall, and be hurted. Mrs Brent said, it
 was a customary exercise with him, when the weather
 did not permit him to walk abroad.

Mrs Brent then told Mrs Pilkington of the Dean’s
 charity; of his giving above half of his yearly income
 in private pensions to decayed families; and keeping
 500 l. in the constant service of industrious poor, which
 he lent out 5 l. at a time, and took the payment back
 at 1 s. a-week; which, she observed, did them more
 service than if he gave it to them entirely, as it obliged
 them to work, and at the same time kept up this cha-
 ritable fund for the assistance of many. “ You cannot
 “ imagine,” said she, “ what numbers of poor trades-
 “ men, who have even wanted proper tools to carry
 “ on their work, have, by this small loan, been put
 “ into a prosperous way, and brought up their families
 “ in

“ in credit. The Dean,” added she, “ has found out
 “ a new method of being charitable, in which, how-
 “ ever, I believe, he will have but few followers;
 “ which is, to debar himself of what he calls the super-
 “ fluities of life, in order to administer to the necessi-
 “ ties of the distressed. You just now saw an instance
 “ of it; the money a coach would have cost him, he
 “ gave to a poor man unable to walk. When he dines
 “ alone, he drinks a pint of beer, and gives away the
 “ price of a pint of wine. And thus he acts in number-
 “ less instances.”

The Dean came to dine with Mr and Mrs Pilkington at their Lilliputian palace, as he called it; and, who could have thought it? he just looked into the parlour, and ran up into the garret, then into Mrs Pilkington's bedchamber and library, and from thence down to the kitchen; and the house being very clean, he complimented her upon it, and told her, that was his custom; and that it was from the cleanliness of the garret and kitchen, he judged of the good housewifery of the mistress of the house; for no doubt but a slut would have the room clean where the guests were to be entertained.

He was sometimes very rude, even to his superiors; of which the following story, related to Mrs Pilkington by himself, may serve as one instance amongst a thousand others.

The last time he was in London, he went to dine with the Earl of Burlington, who was then but newly married. The Earl being willing, 'tis supposed, to have some diversion, did not introduce him to his lady, nor mention his name. It is to be observed, that his gown was generally very rusty, and his person no way extraordinary. After dinner, said the Dean, “ Lady Burlington, I hear you can sing; sing me a song.” The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of asking a favour with distaste, and positively refused him. He said, she should sing, or he would make her. “ Why, “ Madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor “ English hedge parsons; sing when I bid you.” As the Earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was so vexed, that she burst into tears, and retired.

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His first compliment to her when he saw her again; was, "Pray, Madam, are you as proud and as ill-natured now, as when I saw you last?" To which she answered, with great good humour, "No, Mr Dean; "I'll sing for you, if you please." From which time he conceived great esteem for her. But who that knew him would take offence at his bluntness?

Mrs Pilkington could not recollect that ever she saw the Dean laugh; perhaps he thought it beneath him; for when any pleasantry passed which might have excited it, he used to suck his cheeks to avoid risibility. He used frequently to put her in mind of Shakespear's description of Cassius.

He is a great discerner, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men ———
 Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
 That could be mov'd to smile at any thing. *Jul. Caesar.*

Mrs Pilkington believed the Dean's early youth did not promise that bright day of wit which has since enlightened the learned world. Whilst he was at the university of Dublin, he was so far from being distinguished for any superiority of parts or learning, that he was stopped of his degree as a dunce. When she heard the Dean relate this circumstance, she told him, she supposed he had been idle: but he affirmed to the contrary, assuring her he was really dull. Which, if true, is very surprising.

"I have," says she, "often been led to look on the world as a garden, and the human minds as so many plants, set by the hand of the great Creator for utility and ornament. Thus some, we see, early produce beautiful blossoms, and as soon fade away; others, whose gems are more slow in unfolding, but more permanent when blown; and others again, who, though longer in arriving at perfection, not only bless us then with shade and odour, but also with delicious wholesome fruit."

He was a perpetual friend to merit and learning; and utterly incapable of envy; for, in true genuine wit, he could fear no rival.

It has been often observed, that where great talents are bestowed, there the strongest passions are likewise given.

given. This great man did but too often let them have dominion over him, and that on the most trifling occasions. During meal-times he was evermore in a storm; the meat was always too much or too little done, or the servants had offended in some point, imperceptible to the rest of the company: however, when the cloth was taken away, he made his guests rich amends for the pain he had given them. For then

Was truly mingled in the friendly bowl

The feast of reason, and the flow of soul. *P. p.*

Yet he preserved strict temperance: for he never drank above half a pint of wine, in every glass of which he mixed water and sugar: yet, if he liked his company, would sit many hours over it, unlocking all the springs of policy, learning, true humour, and inimitable wit.

The following story the Dean told to Mrs Pilkington.

A clergyman, who was a most learned fine gentleman, but, under the softest and politest appearance, concealed the most turbulent ambition, having made his merit as a preacher too eminent to be overlooked, had it early rewarded with a mitre. Dr Swift went to congratulate him on it; but told him, he hoped, as his Lordship was a native of Ireland, and had now a seat in the house of Peers, he would employ his powerful elocution in the service of his distressed country. The prelate told him, the bishoprick was but a very small one, and he could not hope for a better, if he did not oblige the court. "Very well," says Swift, "then it is to be hoped, when you have a better, you will become an honest man." "Ay, that I will, Mr Dean," says he. "Till then, my Lord, farewell," answered Swift. This prelate was twice translated to richer sees; and, on every translation, Dr Swift waited on him to remind him of his promise; but to no purpose; there was now an archbishoprick in view, and till that was obtained, nothing could be done. Having in a short time likewise got this, he then sent for the Dean, and told him, "I am now at the top of my preferment; for I well know no Irishman will ever be made primate; therefore, as I can rise no higher in fortune or station, I will zealously promote the good of my country." And from that time he commenced a most outrageous patriot.

The

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- p. l.*
 4. 32. *after end add p. 47.*
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E R R A T U M.

Preface, p. xiii. l. 41. 42. delete See note on the Examiner, No. 45. in vol. 2.

A CRITICISM ON SWIFT'S PROSE WRITINGS.

By the Earl of ORRERY.

IF we consider Swift's prose works, we shall find a certain masterly conciseness in their style, that hath never been equalled by any other writer. The truth of this assertion will more evidently appear, by comparing him with some of the authors of his own time. Of these Dr Tillotson and Mr Addison are to be numbered among the most eminent. Addison hath all the powers that can captivate and improve: his diction is easy, his periods are well turned, his expressions are flowing, and his humour is delicate. Tillotson is nervous, grave, majestic, and perspicuous. We must join both these characters together to form a true idea of Dr Swift: yet as he outdoes Addison in humour, he excels Tillotson in perspicuity. The Archbishop indeed confined himself to subjects relative to his profession: but Addison and Swift are more diffusive writers. They continually vary in their manner, and treat different topics in a different style. When the writings of Addison terminate in party, he loses himself extremely, and from a delicate and just comedian, deviates into one of the lowest kind *. Not so Dr Swift. He appears like a masterly gladiator. He wields the sword of party with ease, justness, and dexterity: and while he entertains the ignorant and the vulgar, he draws an equal attention from the learned and the great. When he is serious, his gravity becomes him; when he laughs, his readers must laugh with him. But what shall be said for his love of trifles, and his want of delicacy and decorum? errors, that if he did not contract, at least he increased in Ireland. They are without a parallel; I hope they will ever remain so. The first of them arose merely from his love of flattery, with which he was daily fed in that kingdom: the second proceeded from the misanthropy of his disposition, which induced him peevishly to debase mankind, and even to ridicule human nature itself. Politics were his favourite topic, as they gave him an opportunity of gratifying his ambition, and thirst of power: yet in this road he has seldom continued long in one path. He has written miscellaneously, and has chosen rather to appear a wandering comet, than a fixed star. Had he applied the faculties of his mind to one great and useful work, he must have shined more gloriously, and might have enlightened a whole planetary system in the political world.

There are some pieces in his works that I despise, others that I loath, but many more that delight and improve me. The former

* See the papers called the Frecholder.

are not worthy of notice. They are of no further use than to shew us, in general, the errors of human nature; and to convince us, that neither the height of wit nor genius can bring a man to such a degree of perfection, as vanity would often prompt him to believe.

In a disquisition of this sort, I shall avoid as much as possible any annotations upon that kind of satire in which the Dean indulged himself against particular persons: most of whom it is probable provoked his rage by their own misconduct, and consequently owed to their own rashness the wounds which they received from his pen. But I have no delight in those kind of writings, except for the sake of the wit, which, either in general or in particular satire, is equally to be admired. The edge of wit will always remain keen, and its blade will be bright and shining, when the stone upon which it has been whetted, is worn out, or thrown aside and forgotten. Personal satire against evil magistrates, corrupt ministers, and those giants of power, who gorge themselves with the intrails of their country, is different from that personal satire, which too often proceeds merely from self-love, or ill-nature. The one is written in defence of the public, the other in defence of ourselves. The one is armed by the sword of justice, and encouraged not only by the voice of the people, but by the principles of morality; the other is dictated by passion, supported by pride, and applauded by flattery. At the same time that I say this, I think every man of wit has a right to laugh at fools, who give offence, or at coxcombs, who are public nuisances. Swift indeed has left no weapon of sarcasm untried, no branch of satire uncultivated: but while he has maintained a perpetual war against the mighty men in power, he has remained invulnerable, if not victorious.

See the criticisms prefixed to vols 6. & 8.

A TALE OF A TUB.

Written for the universal improvement of mankind.

Diu multumque desideratum.

To which are added,

An Account of a BATTLE between the AN-
CIENT and MODERN BOOKS in St James's
Library; and,

A Discourse concerning the MECHANICAL OPE-
RATION of the SPIRIT.

With the Author's APOLOGY; and,

Explanatory notes, by *W. Wotton*, B. D. and others.

Bafyma cacabafa eanaa, irraumifla diarbada caëota baf-
bor camelanthi. Iren. lib. 1. c. 18.

— *Juvatque novos decerpere flores,
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora mufæ.* Lucret.

The AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

IF good and ill nature equally operated upon man-
kind, I might have faved myself the trouble of this
apology; for it is manifest, by the reception the follow-
ing difcourse hath met with, that thofe who approve it,
are a great majority among the men of tafte. Yet there
have been two or three treatifes written exprefly againft
it, befides many others that have flirted at it occafion-
ally, without one fyllable having been ever published
in its defence, or even quotation to its advantage, that
I can remember; except by the polite author of a late
difcourse between a Deift and a Socinian.

Therefore, fince the book feems calculated to live at
leaft as long as our language and our tafte admit no

great alterations, I am content to convey some apology along with it.

The greatest part of that book was finished about thirteen years since, 1796; which is eight years before it was published. The author was then young, his invention at the height, and his reading fresh in his head. By the assistance of some thinking, and much conversation, he had endeavoured to strip himself of as many real prejudices as he could: I say, real ones; because, under the notion of prejudices, he knew to what dangerous heights some men have proceeded. Thus prepared, he thought the numerous and gross corruptions in religion and learning might furnish matter for a satire, that would be useful and diverting. He resolved to proceed in a manner that should be altogether new; the world having been already too long nauseated with endless repetitions upon every subject. The abuses in religion he proposed to set forth in the allegory of the coats, and the three brothers; which was to make up the body of the discourse: those in learning he chose to introduce by way of digressions. He was then a young gentleman much in the world; and wrote to the taste of those who were like himself: therefore, in order to allure them, he gave a liberty to his pen, which might not suit with maturer years, or graver characters; and which he could have easily corrected with a very few blots, had he been master of his papers for a year or two before their publication.

Not that he would have governed his judgment by the ill-placed cavils of the sour, the envious, the stupid, and the tasteless; which he mentions with disdain. He acknowledges there are several youthful sallies, which, from the grave and the wise, may deserve a rebuke. But he dares to be answerable no farther than he is guilty; and that his faults may not be multiplied by the ignorant, the unnatural, and uncharitable applications of those, who have neither candor to suppose good meanings, nor palate to distinguish true ones. After which, he will forfeit his life, if any one opinion can be fairly deduced from that book, which is contrary to religion or morality.

Why should any clergyman of our church be angry
to

to see the follies of Fanaticism and Superstition exposed, though in the most ridiculous manner? since that is perhaps the most probable way to cure them, or at least to hinder them from farther spreading. Besides, though it was not intended for their perusal, it rallies nothing but what they preach against. It contains nothing to provoke them by the least scurrility upon their persons or their functions. It celebrates the church of England as the most perfect of all others in discipline and doctrine; it advances no opinion they reject, nor condemns any they receive. If the clergy's resentments lay upon their hands, in my humble opinion, they might have found more proper objects to employ them on. *Nondum tibi desuit hostis*; I mean those heavy, illiterate scribblers, prostitute in their reputations, vicious in their lives, and ruined in their fortunes; who, to the shame of good sense as well as piety, are greedily read, merely upon the strength of bold, false, impious assertions, mixed with unmannerly reflections upon the priesthood, and openly intended against all religion; in short, full of such principles as are kindly received, because they are levelled to remove those terrors, that religion tells men will be the consequence of immoral lives. Nothing like which is to be met with in this discourse, though some of them are pleased so freely to censure it. And I wish there were no other instance of what I have too frequently observed, that many of that Reverend body are not always very nice in distinguishing between their enemies and their friends.

Had the author's intentions met with a more candid interpretation from some, whom out of respect he forbears to name, he might have been encouraged to an examination of books written by some of those authors above described; whose errors, ignorance, dulness, and villany, he thinks he could have detected and exposed in such a manner, that the persons who are most conceived to be infected by them, would soon lay them aside, and be ashamed. But he has now given over those thoughts; since the *weightiest* men* in the *weightiest* stations, are pleased to think it a more dangerous point,

* Alluding to Dr Sharp the Archbishop of York's representation of the author. *Hawkefworth*.

to laugh at those corruptions in religion which they themselves must disapprove, than to endeavour pulling up those very foundations wherein all Christians have agreed.

He thinks it no fair proceeding, that any person should offer determinately to fix a name upon the author of this discourse, who hath all along concealed himself from most of his nearest friends: yet several have gone a farther step, and pronounced another book * to have been the work of the same hand with this; which the author directly affirms to be a thorough mistake, he having yet never so much as read that discourse: A plain instance how little truth there often is in general surmises, or in conjectures drawn from a similitude of style, or way of thinking.

Had the author written a book to expose the abuses in law, or in physic, he believes the learned professors in either faculty would have been so far from resenting it, as to have given him thanks for his pains; especially if he had made an honourable reservation for the true practice of either science. But religion, they tell us, ought not to be ridiculed; and they tell us truth: yet surely the corruptions in it may; for we are taught by the tritest maxim in the world, that religion being the best of things, its corruptions are likely to be the worst.

There is one thing which the judicious reader cannot but have observed, that some of those passages in this discourse which appear most liable to objection, are what they call parodies, where the author personates the style and manner of other writers, whom he has a mind to expose. I shall produce one instance; it is in sect. 1. parag. 3. from the end. Dryden, L'Estrange, and some others I shall not name, are here levelled at; who, having spent their lives in faction, and apostasies, and all manner of vice, pretended to be sufferers for loyalty and religion. So Dryden tells us, in one of his prefaces, of his merits and sufferings; thanks God, that he *possesses his soul in patience*; in other places he talks at the same rate; and L'Estrange often uses the like style; and I believe the reader may find more persons to give that passage an application. But this is

* Letter concerning enthusiasm.

enough to direct those who may have overlooked the author's intention.

There are three or four other passages, which prejudiced or ignorant readers have drawn by great force to hint at ill meanings; as if they glanced at some tenets in religion. In answer to all which, the author solemnly protests he is entirely innocent; and never had it once in his thoughts, that any thing he said would in the least be capable of such interpretations; which he will engage to deduce full as fairly from the most innocent book in the world. And it will be obvious to every reader, that this was not any part of his scheme or design; the abuses he notes, being such as all church-of-England men agree in: nor was it proper for his subject to meddle with other points, than such as have been perpetually controverted since the reformation.

To instance only in that passage about the three wooden machines mentioned in the introduction: In the original manuscript there was a description of a fourth, which those who had the papers in their power, blotted out, as having something in it of satire, that, I suppose, they thought was too particular; and therefore they were forced to change it to the number *three*; from whence some have endeavoured to squeeze out a dangerous meaning, that was never thought on. And indeed the conceit was half spoiled by changing the numbers; that of *four* being much more cabalistic, and therefore better exposing the pretended virtue of numbers; a superstition there intended to be ridiculed.

Another thing to be observed, is, that there generally runs an irony through the thread of the whole book; which the men of taste will observe and distinguish, and which will render some objections that have been made, very weak and insignificant.

This apology being chiefly intended for the satisfaction of future readers, it may be thought unnecessary to take any notice of such treatises as have been written against the ensuing discourse; which are already sunk into waste paper and oblivion, after the usual fate of common answerers to books which are allowed to have any merit. They are indeed like annuals, that grow about a young tree, and seem to vie with it for a summer; but

fall and die with the leaves in autumn, and are never heard of any more. When Dr Eachard writ his book about the contempt of the clergy, numbers of those answerers immediately started up, whose memory if he had not kept alive by his replies, it would now be utterly unknown, that he were ever answered at all. There is indeed an exception, when any great genius thinks it worth his while to expose a foolish piece. So we still read Marvel's answer to Parker * with pleasure, though the book it answers be sunk long ago; so the Earl of Orrery's remarks will be read with delight, when the dissertation he exposes will neither be sought nor found †. But these are no enterprises for common hands, nor to be hoped for above once or twice in an age. Men would be more cautious of losing their time in such an undertaking, if they did but consider, that to answer a book effectually, requires more pains and skill, more wit, learning, and judgment, than were employed in the writing it. And the author assures those gentlemen who have given themselves that trouble with him, that his discourse is the product of the study, the observation, and the invention of several years; that he often blotted out much more than he left; and if his papers had not been a long time out of his possession, they must have still undergone more severe corrections. And do they think such a building is to be battered with dirt-pellets, however invenomed the mouths may be that discharge them? He hath seen the productions but of two answerers; one of which at first appeared as from an unknown hand, but since avowed by a person ‡, who upon some occasions hath discovered no ill vein of humour. It is a pity any occasion should put him under a

* Parker, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, wrote many treatises against the dissenters, with insolence and contempt, says Burnet, that enraged them beyond measure; for which he was chastised by Andrew Marvel, under-secretary to Milton, in a little book called, *The R. hearful transposed*. *Hawkesf.*

† Boyle's remarks upon Bentley's dissertation on the epistles of Phalaris. *Hawkesf.*

‡ Supposed to be Dr William King, the civilian, author of an account of Denmark, a dissertation on samplers, and other pieces of burlesque on the Royal Society, and the art of cookery in imitation of Horace's art of poetry, &c. *Hawkesf.*

necessity of being so hasty in his productions, which otherwise might often be entertaining. But there were other reasons obvious enough for his miscarriage in this; he writ against the conviction of his talent, and entered upon one of the wrongest attempts in nature, to turn into ridicule, by a week's labour, a work, which had cost so much time, and met with so much success in ridiculing others. The manner how he handled his *subject*, I have now forgot; having just looked it over, when it first came out, as others did, merely for the sake of the title *.

The other answer is from a person of a graver character, and is made up of half invective, and half annotation †; in the latter of which he hath generally succeeded well enough. And the project at that time was not amiss to draw in readers to his pamphlet; several having appeared desirous, that there might be some explication of the more difficult passages. Neither can he be altogether blamed for offering at the invective part; because it is agreed on all hands, that the author had given him sufficient provocation. The great objection is against his manner of treating it, very unsuitable to one of his function. It was determined by a fair majority, that this answerer had, in a way not to be pardoned, drawn his pen against a certain great man then alive, and universally revered for every good quality that could possibly enter into the composition of the most accomplished person. It was observed, how he was pleased, and affected, to have that noble writer called his adversary; and it was a point of satire well directed; for I have been told, Sir William Temple was sufficiently mortified at the term. All the men of wit and politeness were immediately up in arms through indigna-

* This we cannot recover at present, it being so absolutely forgotten, the oldest booksellers in trade remember nothing of it. *Hawkesf.*

† Wotton's defence of his reflections upon ancient and modern learning. From the annotation are selected the notes signed, *W. Wotton*. Thus Wotton appears busied to illustrate a work, which he laboured to condemn, and adds force to a satire pointed against himself: as captives were bound to the chariot-wheel of the victor, and compelled to increase the pomp of his triumph, whom they had in vain attempted to defeat. *Hawkesf.*

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tion, which prevailed over their contempt, by the consequences they apprehended from such an example; and it grew Porfenna's case; *idem trecenti juravimus*. In short, things were ripe for a general insurrection, till my Lord Orrery had a little laid the spirit, and settled the ferment. But, his Lordship being principally engaged with another antagonist *, it was thought necessary, in order to quiet the minds of men, that this opposer should receive a reprimand, which partly occasioned that discourse of the *Battle of the books*; and the author was farther at the pains to insert one or two remarks on him in the body of the book.

This answerer has been pleased to find fault with about a dozen passages, which the author will not be at the trouble of defending, farther than by assuring the reader, that, for the greater part, the reflecter is entirely mistaken, and forces interpretations which never once entered into the writer's head, nor will (he is sure) into that of any reader of taste and candor. He allows two or three at most, there produced, to have been delivered unwarily; for which he desires to plead the excuse offered already, of his youth, and frankness of speech, and his papers being out of his power at the time they were published.

But this answerer insists, and says, what he chiefly dislikes, is the *design*. What that was, I have already told; and I believe there is not a person in England who can understand that book, that ever imagined it to have been any thing else, but to expose the abuses and corruptions in learning and religion.

But it would be good to know what *design* this reflecter was serving, when he concludes his pamphlet with a caution to the reader, to beware of thinking the author's wit was entirely his own. Surely this must have had some allay of personal animosity, at least mixed with the *design* of serving the public by so useful a discovery; and it indeed touches the author in a tender point; who insists upon it, that, through the whole book, he has not borrowed one single hint from any writer in the world; and he thought, of all criticisms,

* Bentley, concerning Phalaris and Æsop. *Hawkes*.

that would never have been one. He conceived, it was never disputed to be an original, whatever faults it might have. However, this answerer produces three instances to prove *this author's wit is not his own in many places*. The first is, that the names of *Peter, Martin, and Jack*, are borrowed from a letter of the late Duke of Buckingham *. Whatever wit is contained in those three names, the author is content to give it up, and desires his readers will subtract as much as they placed upon that account ; at the same time protesting solemnly, that he never once heard of that letter, except in this passage of the answerer : so that the names were not borrowed, as he affirms, though they should happen to be the same ; which however is odd enough, and what he hardly believes ; that of *Jack* being not quite so obvious as the other two. The second instance to shew *the author's wit is not his own*, is *Peter's banter* (as he calls it in his *Alfatia* phrase) upon transubstantiation, which is taken from the same Duke's conference with an Irish priest, where a cork is turned into a horse. This the author confesses to have seen about ten years after his book was written, and a year or two after it was published. Nay, the answerer overthrows this himself ; for he allows the *tale* was written in 1697 ; and, I think, that pamphlet was not printed in many years after. It was necessary, that corruption should have some allegory as well as the rest ; and the author invented the properest he could, without inquiring what other people had written ; and the commonest reader will find, there is not the least resemblance between the two stories. The third instance is in these words : *I have been assured, that the battle in St James's library is, mutatis mutandis, taken out of a French book, intitled, Combat des livres, if I misremember not*. In which passage there are two clauses observable : *I have been assured* ; and, *If I misremember not*. I desire first to know, whether, if that conjecture proves an utter falsehood, those two clauses will be a sufficient excuse for this worthy critic. The matter is a trifle : but would he venture to pronounce at this rate upon one of greater moment ? I know nothing more contemptible in a writer,

* Villers.

than

than the character of a plagiarist ; which he here fixes at a venture ; and this not for a passage, but a whole discourse, taken out from another book, only *mutatis mutandis*. The author is as much in the dark about this, as the answerer ; and will imitate him by an affirmation at random ; that if there be a word of truth in this reflection, he is a poultry, imitating pedant, and the answerer is a person of wit, manners, and truth. He takes his boldness, from never having seen any such treatise in his life, nor heard of it before ; and he is sure it is impossible for two writers of different times and countries, to agree in their thoughts after such a manner, that two continued discourses shall be the same, only *mutatis mutandis*. Neither will he insist upon the mistake in the title. But let the answerer and his friend produce any book they please, he defies them to shew one single particular, where the judicious reader will affirm he has been obliged for the smallest hint ; giving only allowance for the accidental encountering of a single thought, which he knows may sometimes happen ; though he has never yet found it in that discourse, nor has heard it objected by any body else.

So that if ever any *design* was unfortunately executed, it must be that of this answerer ; who, when he would have it observed, that the author's wit is none of his own, is able to produce but three instances, two of them mere trifles, and all three manifestly false. If this be the way these gentlemen deal with the world in those criticisms where we have not leisure to defeat them, their readers had need be cautious, how they rely upon their credit ; and whether this proceeding can be reconciled to humanity or truth, let those who think it worth their while, determine.

It is agreed, this answerer would have succeeded much better, if he had stuck wholly to his business, as a commentator upon the *Tale of a tub*, wherein it cannot be denied, that he hath been of some service to the public, and hath given very fair conjectures towards clearing up some difficult passages. But it is the frequent error of those men, (otherwise very commendable for their labours), to make excursions beyond their talent and their office, by pretending to point out the beauties
and

and the faults ; which is no part of their trade, which they always fail in, which the world never expected from them, nor give them any thanks for endeavouring at. The part of Minellius, or Farnaby *, would have fallen in with his genius, and might have been serviceable to many readers, who cannot enter into the abstruser parts of that discourse. But *optat ephippia bos piger* : The dull, unwieldy, ill-shaped ox would needs put on the furniture of a horse, not considering he was born to labour, to plough the ground for the sake of superior beings ; and that he has neither the shape, mettle, nor speed of that noble animal he would affect to personate.

It is another pattern of this answerer's fair dealing, to give us hints that the author is dead, and yet to lay the suspicion upon some-body, I know not who, in the country. To which can only be returned, that he is absolutely mistaken in all his conjectures ; and surely conjectures are, at best, too light a pretence to allow a man to assign a name in public. He condemns a book, and consequently the author, of whom he is utterly ignorant ; yet at the same time fixes, in print, what he thinks a disadvantageous character upon those who never deserved it. A man who receives a buffet in the dark, may be allowed to be vexed ; but it is an odd kind of revenge, to go to cuffs in broad day with the first he meets, and lay the last night's injury at his door. And thus much for this *discreet, candid, pious, and ingenious* answerer.

How the author came to be without his papers, is a story not proper to be told, and of very little use, being a private fact, of which the reader would believe as little, or as much, as he thought good. He had however a blotted copy by him, which he intended to have written over with many alterations ; and this the publishers were well aware of, having put it into the bookseller's preface, that they *apprehended a surreptitious copy, which was to be altered, &c.* This, though not regarded by readers, was a real truth ; only the surreptitious copy

* Low commentators, who wrote notes upon classic authors for the use of schoolboys. *Hawkes.*

was rather that which was printed; and they made all the haste they could; which indeed was needless, the author not being at all prepared. But he has been told, the bookseller was in much pain, having given a good sum of money for the copy.

In the author's original copy there were not so many chasms as appear in the book; and why some of them were left, he knows not. Had the publication been trusted to him, he would have made several corrections of passages against which nothing hath been ever objected. He would likewise have altered a few of those that seem with any reason to be excepted against; but, to deal freely, the greatest number he should have left untouched, as never suspecting it possible any wrong interpretations could be made of them.

The author observes, at the end of the book there is a discourse, called, *A fragment*; which he more wondered to see in print, than all the rest; having been a most imperfect sketch, with the addition of a few loose hints, which he once lent a gentleman, who had designed a discourse on somewhat the same subject. He never thought of it afterwards; and it was a sufficient surprise to see it pieced up together, wholly out of the method and scheme he had intended; for it was the groundwork of a much larger discourse, and he was sorry to observe the materials so foolishly employed.

There is one farther objection made by those who have answered this book, as well as by some others, That *Peter* is frequently made to repeat oaths and curses. Every reader observes, it was necessary to know that *Peter* did swear and curse. The oaths are not printed out, but only supposed; and the idea of an oath is not immoral, like the idea of a profane or immodest speech. A man may laugh at the Popish folly of cursing people to hell, and imagine them swearing, without any crime; but lewd words, or dangerous opinions, though printed by halves, fill the reader's mind with ill ideas: and of these the author cannot be accused. For the judicious reader will find, that the severest strokes of satire, in his book, are levelled against the modern custom of employing wit upon those topics; of which there is a remarkable instance in sect. 7. parag. 7. as well as in several others, though

though perhaps once or twice expressed in too free a manner, excusable only for the reasons already alledged. Some overtures have been made, by a third hand, to the bookseller, for the author's altering those passages which he thought might require it. But it seems the bookseller will not hear of any such thing, being apprehensive it might spoil the sale of the book.

The author cannot conclude this apology, without making this one reflection, That as wit is the noblest and most useful gift of human nature, so humour is the most agreeable; and where these two enter far into the composition of any work, they will render it always acceptable to the world. Now, the great part of those who have no share or taste of either, but by their pride, pedantry, and ill manners, lay themselves bare to the lashes of both, think the blow is weak, because they are insensible; and where wit hath any mixture of railery, it is but calling it *banter*, and the work is done. This polite word of theirs was first borrowed from the bullies in White-Friers, then fell among the footmen, and at last retired to the pedants; by whom it is applied as properly to the productions of wit, as if I should apply it to Sir Isaac Newton's mathematics. But if this *bantering*, as they call it, be so despicable a thing, whence comes it to pass they have such a perpetual itch towards it themselves? To instance only in the answer already mentioned: It is grievous to see him, in some of his writings, at every turn going out of his way to be waggish, to tell us of *a cow that pricked up her tail*; and, in his answer to this discourse, he says, *It is all a farce and a ladle*; with other passages equally shining. One may say of these *impedimenta literarum*, that wit owes them a shame; and they cannot take wiser counsel, than to keep out of harm's way, or at least not to come till they are sure they are called.

To conclude: With those allowances above required this book should be read; after which, the author conceives, few things will remain, which may not be excused in a young writer. He wrote only to the men of wit and taste; and he thinks he is not mistaken in his accounts, when he says they have been all of his side, enough to give him the vanity of telling his name,

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wherein the world, with all its wise conjectures, is yet very much in the dark: which circumstance is no disagreeable amusement either to the public or himself.

The author is informed, that the bookseller has prevailed on several gentlemen to write some explanatory notes; for the goodness of which he is not to answer, having never seen any of them, nor intending it till they appear in print; when it is not unlikely he may have the pleasure to find twenty meanings, which never entered into his imagination.

June 3. 1709.

P O S T S C R I P T.

SINCE the writing of this, which was about a year ago, a prostitute bookseller hath published a foolish paper, under the name of *Notes on the Tale of a tub, with some account of the author*; and with an insolence, which I suppose is punishable by law, hath presumed to assign certain names. It will be enough for the author to assure the world, that the writer of that paper is utterly wrong in all his conjectures upon that affair. The author farther asserts, that the whole work is entirely of one hand; which every reader of judgment will easily discover: the gentleman who gave the copy to the bookseller, being a friend of the author, and using no other liberties, besides that of expunging certain passages, where now the chasms appear under the name of *desiderata*. But if any person will prove his claim to three lines in the whole book, let him step forth, and tell his name and titles; upon which, the bookseller shall have orders to prefix them to the next edition, and the claimant shall from henceforward be acknowledged the undisputed author.

Treatises

Treatises written by the same author, most of them mentioned in the following discourses; which will be speedily published.

A Character of the present set of *wits* in this island.

A panegyric essay upon the number *THREE*.

A dissertation upon the principal productions of Grubstreet.

Lectures upon a dissection of human nature.

A panegyric upon the world.

An analytical discourse upon zeal, *histori-theo-physiologically* considered.

A general history of *can*.

A modest defence of the proceedings of the rabble in all ages.

A description of the kingdom of *absurdities*.

A voyage into England, by a person of quality in *Terra australis incognita*, translated from the original.

A critical essay upon the art of *canting*, philosophically, physically, and musically considered.

To the Right Honourable.

JOHN LORD SOMMERS.

My LORD,

ALthough the author has written a large dedication, yet that being addressed to a prince, whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to; a person, besides, as far as I can observe, not at all regarded, or thought on by any of our present writers; and being wholly free from that slavery which booksellers usually lie under to the caprices of authors; I think it a wise piece of presumption, to inscribe these papers to your Lordship, and to implore your Lordship's protection of them. God and your Lordship know their faults, and their merits: for, as to my own particular, I am altogether a stranger to the matter; and though every body else should be equally ignorant, I do not fear the sale of the book, at all the worse, upon that score. Your Lordship's name on the front in capital letters, will at any time get off one edition: neither would I desire any other help to grow an alderman, than a patent for the sole privilege of dedicating to your Lordship.

I should now, in right of a dedicator, give your Lordship a list of your own virtues, and at the same time be very unwilling to offend your modesty; but, chiefly, I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints, that I mean myself. And I was just going on, in the usual method, to peruse a hundred or two of dedications, and transcribe an abstract, to be applied to your Lordship; but I was diverted by a certain accident. For, upon the covers of these papers, I casually observed, written in large letters, the two following words, DETUR DIGNISSIMO; which, for aught I knew, might contain some important meaning. But it unluckily fell out, that none of the authors I employ understood Latin; (though I have them often in pay, to translate out of that language). I was therefore compelled to have recourse to the curate of our parish,

parish, who Englished it thus, *Let it be given to the worthiest*. And his comment was, that the author meant his works should be dedicated to the sublimest genius of the age, for wit, learning, judgment, eloquence, and wisdom. I called at a poet's chamber (who works for my shop) in an alley hard by, shewed him the translation, and desired his opinion, who it was that the author could mean. He told me, after some consideration, that vanity was a thing he abhorred; but, by the description, he thought himself to be the person aimed at; and, at the same time, he very kindly offered his own assistance *gratis* towards penning a dedication to himself. I desired him, however, to give a second guess. Why then, said he, it must be I, or my Lord Sommers. From thence I went to several other wits of my acquaintance, with no small hazard and weariness to my person, from a prodigious number of dark, winding stairs; but found them all in the same story, both of your Lordship and themselves. Now, your Lordship is to understand, that this proceeding was not of my own invention; for I have some where heard, it is a maxim, That those to whom every body allows the second place, have an undoubted title to the first.

This infallibly convinced me, that your Lordship was the person intended by the author. But, being very unacquainted in the style and form of dedications, I employed those wits aforesaid, to furnish me with hints and materials towards a panegyric upon your Lordship's virtues.

In two days they brought me ten sheets of paper, filled up on every side. They swore to me, that they had ransacked whatever could be found in the characters of Socrates, Aristides, Epaminondas, Cato, Tully, Atticus, and other hard names, which I cannot now recollect. However, I have reason to believe, they imposed upon my ignorance; because, when I came to read over their collections, there was not a syllable there, but what I and every body else knew as well as themselves. Therefore I grievously suspect a cheat; and that these authors of mine stole and transcribed every word from the universal report of mankind. So that I look upon myself,

self, as fifty shillings out of pocket to no manner of purpose.

If, by altering the title, I could make the same materials serve for another dedication, (as my betters have done), it would help to make up my loss: but I have made several persons dip here and there in those papers; and before they read three lines, they have all assured me plainly, that they cannot possibly be applied to any person besides your Lordship.

I expected, indeed, to have heard of your Lordship's bravery at the head of an army; of your undaunted courage, in mounting a breach, or scaling a wall; or to have had your pedigree traced in a lineal descent from the house of Austria; or of your wonderful talent at dress and dancing; or your profound knowledge in *algebra*, *metaphysics*, and the *oriental* tongues. But to ply the world with an old beaten story of your wit, and eloquence, and learning, and wisdom, and justice, and politeness, and candor, and evenness of temper in all scenes of life; of that great discernment in discovering, and readiness in favouring deserving men; with forty other common topics; I confess, I have neither conscience, nor countenance to do it: because there is no virtue, either of a public or private life, which some circumstances of your own have not often produced upon the stage of the world; and those few, which, for want of occasions to exert them, might otherwise have passed unseen or unobserved by your *friends*, your *enemies** have at length brought to light.

It is true, I should be very loth, the bright example of your Lordship's virtues should be lost to after ages, both for their sake and your own; but chiefly, because they will be so very necessary to adorn the history of a *late reign*†: and that is another reason why I would forbear to make a recital of them here; because I have been told by wise men, that, as dedications have run

* In 1701, Lord Sommers was impeached by the Commons, who either finding their proofs defective, or for other reasons, delayed coming to a trial; and the Lords thereupon proceeded to the trial without them, and acquitted him. *Hawkes*.

† K. William's; whose memory he defended in the house of Lords against some invidious reflections of the Earl of Nottingham. *Hawkes*.

for some years past, a good historian will not be apt to have recourse thither, in search of characters.

There is one point, wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our measures ; I mean, instead of running on so far upon the praise of our patrons *liberality*, to spend a word or two in admiring their *patience*. I can put no greater compliment on your Lordship's, than by giving you so ample an occasion to exercise it at present. Though perhaps I shall not be apt to reckon much merit to your Lordship upon that score, who having been formerly used to tedious harangues*, and sometimes to as little purpose, will be the readier to pardon this ; especially when it is offered by one, who is, with all respect and veneration,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

and most faithful servant,

The Bookseller.

* Sir John Sommers was Attorney-General; then made Lord Keeper of the Seals in 1692, and Lord High Chancellor and Baron of Evesham in April 1697. *Hawkes.*

The BOOKSELLER to the READER.

IT is now six years * since these papers came first to my hand, which seems to have been about a twelve-month after they were written: for the author tells us in his preface to the first treatise, that he hath calculated it for the year 1697; and in several passages of that discourse, as well as the second, it appears they were written about that time.

As to the author, I can give no manner of satisfaction. However, I am credibly informed, that this publication is without his knowledge; for he concludes the copy is lost, having lent it to a person, since dead, and being never in possession of it after: so that whether the work received his last hand, or whether he intended to fill up the defective places, is like to remain a secret.

If I should go about to tell the reader, by what accident I became master of these papers, it would, in this unbelieving age, pass for little more than the cant or jargon of the trade. I therefore gladly spare both him and myself so unnecessary a trouble. There yet remains a difficult question, Why I published them no sooner? I forbore upon two accounts: first, because I thought I had better work upon my hands; and, secondly, because I was not without some hope of hearing from the author, and receiving his directions. But I have been lately alarmed with intelligence of a surreptitious copy †, which a certain great wit had new polished and refined; or, as our present writers express themselves, *fitted to the humour of the age*; as they have already done, with great felicity, to Don Quixote, Boccacini, La Bruyere, and other authors. However, I thought it fairer dealing to offer the whole work in its naturals. If any gentleman will please to furnish me with a key, in order to explain the more difficult parts, I shall very gratefully acknowledge the favour, and print it by itself.

* The Tale of a Tub was first published in 1704. *Hawkes.*

† See the Apology, p. 11.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

To His Royal Highness

PRINCE POSTERITY.

S I R,

I Here present *your Highness* with the fruits of a very few leisure-hours, stolen from the short intervals of a world of business, and of an employment quite alien from such amusements as this; the poor production of that refuse of time which has lain heavy upon my hands, during a long prorogation of parliament, a great dearth of foreign news, and a tedious fit of rainy weather. For which, and other reasons, it cannot chuse extremely to deserve such a patronage as that of *your Highness*, whose numberless virtues in so few years, make the world look upon you as the future example to all princes. For although *your Highness* is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the universal learned world already resolved upon appealing to your future dictates with the lowest and most resigned submission; fate having decreed you sole arbiter of the productions of human wit, in this polite and most accomplished age. Methinks, the number of appellants were enough to shock and startle any judge of a genius less unlimited than yours. But, in order to prevent such glorious trials, the *person*, it seems, to whose care the education of *your Highness* is committed, has resolved (I am told) to keep you in almost an universal ignorance of our studies, which it is your inherent birthright to inspect.

The citation out of Irenæus in the *title-page*, which seems to be all *gibberish*, is a form of initiation used anciently by the Marcossian heretics. *W. Wotton.*

It is the usual style of decried writers, to appeal to *Posterity*; who is here represented as a prince in his nonage, and *Time* as his governor; and the author begins in a way very frequent with him, by personating other writers, who sometimes offer such reasons and excuses for publishing their works, as they ought chiefly to conceal, and be ashamed of.

It

It is amazing to me, that this *person* should have assurance, in the face of the sun, to go about persuading *your Highness*, that our age is almost wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one writer upon any subject. I know very well, that when *your Highness* shall come to riper years, and have gone through the learning of antiquity, you will be too curious to neglect inquiring into the authors of the very age before you. And to think that this *insolent*, in the account he is preparing for your view, designs to reduce them to a number so insignificant as I am ashamed to mention; it moves my zeal and my spleen for the honour and interest of our vast flourishing body, as well as of myself, for whom I know, by long experience, he has professed, and still continues, a peculiar malice

It is not unlikely, that when *your Highness* will one day peruse what I am now writing, you may be ready to expostulate with your *governor* upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him to shew you some of our productions. To which he will answer, (for I am well informed of his designs), by asking *your Highness*, Where they are? and, What is become of them? and pretend it a demonstration that there never were any, because they are not then to be found. Not to be found! Who has mislaid them? Are they sunk in the abyss of things? It is certain, that in their own nature they were *light* enough to swim upon the surface for all eternity. Therefore the fault is in him, who tied weights so heavy to their heels, as to depress them to the centre. Is their very essence destroyed? who has annihilated them? were they drowned by *purges*, or martyred by *pipes*? who administered them to the posteriors of —? But that it may no longer be a doubt with *your Highness*, who is to be the author of this universal ruin; I beseech you to observe that large and terrible *fish*, which your *governor* affects to bear continually about him. Be pleased to remark the length and strength, the sharpness and hardness of his *nails* and *teeth*; consider his baneful, abominable breath, enemy to life and matter, infectious and corrupting; and then reflect, whether it be possible for any mortal ink and paper of this generation to make a suitable resistance.

Oh!

Oh! that *your Highness* would one day resolve to disarm this usurping *maitre du palais* * of his furious engines, and bring your empire *bors de page* †.

It were endless to recount the several methods of tyranny and destruction which your *governor* is pleased to practise upon this occasion. His inveterate malice is such to the writings of our age, that of several thousands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the sun there is not one to be heard of: Unhappy infants, many of them barbarously destroyed, before they have so much as learned their *mother-tongue* to beg for pity. Some he stifles in their cradles; others he frights into convulsions, whereof they suddenly die: some he flays alive, others he tears limb from limb: great numbers are offered to Moloch; and the rest, tainted by his breath, die of a languishing consumption.

But the concern I have most at heart, is for our corporation of *poets*; from whom I am preparing a petition to *your Highness*, to be subscribed with the names of one hundred thirty-six of the first rate; but whose immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each of them is now an humble and an earnest appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes ready to shew for a support to his pretensions. The *never-dying* works of these illustrious persons, your *governor*, Sir, has devoted to unavoidable death; and *your Highness* is to be made believe, that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one single poet.

We confess *Immortality* to be a great and powerful goddess: but in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our sacrifices, if *your Highness's governor*, who has usurped the *priesthood*, must, by an unparalleled ambition and avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned, and devoid of writers in any kind, seems to be an assertion

* *Comptroller*. The kingdom of France had a race of kings, which they call *les roys faineans*, (from their doing nothing), who lived lazily in their apartments, while the kingdom was administered by the *mayor de palais*; till Charles Martel the last mayor put his master to death, and took the kingdom into his own hand. *Hawkes*.

† Out of guardianship.

so bold and so false, that I have been sometime thinking, the contrary may almost be proved by uncontrollable demonstration. It is true indeed, that although their numbers be vast, and their productions numerous in proportion; yet are they hurried so hastily off the scene, that they escape our memory, and elude our sight. When I first thought of this address, I had prepared a copious list of *titles* to present *your Highness*, as an undisputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were posted fresh upon all gates and corners of streets; but, returning in a very few hours to take a review, they were all torn down, and fresh ones in their places. I inquired after them among readers and booksellers; but I inquired in vain; the *memorial of them was lost among men, their place was no more to be found*: and I was laughed to scorn for a *clown* and a *pedant*, without all taste and refinement, little versed in the course of *present* affairs, and that knew nothing of what had passed in the best companies of court and town. So that I can only avow in general to *your Highness*, that we do abound in learning and wit; but to fix upon particulars, is a task too slippery for my slender abilities. If I should venture in a windy day to affirm to *your Highness*, that there is a large cloud near the *horizon*, in the form of a *bear*, another in the *zenith*, with the head of an *ass*, a third to the westward, with claws like a *dragon*; and *your Highness* should in a few minutes think fit to examine the truth; it is certain, they would all be changed in figure and position; new ones would arise; and all we could agree upon, would be, that clouds there were, but that I was grossly mistaken in the *zoo-graphy* and *topography* of them.

But your *governor* perhaps may still insist, and put the question, What is then become of those immense bales of paper, which must needs have been employed in such numbers of books? Can these also be wholly annihilate, and so of a sudden, as I pretend? What shall I say in return of so invidious an objection? It ill befits the distance between *your Highness* and me, to send you for ocular conviction to a *jakes*, or an *oven*; to the windows of a *barndy-house*, or to a sordid *lantern*. Books, like men, their authors, have no more than one way of coming into

into the world ; but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profess to *your Highness*, in the integrity of my heart, that what I am going to say, is literally true this minute I am writing. What revolutions may happen before it shall be ready for your perusal, I can by no means warrant : however, I beg you to accept it as a specimen of our learning, our politeness, and our wit. I do therefore affirm, upon the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called *John Dryden*, whose translation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and, if diligent search were made, for aught I know, is yet to be seen. There is another, called *Nabum Tate*, who is ready to make oath, that he has caused many reams of verse to be published, whereof both himself and his bookseller (if lawfully required) can still produce authentic copies ; and therefore wonders, why the world is pleased to make such a secret of it. There is a third, known by the name of *Tom Durfey*, a poet of a vast comprehension, an universal genius, and most profound learning. There are also one Mr *Rymer*, and one Mr *Dennis*, most profound critics. There is a person styled Dr *Bentley*, who has written near a thousand pages of immense erudition, giving a full and true account of a certain squabble of wonderful importance between himself and a bookseller*. He is a writer of infinite wit and humour ; no man rallies with a better grace, and in more sprightly turns. Farther, I avow to *your Highness*, that with these eyes I have beheld the person of *William Wotton*, B. D. who has written a good sizeable volume against a friend of your governor † (from whom, alas, he must therefore look for little favour) in a most gentlemanly style, adorned with the utmost politeness and civility ; replete with discoveries, equally valuable for their novelty and use ; and imbellished with

* Bentley, in his controversy with Lord Orrery upon the genuineness of Phalaris's epistles, has given, in a preface, a long account of his dialogues with a bookseller, about the loan and restitution of

a MS. *Hawkes*.

† Sir William Temple.

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traits of wit, so poignant and so apposite, that he is a worthy yokemate to his forementioned *friend*.

Why should I go upon farther particulars, which might fill a volume with the just eulogies of my contemporary brethren? I shall bequeath this piece of justice to a larger work; wherein I intend to write a character of the present set of *wits* in our nation. Their persons I shall describe particularly, and at length; their genius and understandings, in *mignature*.

In the mean time, I do here make bold to present *your Highness* with a faithful abstract drawn from the universal body of all arts and sciences, intended wholly for your service and instruction. Nor do I doubt in the least, but *your Highness* will peruse it as carefully, and make as considerable improvements, as *other* young *princes* have already done by the many volumes of late years written for a help to their studies*.

That *your Highness* may advance in wisdom and virtue, as well as years, and at last outshine all your royal ancestors, shall be the daily prayer of,

S I R,

Decemb. 1697.

Your Highness's

Most devoted, &c.

* There were innumerable books printed for the use of the Dauphin of France. *Hawkes*.

The P R E F A C E.

THE wits of the present age being so very numerous and penetrating, it seems the grandees of *church* and *state* begin to fall under horrible apprehensions, lest these gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, should find leisure to pick holes in the weak sides of religion and government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late upon certain projects for taking off the force and edge of those formidable inquirers, from canvassing and reasoning upon such delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require some time as well as cost to perfect. Mean while, the danger hourly increasing, by new levies of wits, all appointed (as there is reason to fear) with pen, ink, and paper, which may, at an hour's warning, be drawn out into pamphlets, and other offensive weapons, ready for immediate execution; it was judged of absolute necessity, that some present expedient be thought on, till the main design can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand committee, some days ago, this important discovery was made by a certain curious and refined observer, That seamen have a custom, when they meet a *whale*, to sling him out an empty *tub* by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship. This parable was immediately mythologised. The *whale* was interpreted to be *Hobbes's Leviathan*; which tosses and plays with all schemes of religion and government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noisy, and wooden, and given to rotation. This is the *Leviathan*, from whence the terrible wits of our age are said to borrow their weapons. The *ship* in danger, is easily understood to be its old antitype, the *commonwealth*. But how to analyse the *tub*, was a matter of difficulty; when, after long inquiry and debate, the literal meaning was preserved: and it was decreed, that, in order to prevent these *Leviathans* from tossing and sporting with the *commonwealth*, which of itself is too apt to *fluctuate*, they should be diverted from that game

by a *Tale of a Tub*. And my genius being conceived to lie not unhappily that way, I had the honour done me to be engaged in the performance.

This is the sole design in publishing the following treatise; which I hope will serve for an *interim* of some months to employ those unquiet spirits, till the perfecting of that great work: into the secret of which, it is reasonable the courteous reader should have some little light.

It is intended, that a large academy be erected, capable of containing nine thousand seven hundred forty and three persons; which, by modest computation, is reckoned to be pretty near the current number of *wits* in this island. These are to be disposed into the several schools of this academy, and there pursue those studies to which their genius most inclines them. The undertaker himself will publish his proposals with all convenient speed; to which I shall refer the curious reader for a more particular account, mentioning at present only a few of the principal schools. There is, first, a large *pederastic* school, with French and Italian masters: there is, also, the *spelling* school, a *very spacious building*; the school of *looking-glasses*; the school of *swearing*; the school of *critics*; the school of *salivation*; the school of *hobby-horses*; the school of *poetry*; the school of *tops**; the school of *spleen*; the school of *gaming*; with many others, too tedious to recount. No person to be admitted member into any of these schools, without an attestation under two sufficient persons hands, certifying him to be a *wit*.

But to return: I am sufficiently instructed in the principal duty of a preface, if my genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my imagination to make the *tour* of my invention, and thrice it has returned empty; the latter having been wholly drained by the following treatise. Not so my more successful brethren the *moderns*, who will by no means let slip a preface or

* This I think the author should have omitted, it being of the very same nature with the *school of hobby-horses*, if one may venture to censure one, who is so severe a censurer of others, perhaps with too little distinction.

dedication, without some notable distinguishing stroke to surprise the reader at the entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to ensue. Such was that of a most ingenious poet, who, soliciting his brain for something new, compared himself to the *hangman*, and his patron to the *patient*. This was *insigne, recens, inditum ore alio* *. When I went through that necessary and noble course of study †, I had the happiness to observe many such egregious touches; which I shall not injure the authors by transplanting; because I have remarked, that nothing is so very tender as a *modern* piece of wit, and which is apt to suffer so much in the carriage. Some things are extremely witty *to-day*, or *fasting*, or *in this place*, or *at eight a clock*, or *over a bottle*, or *spoke by Mr What d'y'call m*, or *in a summer's morning*; any of the which, by the smallest transposal or misapplication, is utterly annihilate. Thus, *Wit* has its walks and purlieus, out of which it may not stray the breadth of an hair, upon peril of being lost. The *moderns* have artfully fixed this *mercury*, and reduced it to the circumstances of time, place, and person. Such a jest there is, that will not pass out of Covent-garden; and such a one, that is no where intelligible but at Hyde-park corner. Now, though it sometimes tenderly affects me, to consider, that all the towardly passages I shall deliver in the following treatise, will grow quite out of date and relish with the first shifting of the present scene; yet I must needs subscribe to the justice of this proceeding; because I cannot imagine why we should be at expence to furnish wit for succeeding ages, when the former have made no sort of provision for ours: wherein I speak the sentiment of the very newest, and consequently the most orthodox refiners, as well as my own. However, being extremely solicitous, that every accomplished person, who has got into the taste of wit calculated for this present month of August 1697, should descend to the very *bottom* of all the *sublime* throughout this treatise; I hold fit to lay down this general maxim: Whatever reader desires to have a thorough comprehen-

* *Her* Something extraordinary, new, and never hit upon before.

† Reading prefaces, &c.

sion of an author's thoughts, cannot take a better method, than by putting himself into the circumstances and postures of life, that the writer was in upon every important passage, as it flowed from his pen: for this will introduce a parity and strict correspondence of ideas between the reader and the author. Now, to assist the diligent reader in so delicate an affair, as far as brevity will permit, I have recollected, that the shrewdest pieces of this treatise were conceived in bed, in a garret. At other times, for a reason best known to myself, I thought fit to sharpen my invention with hunger; and, in general, the whole work was begun, continued, and ended, under a long course of physic, and a great want of money. Now, I do affirm, it will be absolutely impossible for the candid peruser to go along with me in a great many bright passages, unless, upon the several difficulties emergent, he will please to capacitate and prepare himself by these directions. And this I lay down as my principal *postulatum*.

Because I have professed to be a most devoted servant of all *modern* forms, I apprehend some curious wit may object against me, for proceeding thus far in a preface, without declaiming, according to the custom, against the multitude of writers, whereof the whole multitude of writers most reasonably complain. I am just come from perusing some hundreds of prefaces, wherein the authors do at the very beginning address the gentle reader concerning this enormous grievance. Of these I have preserved a few examples, and shall set them down as near as my memory has been able to retain them.

One begins thus:

For a man to set up for a writer, when the press swarms with, &c.

Another:

The tax upon paper does not lessen the number of scribblers, who daily peester, &c.

Another:

When every little wit takes pen in hand, 'tis in vain to enter the lists, &c.

Another:

To observe what trash the press swarms with, &c.

Another:

Another :

Sir, *It is merely in obedience to your commands, that I venture into the public ; for who, upon a less consideration, would be of a party with such a rabble of scribblers ? &c.*

Now, I have two words in my own defence against this objection. First, I am far from granting the number of writers a nuisance to our nation, having strenuously maintained the contrary in several parts of the following discourse. Secondly, I do not well understand the justice of this proceeding ; because I observe many of these polite prefaces to be not only from the same hand, but from those who are most voluminous in their several productions. Upon which I shall tell the reader a short tale.

A mountebank, in Leicester-fields, had drawn a huge assembly about him. Among the rest, a fat unwieldy fellow, half stifled in the press, would be every fit crying out, Lord ! what a filthy croud is here ? Pray, good people, give way a little. Bless me ! what a devil has raked this rabble together ! Z——ds, what squeezing is this ! Honest friend, remove your elbow. At last, a *weaver*, that stood next him, could hold no longer : A plague confound you (*said he*) for an overgrown sloven ; and who, in the devil's name, I wonder, helps to make up the croud half so much as yourself ? Don't you consider, with a pox, that you take up more room with that carcase than any five here ? Is not the place as free for us as for you ? Bring your own guts to a reasonable compass, and be d—n'd ; and then I'll engage we shall have room enough for us all.

There are certain common privileges of a writer, the benefit whereof, I hope, there will be no reason to doubt ; particularly, that, where I am not understood, it shall be concluded, that something very useful and profound is couched underneath ; and again, that whatever word or sentence is printed in a different character, shall be judged to contain something extraordinary either of *wit* or *sublime*.

As for the liberty I have thought fit to take of praising myself, upon some occasions or none ; I am sure it will need no excuse, if a multitude of great examples be allowed sufficient authority. For it is here to be noted, that

that *praise* was originally a pension paid by the world : but the *moderns*, finding the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the *fee-simple* ; since which time, the right of presentation is wholly in ourselves. For this reason it is, that when an author makes his own elogy, he uses a certain form to declare and insist upon his title ; which is commonly in these or the like words, *I speak without vanity* : which I think plainly shews it to be a matter of right and justice. Now, I do here once for all declare, that in every encounter of this nature, through the following treatise, the form aforesaid is implied ; which I mention, to save the trouble of repeating it on so many occasions.

It is a great ease to my conscience, that I have written so elaborate and useful a discourse without one grain of satire intermixed ; which is the sole point wherein I have taken leave to dissent from the famous originals of our age and country. I have observed some satirists to use the public much at the rate that pedants do a naughty boy ready horsed for discipline : first, expostulate the case, then plead the necessity of the rod, from great provocations, and conclude every period with a lash. Now, if I know any thing of mankind, these gentlemen might very well spare their reproof and correction : for there is not, through all nature, another so callous and insensible a member as the *world's possessors*, whether you apply to it the *roe* or the *birch*. Besides, most of our late satirists seem to lie under a sort of mistake, that because *nettles* have the prerogative to sting, therefore all *other weeds* must do so too. I make not this comparison out of the least design to detract from these worthy writers : for it is well known among *mythologists*, that *weeds* have the preheminance over all other vegetables ; and therefore the first *monarch* of this island, whose taste and judgment were so acute and refined, did very wisely root out the *roses* from the collar of the *order*, and plant the *thistles* in their stead, as the nobler flower of the two. For which reason it is conjectured by profounder antiquaries, that the satirical itch, so prevalent in this part of our island, was first brought among us from beyond the Tweed. Here may it long flourish and abound. May it survive and neglect the

the scorn of the world, with as much ease and contempt, as the world is insensible to the lashes of it. May their own dulness, or that of their party, be no discouragement for the authors to proceed; but let them remember, it is with *wits* as with *razors*, which are never so apt to *cut* those they are employed on, as when they have *lost their edge*. Besides, those whose teeth are too rotten to bite, are best, of all others, qualified to revenge that defect with their breath.

I am not, like other men, to envy or undervalue the talents I cannot reach; for which reason I must needs bear a true honour to this large eminent sect of our British writers. And I hope, this little panegyric will not be offensive to their ears, since it has the advantage of being only designed for themselves. Indeed, Nature herself has taken order, that fame and honour should be purchased at a better pennyworth by satire, than by any other productions of the brain; the world being soonest provoked to *praise* by *lashes*, as men are to *love*. There is a problem in an ancient author, why dedications, and other bundles of flattery, run all upon stale musty topics, without the smallest tincture of any thing new; not only to the torment and nauseating of the *Christian* reader, but, if not suddenly prevented, to the universal spreading of that pestilent disease, the lethargy, in this island: whereas there is very little satire which has not something in it untouched before. The defects of the former are usually imputed to the want of invention among those who are dealers in that kind; but, I think, with a great deal of injustice; the solution being easy and natural. For the materials of panegyric, being very few in number, have been long since exhausted. For as health is but one thing, and has been always the same; whereas diseases are, by thousands, besides new and daily additions: so all the virtues that have been ever in mankind, are to be counted upon a few fingers; but his follies and vices are innumerable, and time adds hourly to the heap. Now, the utmost a poor poet can do, is to get by heart a list of the cardinal virtues, and deal them with his utmost liberality to his hero or his patron. He may ring the changes as far as it will go, and vary his phrase till he has talked round :

round : but the reader quickly finds it is all *pork* *, with a little variety of sauce. For there is no inventing terms of art beyond our ideas ; and when our ideas are exhausted, terms of art must be so too.

But though the matter for panegyric were as fruitful as the topics of satire, yet would it not be hard to find out a sufficient reason, why the latter will be always better received than the first. For this being bestowed only upon one, or a few persons at a time, is sure to raise envy, and consequently ill words, from the rest, who have no share in the blessing. But satire, being levelled at all, is never resented for an offence by any ; since every individual person makes bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular part of the burthen upon the shoulders of the world, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpose, I have sometimes reflected upon the difference between Athens and England with respect to the point before us. In the Attic commonwealth †, it was the privilege and birthright of every citizen and poet, to rail aloud, and in public, or to expose upon the stage by name, any person they pleased, though of the greatest figure, whether a Creon, an Hyperbolus, an Alcibiades, or a Demosthenes. But, on the other side, the least reflecting word let fall against the *people* in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the authors, however considerable for their quality or their merits. Whereas in England it is just the reverse of all this. Here, you may securely display your utmost *rhetoric* against mankind, in the face of the world ; tell them, *That all are gone astray ; that there is none that doth good, no not one ; that we live in the very dregs of time ; that knavery and Atheism are epidemic as the pox ; that honesty is fled with Asiræa ;* with any other common places, equally new and eloquent, which are furnished by the *splendida bilis* ‡. And when you have done, the whole audience, far from being offended, shall return you thanks, as a deliverer of precious and useful truths. Nay farther, it is but to venture your lungs, and you may preach in Covent-garden against foppery and for-

* Plutarch.

† Vid. Xenoph.

‡ Hor. *Spleen*.

nication,

nication, and *something else*; against pride, and dissimulation, and bribery, at White-hall: you may expose rapine and injustice in the *inns of court* chapel; and in a *city-pulpit*, be as fierce as you please against avarice, hypocrisy, and extortion. It is but a *ball* bandied to and fro, and every man carries a *racket* about him to strike it from himself among the rest of the company. But, on the other side, whoever should mistake the nature of things so far, as to drop but a single hint in public, how *such a one* starved half the fleet, and half-poisoned the rest; how *such a one*, from a true principle of *love* and *honour*, pays no debts but for *wenches* and *play*; how *such a one* has got a clap, and runs out of his estate; how *Paris*, bribed by Juno and Venus*, loth to offend either party, slept out the whole cause on the bench; or, how *such an orator* makes long speeches in the senate with much thought, little sense, and to no purpose: whoever, I say, should venture to be thus particular, must expect to be imprisoned for *scandalum magnatum*; to have *challenges* sent him; to be sued for *defamation*; and to be brought before the bar of the house.

But I forget that I am expatiating on a subject wherein I have no concern, having neither a talent nor an inclination for satire! On the other side, I am so entirely satisfied with the whole present procedure of human things, that I have been some years preparing materials towards *A panegyric upon the world*; to which I intended to add a second part, intitled, *A modest defence of the proceedings of the rabble in all ages*. Both these I had thoughts to publish, by way of appendix to the following treatise; but, finding my common-place book fill much slower than I had reason to expect, I have chosen to defer them to another occasion. Besides, I have been unhappily prevented in that design by a certain domestic misfortune: in the particulars whereof, though it would be very seasonable, and much in the *modern* way, to inform the *gentle reader*, and would also be of great assistance

* Juno and Venus, are money and a mistress; very powerful bribes to a judge, if scandal says true. I remember such reflections were cast about that time, but I cannot fix the person intended here.

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towards extending this preface into the size now in vogue, which by rule ought to be *large*, in proportion as the subsequent volume is *small*; yet I shall now dismiss our impatient reader from any farther attendance at the *porch*; and, having duly prepared his mind by a preliminary discourse, shall gladly introduce him to the sublime mysteries that ensue.



A

A TALE OF A TUB*.

S E C T. I.

The I N T R O D U C T I O N †.

WH O E V E R hath an ambition to be heard in a croud, must press, and squeeze, and thrust, and climb, with indefatigable pains, till he has exalted himself to a certain degree of altitude above them. Now, in all assemblies, though you wedge them ever so close, we may observe this peculiar

* The *Tale of a Tub* has made much noise in the world. It was one of Swift's earliest performances, and has never been excelled in wit and spirit by his own, or any other pen. The censures that have passed upon it are various. The most material of which were such as reflected upon Dr Swift, in the character of a clergyman, and a Christian. It has been one of the misfortunes attending Christianity, that many of her sons, from a mistaken filial piety, have indulged themselves in too restrained and too melancholy a way of thinking. Can we wonder, then, if a book composed with all the force of wit and humour, in derision of sacerdotal tyranny, in ridicule of grave hypocrisy, and in contempt of dogmatic stiffness, should be wilfully misconstrued by some persons, and ignorantly mistaken by others, as a sarcasm and reflection upon the whole Christian church? Swift's ungovernable spirit of irony, has sometimes carried him into very unwarrantable flights of wit. In the style of truth, I must look upon the *Tale of a Tub*, as no intended insult against Christianity, but as a satire against the wild errors of the church of Rome, the slow and incomplete reformation of the Lutherans, and the absurd and affected zeal of the Presbyterians. *Orrery*.

† The *Introduction* abounds with wit and humour. But the author never loses the least opportunity of venting his keenest satire against Mr Dryden, and consequently loads with insults the greatest, although the least prosperous of our English poets. Yet who can avoid smiling, when he finds the *Hind and Panther* as a complete abstract of sixteen thousand schoolmen, and when *Tommy Potts* is supposed written by the same hand, as a supplement to the former work? I am willing to imagine, that Dryden, in some manner or other, had offended Swift, who, otherwise, I hope, would have been more indulgent to the errors of a man oppressed by poverty, driven on by party, and

peculiar property, that over their heads there is room enough; but how to reach it, is the difficult point; it being as hard to get quit of *number*, as of *bell*:

——— *evadere ad auras,*
Hoc opus, hic labor est.*

To this end, the philosopher's way in all ages has been by erecting certain *edifices in the air*. But, whatever practice and reputation these kind of structures have formerly possessed, or may still continue in, not excepting even that of Socrates, when he was suspended in a basket to help contemplation; I think, with due submission, they seem to labour under two inconveniencies. *First*, That the foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of *sight*, and ever out of *bearing*. *Secondly*, That the materials, being very transitory, have suffered much from inclemencies of air, especially in these north-west regions.

Therefore, towards the just performance of this great work, there remain but three methods that I can think on; whereof the wisdom of our ancestors being highly sensible, has, to encourage all aspiring adventurers, thought fit to erect three wooden machines for the use of those orators, who desire to talk much without interruption. These are, the *pulpit*, the *ladder*, and the *stage itinerant*. For, as to the *bar*, though it be compounded of the same matter, and designed for the same use, it cannot however be well allowed the honour of a fourth, by reason of its level or inferior situation, exposing it to perpetual interruption from collaterals. Neither can the *bench* itself, though raised to a proper eminency, put in a better claim, whatever its

bewildered by religion. — But although our satirical author, now and then, may have indulged himself in some personal animosities, or may have taken freedom not so perfectly consistent with that solemn decency which is required from a cle gyman; yet, throughout the whole piece, there is a vein of ridicule and good humour, that laughs pedantry and affectation into the lowest degree of contempt, and exposes the character of *Peter* and *Jack* in such a manner, as never will be forgiven, and never can be answered. *Errory.*

* But to return and view the cheerful skies;
In this the task and mighty labour lies.

advocates

advocates insist on. For, if they please to look into the original design of its erection, and the circumstances or adjuncts subservient to that design, they will soon acknowledge the present practice exactly correspondent to the primitive institution; and both to answer the etymology of the name, which in the Phœnician tongue is a word of great signification, importing, if literally interpreted, *the place of sleep*; but in common acceptation, *a seat well bolstered and cushioned, for the repose of old and gouty limbs*: *Senes ut in otia tuta recedant*: Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly they have long *talked*, whilst others *slept*, so now they may *sleep* as long, whilst others *talk*.

But if no other argument could occur, to exclude the *bench* and the *bar* from the list of oratorical machines, it were sufficient, that the admission of them would overthrow a number which I was resolved to establish, whatever argument it might cost me; in imitation of that prudent method observed by many other philosophers and great clerks, whose chief art in division has been to grow fond of some proper mystical number, which their imaginations have rendered sacred, to a degree, that they force common reason to find room for it in every part of nature; reducing, including, and adjusting every *genus* and *species* within that compass, by coupling some against their wills, and banishing others at any rate. Now, among all the rest, the profound number THREE is that which hath most employed my sublimest speculations, nor ever without wonderful delight. There is now in the press, and will be published next term, a panegyric essay of mine upon this number; wherein I have, by most convincing proofs, not only reduced the *senses* and the *elements* under its banner, but brought over several deserters from its two great rivals, SEVEN and NINE.

Now, the first of these oratorical machines in place, as well as dignity, is the *pulpit*. Of *pulpits* there are in this island several sorts; but I esteem only that made of timber from the *sylva Caledonia*, which agrees very well with our climate. If it be upon its decay, it is the better, both for conveyance of sound, and for other reasons to be mentioned by and by. The degree of per-

fection in shape and size, I take to consist in being extremely narrow, with little ornament, and best of all without a cover, (for, by ancient rule, it ought to be the only uncovered *vessel* in every assembly, where it is rightfully used); by which means, from its near resemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears.

Of *ladders* I need say nothing. It is observed by foreigners themselves, to the honour of our country, that we excel all nations in our practice and understanding of this machine. The ascending orators do not only oblige their audience in the agreeable delivery, but the whole world in the *early* publication of their speeches; which I look upon as the choicest treasury of our British eloquence, and whercof, I am informed, that worthy citizen and bookseller, Mr John Dunton, hath made a faithful and a painful collection, which he shortly designs to publish in twelve volumes in folio, illustrated with copper-plates: A work highly useful and curious, and altogether worthy of such a hand.

The last engine of orators is the *stage-itinerant* *, erected with much sagacity, *sub Jove pluvio, in triviis et quadriiviis* †. It is the great seminary of the two former, and its orators are sometimes preferred to the one, and sometimes to the other, in proportion to their deservings, there being a strict and perpetual intercourse between all three.

From this accurate deduction it is manifest, that, for obtaining attention in public, there is of necessity required a *superior position of place*. But although this point be generally granted, yet the cause is little agreed in; and it seems to me, that very few philosophers have fallen into a true, natural solution of this *phenomenon*. The deepest account, and the most fairly digested of any I have yet met with, is this, That air being a heavy body, and therefore, according to the system of Epicurus ‡, continually descending, must needs be more so, when loaden and pressed down by words; which are al-

* Is the *mountebank's stage*, whose orators the author determines either to the *gallows* or a *conventicle*.

† In the open air, and in streets where the greatest resort is.

‡ Lucret. lib. 2.

so bodies of much weight and gravity, as it is manifest from those deep *impressions* they make and leave upon us ; and therefore must be delivered from a due altitude, or else they will neither carry a good aim, nor fall down with a sufficient force.

*Corpoream quoque enim vocem constare fatendum est,
Et sonitum, quoniam possunt impellere sensus*.*

Lucr. lib. 4.

And I am the readier to favour this conjecture, from a common observation, that, in the several assemblies of these orators, nature itself hath instructed the hearers to stand with their mouths open, and erected parallel to the horizon, so as they may be intersected by a perpendicular line from the zenith to the centre of the earth. In which position, if the audience be well compact, every one carries home a share, and little or nothing is lost.

I confess, there is something yet more refined in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatres. For, first, the pit is sunk below the stage, with due regard to the institution above deduced ; that whatever *weighty* matter shall be delivered thence, whether it be *lead* or *gold*, may fall plum into the jaws of certain *critics*, as I think they are called, which stand ready opened to devour them. Then, the boxes are built round, and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies ; because that large portion of wit, laid out in raising pruriences and protuberances, is observed to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions, and little starved conceits, are gently wafted up, by their own extreme levity, to the middle region ; and there fix, and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombastry and buffoonry, by nature lofty and light, soar highest of all ; and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not with much foresight contrived for them a fourth place, called the *twelve-penny gallery*, and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage.

* 'Tis certain then, that *voice* that thus can wound,
Is all *material* ; *body* every *sound*.

Now, this physico-logical scheme of oratorical receptacles or machines, contains a great mystery; being a type, a sign, an emblem, a shadow, a symbol, bearing analogy to the spacious commonwealth of writers, and to those methods by which they must exalt themselves to a certain eminency above the inferior world. By the *pulpit* are adumbrated the writings of our *modern saints* in Great Britain, as they have spiritualised and refined them from the dross and grossness of *sense* and *human reason*. The matter, as we have said, is of rotten wood; and that upon two considerations; because it is the quality of rotten wood to give light in the dark: and, secondly, because its cavities are full of worms; which is a type with a pair of handles*, having a respect to the two principal qualifications of the orator, and the two different fates attending upon his works.

The *ladder* is an adequate symbol of *faction*, and of *poetry*; to both of which so noble a number of authors are indebted for their fame. Of *faction* †, because *

* * * * *

*Hiatus in
MS.*

* * * * * Of *poetry*,

because its orators do *perorare* with a long; and, because climbing up by slow degrees, Fate is sure to turn them off before they can reach within many steps of the top; and because it is a preferment attained by transferring of propriety, and a confounding of *meum* and *tuum*.

Under the *stage-itinerant* are couched those productions designed for the pleasure and delight of mortal man; such as, *Sixpenny worth of wit*, *Westminster droleries*, *Delightful tales*, *Complete jesters*, and the like; by which the writers of and for GRUB-STREET have

* The two principal qualifications of a fanatic preacher, are, his inward sight, and his head full of maggots; and the two different fates of his writings are, to be burnt or worm eaten.

† Here is pretended a defect in the manuscript; and this is very frequent with our author, either when he thinks he cannot say any thing worth reading; or when he has no mind to enter on the subject; or when it is a matter of little moment; or perhaps to amuse his reader, whereof he is frequently very fond; or, lastly, with some satirical intention.

in these latter ages so nobly triumphed over *Time*; have clipped his wings, pared his nails, filed his teeth, turned back his hour-glass, blunted his sith, and drawn the hobnails out of his shoes. It is under this class I have presumed to list my present treatise, being just come from having the honour conferred upon me, to be adopted a member of that illustrious fraternity.

Now, I am not unaware, how the productions of the *Grub-street* brotherhood have of late years fallen under many prejudices; nor how it has been the perpetual employment of two *junior* start-up societies, to ridicule them and their authors, as unworthy their established post in the commonwealth of wit and learning. Their own consciences will easily inform them, whom I mean. Nor has the world been so negligent a looker-on, as not to observe the continual efforts made by the societies of Gresham* and of Will's† to edify a name and reputation upon the ruin of OURS. And this is yet a more feeling grief to us, upon the regards of tenderness as well as of justice, when we reflect on their proceedings not only as unjust, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For how can it be forgot by the world, or themselves, to say nothing of our own records, which are full and clear in the point, that they both are seminaries, not only of our *planting*, but our *watering* too? I am informed, our two *rivals* have lately made an offer to enter into the lists with united forces, and challenge us to a comparison of books, both as to *weight* and *number*. In return to which, with licence from our *president*, I humbly offer two answers. First, we say, the proposal is like that which Archimedes made upon a *smaller* affair‡, including an impossibility in the practice; for where can they find scales of *capacity* enough for the first, or an arithmetician of *capacity* enough for the second? Secondly, we are ready to accept the challenge; but with this condition, that a third indis-

* Gresham college was the place where the Royal society then met, from whence they removed to Crane-court in Fleet street.

† Will's *coffeehouse* in Covent-garden was formerly the place where the poets usually met; which, though it be yet fresh in memory, in some years may be forgotten, and want this explanation.

‡ *Viz.* About moving the earth.

ferent person be assigned, to whose impartial judgment it should be left to decide, which society each book, treatise, or pamphlet, do most properly belong to. This point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at present: for we are ready to produce a catalogue of some thousands, which in all common justice ought to be intitled to our fraternity, but by the revolted and new-fangled writers most perfidiously ascribed to the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our prudence, that the determination should be remitted to the authors themselves; when our adversaries, by briguing and caballing, have caused so universal a defection from us, that the greatest part of our society hath already deserted to them, and our nearest friends begin to stand aloof, as if they were half-ashamed to own us.

This is the utmost I am authorised to say, upon so ungrateful and melancholy a subject; because we are extreme unwilling to inflame a controversy, whose continuance may be so fatal to the interests of us all; desiring much rather that things be amicably composed: and we shall so far advance on our side, as to be ready to receive the two *prodigals* with open arms, whenever they shall think fit to return from their *bushes* and their *barlots*; which, I think, from the present course of their studies *, they most properly may be said to be engaged in; and, like an indulgent parent, continue to them our affection and our blessing.

But the greatest maim given to that general reception which the writings of our society have formerly received, (next to the transitory state of all sublunary things), hath been a superficial vein among many readers of the present age, who will by no means be persuaded to inspect beyond the surface and the rind of things: Whereas, *wisdom* is a *fox*, who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out: it is a *cheese*, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarser coat; and whereof, to a judicious palate the *maggots* are the best: it is a *sack posset*, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the sweeter. *Wisdom* is a *hen*, whose *cackling* we must value and con-

* Virtuoso experiments, and modern comedies.

sider, because it is attended with an *egg*. But, then, lastly, it is a *nut*, which, unless you chuse with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a *worm*. In consequence of these momentous truths, the Grubæan sages have always chosen to convey their precepts and their arts shut up within the vehicles of types and fables; which having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning, than was altogether necessary, it has fared with these vehicles, after the usual fate of coaches over-finely painted and gilt, that the transitory gazers have so dazzled their eyes, and filled their imaginations with the outward lustre, as neither to regard or consider the person or the parts of the owner within: A misfortune we undergo with somewhat less reluctance, because it has been common to us with Pythagoras, Æsop, Socrates, and other of our predecessors.

However, that neither the world, nor ourselves, may any longer suffer by such misunderstandings, I have been prevailed on, after much importunity from my friends, to travel in a complete and laborious dissertation upon the prime productions of our society; which, besides their beautiful externals for the gratification of superficial readers, have darkly and deeply couched under them the most finished and refined systems of all sciences and arts; as I do not doubt to lay open by untwisting or unwinding, and either to draw up by exantlation, or display by incision.

This great work was entered upon some years ago by one of our most eminent members. He began with the history of Reynard the *fox**; but neither lived to publish his essay, nor to proceed farther in so useful an attempt; which is very much to be lamented, because the discovery he made, and communicated with his friends, is now universally received; nor do I think, any of the learned will dispute that famous treatise to be a complete body of civil knowledge, and the *revelation*, or rather the *apocalypse* of all state-arcana. But the progress I have made is much greater, having already finished my

* The author seems here to be mistaken; for I have seen a Latin edition of Reynard the fox above a hundred years old, which I take to be the original; for the rest, it has been thought by many people to contain some satirical design in it.

annotations upon several dozens; from some of which I shall impart a few hints to the candid reader, as far as will be necessary to the conclusion at which I aim.

The first piece I have handled, is that of *Tom Thumb*, whose author was a Pythagorean philosopher. This dark treatise contains the whole scheme of the *metempsychosis*, deducing the progress of the soul through all her stages.

The next is Dr *Fausius*, penned by Artephius, an author *bonæ notæ*, and an *adeptus*. He published it in the nine-hundredth-eighty-fourth year of his age *. This writer proceeds wholly by *reincrudation*, or in the *via humida*: and the marriage between Faustus and Helen does most conspicuously dilucidate the fermenting of the male and female dragon.

Whittington and his cat is the work of that mysterious Rabbi, Jehuda Hannasi; containing a defence of the *Gemara* of the *Jerusalem Mishna* †, and its just preference to that of Babylon, contrary to the vulgar opinion.

The *Hind and Panther*. This is the master-piece of a famous writer now living ‡, intended for a complete abstract of sixteen thousand schoolmen from Scotus to Bellarmin.

Tommy Pots. Another piece supposed by the same hand, by way of supplement to the former.

The *wise men of Goatham, cum appendice*. This is a treatise of immense erudition; being the great original and fountain of those arguments, bandied about both in France and England, for a just defence of the *moderns* learning and wit against the presumption, the pride, and ignorance of the *ancients*. This unknown author hath so exhausted the subject, that a penetrating reader will easily discover whatever hath been written since upon that dispute to be little more than repetition. An

* The chymists say of him in their books, that he prolonged his life to a thousand years, and then died voluntarily. *Hawkef.*

† The *Gemara* is the diction, explanation, or interpretation of the Jewish rabbies: and the *Mishna* is properly the code or body of the Jewish civil or common law. *Hawkef.*

‡ *Viz.* in the 1698.

abstract of this treatise hath been lately published by a *worthy member* of our society *.

These notices may serve to give the learned reader an idea, as well as a taste, of what the whole work is likely to produce; wherein I have now altogether circumscribed my thoughts and my studies; and, if I can bring it to a perfection before I die, shall reckon I have well employed the poor remains of an unfortunate life †. This indeed is more than I can justly expect from a quill worn to the pith in the service of the state, in *pro's* and *con's* upon *Papish plots*, and *meal-tubs* ‡, and *exclusion-bills*, and *passive obedience*, and *addresses of lives and fortunes*; and *prerogative*, and *property*, and *liberty of conscience*, and *letters to a friend*: from an understanding and a conscience thread-bare and ragged with perpetual turning; from a head broken in a hundred places by the malignants of the opposite factions; and from a body spent with poxes ill cured, by trusting to bawds and surgeons, who, as it afterwards appeared, were professed enemies to me and the government, and revenged their party's quarrel upon my nose and shins. Fourscore and eleven pamphlets have I written under three reigns, and for the service of six and thirty factions. But, finding the state has no farther occasion for me and my ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into speculations more becoming a philosopher; having, to my unspeakable comfort, passed a long life with a conscience void of offence.

But to return: I am assured from the reader's candor, that the brief specimen I have given, will easily clear all the rest of our society's productions from an aspersions grown, as it is manifest, out of envy and ignorance, That they are of little farther use or value to mankind beyond the common entertainments of their wit and their style; for these I am sure have never yet

* This I suppose to be understood of Mr Wotton's discourse of ancient and modern learning.

† Here the author seems to personate L'Estrange, Dryden, and some others, who, after having passed their lives in vices, faction, and falsehood, have the impudence to talk of merit, and innocence, and sufferings.

‡ In King Charles II.'s time, there was an account of a *Presbyterian* plot, found in a tub, which then made much noise.

been disputed by our keenest adversaries: in both which, as well as the more profound and mystical part, I have throughout this treatise closely followed the most applauded originals. And to render all complete, I have, with much thought and application of mind, so ordered, that the chief title prefixed to it, I mean, that under which I design it shall pass in the common conversations of court and town, is modelled exactly after the manner peculiar to *our* society.

I confess to have been somewhat liberal in the business of titles *, having observed the humour of multiplying them to bear great vogue among certain writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed it seems not unreasonable, that books, the children of the brain, should have the honour to be christened with variety of names, as well as other infants of quality. Our famous Dryden has ventured to proceed a point farther, endeavouring to introduce also a multiplicity of *godfathers* †; which is an improvement of much more advantage, upon a very obvious account. It is a pity this admirable invention has not been better cultivated, so as to grow by this time into general imitation, when such an authority serves it for a precedent. Nor have my endeavours been wanting to second so useful an example: but it seems, there is an unhappy expence usually annexed to the calling of a godfather, which was clearly out of my head, as it is very reasonable to believe. Where the pinch lay, I cannot certainly affirm; but having employed a world of thoughts and pains to split my treatise into forty sections, and having intreated forty lords of my acquaintance, that they would do me the honour to stand, they all made it a matter of conscience, and sent me their excuses.

* The title-page in the original was so torn, that it was not possible to recover several titles, which the author here speaks of.

† See Virgil translated, &c. He dedicated the different parts of Virgil to different patrons.

S E C T. II.

ONce upon a time, there was a man who had three sons by one wife*, and all at a birth; neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldest. Their father died while they were young; and upon his deathbed, calling the lads to him, spoke thus.

Sons, *Because I have purchased no estate, nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to bequeath you; and at last, with much care as well as expence, have provided each of you (here they are) a new coat †. Now, you are to understand, that these coats have two virtues contained in them. One is, that, with good wearing, they will last you fresh and sound as long as you live. The other is, that they will grow in the same proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit. Here, let me see them on you before I die. So, very well; pray, children, wear them clean, and brush them often. You will find in my will ‡ (here it is) full instructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management of your coats; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the penalties I have appointed for every transgression or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will entirely depend. I have also commanded in my will, that you should live together in one house, like brethren and friends; for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise.*

By these three sons, Peter, Martin, and Jack; Popery, the Church of England, and our Protestant Dissenters are designed. *W. Wotton.*

In the character of *Peter*, we see the *Pope*, seated on his pontifical throne, and adorned with his triple crown. In the picture of *Martin*, we view *Luther* and the first reformers. And in the description of *Jack*, we behold *John Calvin* and his disciples. The author's arrows are chiefly directed against *Peter* and *Jack*. To *Martin* he shews all the indulgence that the laws of allegory will permit. *Orrery.*

† By his coats, which he gave his sons, the garments of the Israelites. *W. Wotton.*

An error (with submission) of the learned commentator; for by the coats are meant the doctrine and faith of *Christianity*, by the wisdom of the divine founder, fitted to all times, places, and circumstances. *Lambin.*

‡ The New Testament.

VOL. I.

E

Here

Here the story says, this good father died, and the three sons went all together to seek their fortunes. *

I shall not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met for the first seven years, any farther than by taking notice, that they carefully observed their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order; that they travelled through several countries, encountered a reasonable quantity of giants, and slew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themselves, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies; but especially three, who about that time were in chief reputation; the Duchess d'Argent, Madame de Grands Titres, and the Countess d'Orgueil *. On their first appearance, our three adventurers met with a very bad reception; and soon with great sagacity guessing out the reason, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town. They writ, and rallied, and rhymed, and sung, and said, and said nothing; they drank, and fought, and whored, and slept, and swore, and took snuff; they went to new plays on the first night, haunted the chocolate-houses, beat the watch, lay on bulks, and got claps; they bilked hackney-coachmen, ran in debt with shopkeepers, and lay with their wives; they killed bailiffs, kicked fidlers down stairs, eat at Locket's, loitered at Will's; they talked of the drawing-room, and never came there; dined with lords they never saw; whispered a duchess, and spoke never a word; exposed the scrawls of their laundress for billetdoux of quality; came ever just from court, and were never seen in it; attended the levee *sub dio*; got a list of peers by heart in one company, and with great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they constantly attended those committees of senators, who are silent in the *house*, and loud in the *coffeehouse*; where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politics; and are encompassed with a ring of disciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The

* Their mistresses are, the Duchess d'Argent, Mademoiselle de Grands Titres, and the Countess d'Orgueil; i. e. covetousness, ambition, and pride; which were the three great vices that the ancient fathers inveighed against, as the first corruptions of Christianity. *W. W.*

three brothers had acquired forty other qualifications of the like stamp, too tedious to recount; and, by consequence, were justly reckoned the most accomplished persons in the town. But all would not suffice, and the ladies aforesaid continued still inflexible. To clear up which difficulty, I must, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourse to some points of weight, which the authors of that age have not sufficiently illustrated.

For about this time it happened, a sect arose, whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grand monde*, and among every body of good fashion*. They worshipped a sort of *idol*†, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This *idol* they placed in the highest parts of the house, on an altar erected about three foot. He was shewn in the posture of a Persian Emperor, sitting on a *superficies*, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a *goose* for his ensign; whence it is, that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus. At his left hand, beneath the altar, *hell* seemed to open, and catch at the animals the *idol* was creating: to prevent which, certain of his priests hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed mass or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already enlivened; which that horrid gulf insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The *goose* was also held a subaltern divinity, or *deus minorum gentium*; before whose shrine was sacrificed that creature, whose hourly food is human gore, and who is in so great renown abroad for being the delight and favourite of the Ægyptian Cercopithecus‡. Millions of these animals were cruelly slaughtered every day, to appease the hunger of that consuming deity. The chief *idol* was also worshipped as the inventor of the *yard* and *needle*; whether as the god of seamen, or on account of certain other mystical attributes, hath not been sufficiently cleared.

* This is an occasional satire upon dress and fashion, in order to introduce what follows.

† By this *idol* is meant a tailor.

‡ The Ægyptians worshipped a monkey; which animal is very fond of eating lice, styled here creatures that feed on human gore.

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamentals. They held the universe to be a large *suit of cloaths*, which *invests* every thing: that the earth is *invested* by the air; the air is *invested* by the stars; and the stars are *invested* by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable *dress*. What is that which some call *land*, but a fine coat faced with green? or the *sea*, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious *journeyman* Nature hath been, to trim up the *vegetable* beaux: observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a *beech*, and what a fine doublet of white sattin is worn by the *birch*. To conclude from all, what is man himself but a *micro-coat* *; or rather a complete suit of cloaths, with all its trimmings? As to his body, there can be no dispute. But examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress. To instance no more; is not religion a *cloak*; honesty a *pair of shoes*, worn out in the dirt; self-love a *furtout*; vanity a *shirt*; and conscience a *pair of breeches*, which, though a cover for lewdness as well as nastiness, is easily flipt down for the service of both?

These *postulata* being admitted, it will follow in due course of reasoning, that those beings which the world calls improperly *suits of cloaths*, are in reality the most refined species of animals; or, to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures, or men. For is it not manifest, that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? Are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding, their inseparable proprieties? In short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the streets, fill up *parliament* —, *coffee* —, *play* —, *barbary houses*? It is true indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called *suits of cloaths*, or *dresses*, do, according to certain compositions, receive different appellations. If one of

* Alluding to the word *microcosm*, or a little world, as man hath been called by philosophers.

them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horse, it is called a *Lord Mayor*; if certain ermins and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them a *Judge*; and so, an apt conjunction of lawn and black fatten, we intitle a *Bishop*.

Others of these professors, though agreeing in the main system, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held, that man was an animal compounded of two *dressés*, the *natural* and the *celestial suit*; which were the body and the soul; that the soul was the outward, and the body the inward cloathing; that the latter was *ex traduce*, but the former of daily creation and circumfution. This last they proved by *scripture*; because *in them we live, and move, and have our being*: as likewise by philosophy; because they are *all in all, and all in every part*. Besides, said they, separate these two, and you will find the body to be only a senseless unfavoury carcase. By all which it is manifest, that the outward dress must needs be the soul.

To this system of religion were tagged several subaltern doctrines*, which were entertained with great vogue; as, particularly, the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner. *Embroidery* was *sheer wit*; *gold fringe* was *agreeable conversation*; *gold lace* was *repartee*; a huge long *periwig* was *humour*; and a *coat full of powder* was very

* The first part of the *tale*, is the history of Peter. Thereby *Papery* is exposed. Every body knows, the *Papists* have made great additions to Christianity; that indeed is the great exception which the *church of England* makes against them: accordingly Peter begins his pranks with adding a *shoulder-knot* to his coat. *W. Wotton*.

The actions of *Peter* are the actions of a man intoxicated with pride, power, rage, tyranny, and self-conceit. These passions are placed in the most ridiculous light: and the effects of them produce to us the tenets and doctrines of papal Rome, such as purgatory, penance, images, indulgences, auricular confession, transubstantiation, and those dreadful monsters, the pontifical bulls, which, according to this ludicrous author, derived their original from the famous bulls of Colchis, described by Ovid.

Terribiles vultus, prae fixaque cornua ferro;

Pulveremque solum pede pulsavere bisulco;

Fumifocique locum mugitibus implevere. Met. l. vii. y 112.

Orrery.

good

good *raillery*. All which required abundance of *finesse* and *delicately* to manage with advantage, as well as a strict observance after times and fashions.

I have, with much pains and reading, collected out of ancient authors this short summary of a body of philosophy and divinity; which seems to have been composed by a vein and race of thinking, very different from any other systems, either *ancient* or *modern*. And it was not merely to entertain or satisfy the reader's curiosity, but rather to give him light into several circumstances of the following story; that, knowing the state of dispositions and opinions in an age so remote, he may better comprehend those great events which were the issue of them. I advise therefore the courteous reader, to peruse, with a world of application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this matter. And leaving these broken ends, I carefully gather up the chief thread of my story, and proceed.

These opinions therefore were so universal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother-adventurers, as their circumstances then stood, were strangely at a loss. For, on the one side, the three ladies they addressed themselves to, whom we have named already, were ever at the very top of the fashion, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of a hair. On the other side, their father's will was very precise; and it was the main precept in it, with the greatest penalties annexed, not to add to, or diminish from their coats, one thread, without a positive command in the will. Now, the coats their father had left them, were, it is true, of very good cloth; and, besides, so neatly sown, you would swear they were all of a piece; but at the same time very plain, and with little or no ornament *. And it happened, that,

* His description of the cloth of which the coat was made, has a farther meaning than the words may seem to import: "The coats their father had left them, were of very good cloth; and, besides, so neatly sown, you would swear they were all of a piece; but at the same time very plain, with little or no ornament." This is the distinguishing character of the Christian religion. *Christiana religio absque ornatu et simplici*, was Ammianus Marcellinus's description of it, who was himself a Heathen. *W. Wotton*.

before they were a month in town, great *shoulder-knots* came up* : strait all the world was *shoulder-knots* ; no approaching the ladies *ruelles*, without the *quota* of *shoulder-knots*. *That fellow*, cries one, *has no soul ; where is his shoulder-knot ?* Our three brethren soon discovered their want by sad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the *playhouse*, the door-keeper shewed them into the twelve-penny gallery. If they called a boat, says a waterman, *I am first sculler*. If they stepped to the *Rose* to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, *Friend, we sell no ale*. If they went to visit a lady, a footman met them at the door, with *Pray, send up your message*. In this unhappy case they went immediately to consult their father's will ; read it over and over, but not a word of the *shoulder-knot*. What should they do ? What temper should they find ? Obedience was absolutely necessary, and yet *shoulder-knots* appeared extremely requisite. After much thought, one of the brothers, who happened to be more *book-learned* than the other two, said, he had found an expedient. *It is true*, said he, *there is nothing here in this will*, totidem verbis†, *making mention of shoulder-knots : but I dare conjecture, we may find them* inclusive, or totidem syllabis. This distinction was immediately approved by all ; and so they fell again to examine. But their evil star had so directed the matter, that the first syllable was not to be found in the whole writing. Upon which disappointment, he who found the former evasion, took heart, and said, *Brothers, there is yet hopes ; for though we cannot find them totidem verbis, nor totidem syllabis, I dare engage we shall make them out tertio modo, or totidem literis*. This discovery was also highly commended : upon which they fell once more

* By this is understood the first introducing of pageantry, and unnecessary ornaments in the church, such as were neither for convenience nor edification ; as a *shoulder-knot*, in which there is neither symmetry nor use.

† When the Papists cannot find any thing which they want in scripture, they go to *oral tradition*. Thus Peter is introduced dissatisfied with the tedious way of looking for all the letters of any word, which he has occasion for in the *will* ; when neither the constituent syllables, nor much less the whole word, were there in *terminis*. W. Wotton.

to the scrutiny, and picked out S, H, O, U, L, D, E, R ; when the same planet, enemy to their repose, had wonderfully contrived, that a K was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty ! But the distinguishing brother, for whom we shall hereafter find a name, now his hand was in, proved, by a very good argument, that K was a modern illegitimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor any where to be found in ancient manuscripts. “ ’Tis true” (said he) “ the word *Calendæ*” “ hath in Q. V. C. * been sometimes written with a K ; but erroneously ; for in the best copies it has been ever spelt with a C. And, by consequence, it was a gross mistake in our language to spell *knot* with a K ; but that from henceforward he would take care it should be written with a C.” Upon this all farther difficulty vanished ; *shoulder-knots* were made clearly out to be *jure paterno* ; and our three gentlemen swaggered with as large and as flaunting ones as the best.

But as human happiness is of a very short duration, so in those days were human fashions, upon which it entirely depends. *Shoulder-knots* had their time ; and we must now imagine them in their decline : for a certain lord came just from Paris, with fifty yards of *gold-lace* upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court-fashion of that *month*. In two days all mankind appeared closed up in bars of *gold-lace* †. Whoever durst peep abroad without his complement of *gold-lace*, was as scandalous as a—, and as ill received among the women. What should our three knights do in this momentous affair ? They had sufficiently strained a point already, in the affair of *shoulder-knots*. Upon recourse to the will, nothing appeared there but *altum silentium*. That of the *shoulder-knots* was a loose, flying, circumstantial point ; but this of *gold-lace* seemed too considerable an alteration without better warrant ; it did *aliquo modo essentialiter adherere*, and therefore required a positive precept. But about this time it fell out, that the learned brother aforesaid had read *Aristotelis dialectica* ; and especially that

* *Quibusdam veteribus codicibus* : Some ancient manuscripts.

† I cannot tell, whether the author means any new innovation by this word, or whether it be only to introduce the new methods of forcing and perverting scripture.

wonderful piece *de interpretatione*, which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in every thing but itself; like commentators on the *Revelations*, who proceed prophets without understanding a syllable of the text. *Brothers*, said he, *you are to be informed, that of wills duo sunt genera, nuncupatory* and scriptory. That in the scriptory will here before us, there is no precept or mention about gold-lace, conceditur: but, si idem affirmetur de nuncupatoria, negatur. For, brothers, if you remember, we heard a fellow say, when we were boys, that he heard my father's man say, that he heard my father say, that he would advise his sons to get gold-lace on their coats, as soon as ever they could procure money to buy it. By G— that is very true*, cries the other; *I remember it perfectly well*, said the third. And so, without more ado, they got the largest gold-lace in the parish, and walked about as fine as lords.

A while after, there came up, *all in fashion*, a pretty sort of *flame-coloured sattin* † for linings; and the mercer brought a pattern of it immediately to our three gentlemen: *An' please your Worships*, said he, *my Lord C—, and Sir J. W. had linings out of this very piece last night. It takes wonderfully; and I shall not have a remnant left, enough to make my wife a pin-cushion, by to-morrow morning at ten a clock.* Upon this they fell again to rummage the will, because the present case also required a positive precept, the lining being held by orthodox writers to be of the essence of the coat. After long search,

* By this is meant *tradition*, allowed to have equal authority with the scripture, or rather greater.

† This is purgatory, whereof he speaks more particularly hereafter; but here, only to shew how scripture was perverted to prove it; which was done, by giving equal authority, with the canon, to *Apocrypha*, called here a *codicil annexed*.

It is likely the author, in every one of these changes in the brothers' dresses, refers to some particular error in the church of Rome; though it is not easy, I think, to apply them all. But by this of *flame-coloured sattin*, is manifestly intended *purgatory*; by *gold lace* may perhaps be understood, the lofty ornaments and plate in the churches. The *shoulder-knots* and *silver fringe* are not so obvious, at least to me. But the Indian figures of men, women, and children, plainly relate to the pictures in the Romish churches, of God like an old man, of the virgin Mary, and our Saviour as a child.

they

they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand, except a short advice of their father in the will, to take care of *fire*, and put out their *candles* before they went to sleep *. This, though a good deal for the purpose, and helping very far towards self-conviction, yet not seeming wholly of force to establish a command; (being resolved to avoid farther scruple, as well as future occasion for scandal), says he that was the scholar, *I remember to have read in wills, of a codicil annexed; which is indeed a part of the will; and what it contains, hath equal authority with the rest. Now, I have been considering of this same will here before us; and I cannot reckon it to be complete for want of such a codicil. I will therefore fasten one in its proper place very dextrously. I have had it by me some time. It was written by a dog-keeper of my grandfather's †; and talks a great deal, as good luck would have it, of this very flame-coloured sattin.* The project was immediately approved by the other two; an old parchment scroll was tagged on according to art, in the form of a *codicil annexed*, and the *sattin* bought and worn.

Next winter, a *player*, hired for the purpose by the corporation of *fringe-makers*, acted his part in a new comedy, all covered with *silver fringe* ‡; and, according to the laudable custom, gave rise to that fashion. Upon which, the brothers consulting their father's will, to their great astonishment found these words: *Item, I charge and command my said three sons, to wear no sort of silver fringe upon or about their said coats, &c.* with a penalty, in case of disobedience, too long here to insert. However, after some pause, the brother so often mentioned for his erudition, who was well skilled in criticisms, had found in a certain author, which he said should be nameless, that the same word, which in the will is called *fringe*, does also signify a *broom-stick* ||: and

* That is, to take care of hell; and, in order to do that, to subdue and extinguish their lusts.

† I believe this refers to that part of the *Apocrypha*, where mention is made of *Tobit* and his *dog*.

‡ This is certainly the farther introducing the pomps of habit and ornament.

|| The next subject of our author's wit, is the glosses and interpretations of scripture, very many absurd ones of which are allowed in the most authentic books of the church of Rome. *W. Wotton.*

doubtless ought to have the same interpretation in this paragraph. This another of the brothers disliked, because of that epithet *silver*; which could not, he humbly conceived, in propriety of speech, be reasonably applied to a *broom-stick*. But it was replied upon him, that this epithet was understood in a *mythological* and *allegorical* sense. However, he objected again, why their father should forbid them to wear a *broom-stick* on their coats; a caution that seemed unnatural and impertinent. Upon which he was taken up short, as one that spoke irreverently of a *mystery*; which doubtless was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pried into, or nicely reasoned upon. And, in short, their father's authority being now considerably sunk, this expedient was allowed to serve as a lawful dispensation for wearing their full proportion of *silver fringe*.

A while after, was revived an old fashion, long antiquated, of *embroidery* with Indian *figures* of men, women, and children*. Here they remembered but too well, how their father had always abhorred this fashion; that he made several paragraphs on purpose, importing his utter detestation of it, and bestowing his everlasting curse to his sons, whenever they should wear it. For all this, in a few days, they appeared higher in the fashion than any body else in the town. But they solved the matter, by saying, that these figures were not at all the *same* with those that were formerly worn, and were meant in the will. Besides, they did not wear them in the sense as forbidden by their father; but as they were a commendable custom, and of great use to the public. That these rigorous clauses in the will did therefore require some *allowance*, and a favourable interpretation, and ought to be understood *cum grano salis*.

But fashions perpetually altering in that age, the scholastic brother grew weary of searching farther evasions, and solving everlasting contradictions. Resolved therefore, at all hazards, to comply with the modes of the world, they concerted matters together, and a-

* The images of saints, the blessed virgin, and our Saviour an infant. *Ibid* Images in the church of Rome give him but too fair a handle, The brothers remembered, &c. The allegory here is direct. W. Wotton. greed

greed unanimously, to lock up their father's will in a *strong box* *, brought out of Greece or Italy, I have forgotten which; and trouble themselves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit. In consequence whereof, a while after, it grew a general mode to wear an infinite number of *points*, most of them *tagged with silver*. Upon which, the scholar pronounced *ex cathedra* †, that *points* were absolutely *jure paterno*, as they might very well remember. It is true, indeed, the fashion prescribed somewhat more than were directly named in the will; however, that they, as heirs general of their father, had power to make and add certain clauses for public emolument, though not deducible, *totidem verbis*, from the letter of the will; or else *multa absurda sequerentur*. This was understood for *canonical*; and therefore on the following Sunday they came to church all covered with *points*.

The learned brother so often mentioned, was reckoned the best scholar in all that, or the next street to it; insomuch, as having run something behind-hand in the world, he obtained the favour of a *certain lord* ‡, to receive him into his house, and to teach his children. A while after, the *lord* died; and he, by long practice of his father's will, found the way of contriving a *deed of conveyance* of that house to himself and his heirs. Upon which he took possession, turned the young 'squires out, and received his brothers in their stead ||.

S E C T.

* The Papists formerly forbade the people the use of scripture in a vulgar tongue; Peter therefore *locks up his father's will in a strong box, brought out of Greece or Italy*. These countries are named, because the New Testament is written in Greek; and the *vulgar Latin*, which is the authentic edition of the *Bible* in the church of Rome, is in the language of old Italy W. Wotton.

† The *Popes*, in their decretals and bulls, have given their sanction to very many gainful doctrines, which are now received in the church of Rome, that are not mentioned in scripture, and are unknown to the primitive church. Peter accordingly pronounces *ex cathedra*, that *points tagged with silver were absolutely jure paterno*; and so they wore them in great numbers. W. Wotton.

‡ This was Constantine the Great, from whom the *Popes* pretend a donation of St Peter's patrimony, which they have been never able to produce.

|| *Ibid.* The bishops of Rome enjoyed their privileges in Rome at first

S E C T. III.

A digression concerning critics.*

ALthough I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all occasions, most nicely to follow the rules and methods of writing laid down by the example of our illustrious *moderns*; yet has the unhappy shortness of my memory led me into an error, from which I must extricate myself, before I can decently pursue my principal subject. I confess with shame, it was an unpardonable omission to proceed so far as I have already done, before I had performed the due discourses, exhortatory, supplicatory, or deprecatory, with my *good lords the critics*. Towards some atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make humbly bold to present them with a short account of themselves and their *art*, by looking into the original and pedigree of the word, as it is generally understood among us, and very briefly considering the ancient and present state thereof.

By the word *critic*, at this day so frequent in all conversations, there have sometimes been distinguished three very different species of mortal men, according as I have read in *ancient books and pamphlets*. For, first, by this term was understood such persons as invented or drew up rules for themselves and the world; by observing which, a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the *learned*, form his taste to a true relish of the *sublime* and the *admirable*, and divide every beauty of matter or of style from the corruption that apes it: in their common perusal of books, singling out the errors and defects, the nauseous, the fullsome, the dull, and the impertinent, with the caution of a

first by the favour of the emperors, whom at last they shut out of their own capital city, and then forged a donation from *Constantine the Great*, the better to justify what they did. In imitation of this, *Peter*, having run something behind-hand in the world, obtained leave of a certain lord, &c. *W. Wotton*.

* The several *digressions* are written in ridicule of bad critics, dull commentators, and the whole fraternity of Grubstreet philosophers. *Orrery*.

man that walks through Edinburgh streets in a morning ; who is indeed as careful as he can, to watch diligently, and spy out the filth in his way : not that he is curious to observe the colour and complexion of the ordure, or take its dimensions, much less to be paddling in, or tasting it ; but only with a design to come out as cleanly as he may. These men seem, though very erroneously, to have understood the appellation of *critic* in a literal sense ; that one principal part of his office was to praise and acquit ; and that a *critic*, who sets up to read only for an occasion of censure and reproof, is a creature as barbarous, as a *judge*, who should take up a resolution to hang all men that came before him upon a trial.

Again, by the word *critic* have been meant the restorers of ancient learning from the worms, and graves, and dust of manuscripts.

Now, the races of those two have been for some ages utterly extinct ; and besides, to discourse any farther of them, would not be at all to my purpose.

The third, and noblest sort, is that of the TRUE CRITIC, whose original is the most ancient of all. Every *true critic* is a hero born, descending in a direct line from a celestial stem by Momus and Hybris, who begat Zoilus, who begat Tigellius, who begat *Etac-tera* the elder, who begat Bentley, and Rymer, and Wotton, and Perrault, and Dennis, who begat *Etac-tera* the younger.

And these are the *critics* from whom the commonwealth of learning has in all ages received such immense benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers placed their origin in heaven, among those of Hercules, Theseus, Perseus, and other great defenders of mankind. But heroic virtue itself hath not been exempt from the obloquy of evil tongues. For it hath been objected, that those ancient heroes, famous for their combating so many giants, and dragons, and robbers, were in their own persons a greater nuisance to mankind, than any of those monsters they subdued ; and therefore, to render their obligations more complete, when all *other* vermin were destroyed, should in conscience have concluded with the same justice upon themselves ; as Hercules most generously

rously did ; and hath, upon that score, procured to himself more temples and votaries, than the best of his fellows. For these reasons, I suppose, it is, why some have conceived, it would be very expedient for the public good of learning, that every *true critic*, as soon as he had finished his task assigned, should immediately deliver himself up to ratsbane, or hemp, or from some convenient *altitude* ; and that no man's pretensions to so illustrious a character should by any means be received, before that operation were performed.

Now, from this heavenly descent of *criticism*, and the close analogy it bears to *heroic virtue*, it is easy to assign the proper employment of a *true ancient genuine critic* ; which is, to travel through this vast world of writings ; to pursue and hunt those monstrous faults bred within them ; to drag out the lurking errors, like Cacus from his den ; to multiply them like Hydra's heads ; and rake them together like Augeas's dung : or else drive away a sort of *dangerous fowl*, who have a perverse inclination to plunder the best branches of the *tree of knowledge*, like those *Stymphalian* birds that eat up the fruit.

These reasonings will furnish us with an adequate definition of a *true critic* ; that he is *a discoverer and collector of writers faults* ; which may be farther put beyond dispute by the following demonstration : That whoever will examine the writings in all kinds, wherewith this ancient sect has honoured the world, shall immediately find, from the whole thread and tenor of them, that the ideas of the authors have been altogether conversant and taken up with the faults, and blemishes, and oversights, and mistakes of other writers ; and, let the subject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are so entirely possessed and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quintessence of what is bad does of necessity distil into their own ; by which means the whole appears to be nothing else but an *abstract* of the *criticisms* themselves have made.

Having thus briefly considered the original and office of a *critic*, as the word is understood in its most noble and universal acceptation ; I proceed to refute the objections of those who argue from the silence and pre-

termillion of authors ; by which they pretend to prove, that the very art of *criticism*, as now exercised, and by me explained, is wholly *modern* ; and consequently, that the *critics* of Great Britain and France have no title to an original so ancient and illustrious as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out, on the contrary, that the most ancient writers have particularly described both the person and the office of a *true critic*, agreeable to the definition laid down by me ; their grand objection, from the silence of authors, will fall to the ground.

I confess to have for a long time borne a part in this general error ; from which I should never have acquitted myself, but through the assistance of our noble *moderns* ; whose most edifying volumes I turn indefatigably over night and day, for the improvement of my mind, and the good of my country. These have with unwearied pains made many useful searches into the weak sides of the *ancients*, and given us a comprehensive list of them. Besides, they have proved beyond contradiction, that the very finest things delivered of old, have been long since invented, and brought to light by much later pens* ; and that the noblest discoveries those *ancients* ever made of art or nature, have all been produced by the transcending genius of the present age. Which clearly shews, how little merit those *ancients* can justly pretend to ; and takes off that blind admiration paid them by men in a corner, who have the unhappiness of conversing too little with *present things*. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole compass of human nature, I easily concluded, that these *ancients*, highly sensible of their many imperfections, must needs have endeavoured, from some passages in their works, to obviate, soften, or divert the censorious reader, by *satire* or *panegyric* upon the *true critics*, in imitation of their *masters* the *moderns*. Now, in the *common places* of both these†, I was plentifully instructed, by a long course of useful study in *prefaces* and *prologues* ; and therefore immediately resolved to try what I could discover of either, by a diligent perusal of the most ancient writers, and espe-

* See Wotton of ancient and modern learning.

† Satire and panegyric upon critics.

cially those who treated of the earliest times. Here I found, to my great surprise, that although they all entered, upon occasion, into particular descriptions of the *true critic*, according as they were governed by their fears or their hopes; yet whatever they touched of that kind, was with abundance of caution, adventuring no farther than *mythology* and *hieroglyphic*. This, I suppose, gave ground to superficial readers, for urging the silence of authors against the antiquity of the *true critic*; though the *types* are so apposite, and the applications so necessary and natural, that it is not easy to conceive, how any reader of a *modern eye* and *taste* could overlook them. I shall venture, from a great number, to produce a few, which, I am very confident, will put this question beyond dispute.

It well deserves considering, that these *ancient writers*, in treating ænigmatically upon the subject, have generally fixed upon the very *same hieroglyph*; varying only the story, according to their affections, or their wit. For, first, Pausanias is of opinion, that the perfection of writing correct was entirely owing to the institution of *critics*. And that he can possibly mean no other than the *true critic*, is, I think, manifest enough from the following description. He says *, *they were a race of men who delighted to nibble at the superfluities and excrescencies of books; which the learned at length observing, took warning of their own accord to lop the luxuriant, the rotten, the dead, the sapless, and the overgrown branches from their works*. But now, all this he cunningly shades under the following allegory: *That the Nauplians in Argos learned the art of pruning their vines, by observing, that when an ASS had browsed upon one of them, it thrived the better, and bore fairer fruit*. But Herodotus †, holding the very same *hieroglyph*, speaks much plainer, and almost *in terminis*. He hath been so bold as to tax the *true critics* of ignorance and malice; telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that *in the western part of Libya there were ASSES with horns*. Upon which relation Ctesias ‡ yet refines, men-

* Lib. —

† Lib. 4.

‡ *Vide excerpta ex eo apud Photium.*

tioning the very same animal about India; adding, *that whereas all other ASSES wanted a gall, these horned ones were so redundant in that part, that their flesh was not to be eaten, because of its extreme bitterness.*

Now, the reason why those ancient writers treated this subject only by types and figures, was, because they durst not make open attacks against a party so potent and terrible, as the *critics* of those ages were; whose very voice was so dreadful, that a legion of authors would tremble, and drop their pens at the sound: for so Herodotus tells us expressly in another place *, how a vast army of Scythians was put to flight in a panic terror by the braying of an ASS. From hence it is conjectured by certain profound *philologers*, that the great awe and reverence paid to a *true critic* by the writers of Britain, have been derived to us from those our Scythian ancestors. In short, this dread was so universal, that, in process of time, those authors who had a mind to publish their sentiments more freely, in describing the *true critics* of their several ages, were forced to leave off the use of the former *hieroglyph*, as too nearly approaching the *prototype*; and invented other terms instead thereof, that were more cautious and mystical. So Diodorus †, speaking to the same purpose, ventures no farther than to say, that, *in the mountains of Helicon, there grows a certain weed, which bears a flower of so damned a scent, as to poison those who offer to smell it.* Lucretius gives exactly the same relation:

*Est etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbor,
Floris odore hominem tetro consueta necare ‡.* Lib. 6.

But Ctesias, whom we lately quoted, hath been a great deal bolder. He had been used with much severity by the *true critics* of his own age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him, at least, one deep mark of his vengeance against the whole tribe. His meaning is so near the surface, that I wonder how it possibly came to be overlooked by those who deny the

* Lib. 4.

† Lib.

‡ Near Helicon, and round the learned hill,

Grow trees, whose blossoms with their odour kill.

antiquity of the *true critics*. For, pretending to make a description of many strange animals about India, he hath set down these remarkable words. *Amongst the rest, says he, there is a serpent that wants teeth, and consequently cannot bite; but if its vomit, to which it is much addicted, happens to fall upon any thing, a certain rottenness or corruption ensues. These serpents are generally found among the mountains where jewels grow, and they frequently emit a poisonous juice; whereof whoever drinks, that person's brains fly out of his nostrils.*

There was also among the *ancients* a sort of *critics*, not distinguished in *specie* from the former, but in growth or degree, who seem to have been only the *tyro's* or *junior* scholars; yet, because of their differing employments, they are frequently mentioned as a sect by themselves. The usual exercise of these younger students was, to attend constantly at theatres, and learn to spy out the *worst parts* of the play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take note, and render a rational account to their tutors. Fleeced at these smaller sports, like young wolves, they grew up in time to be nimble and strong enough for hunting down large game. For it hath been observed, both among *ancients* and *moderns*, that a *true critic* hath one quality in common with a *whore* and an *alderman*, never to change his title or his nature; that a *gray critic* has been certainly a *green* one, the perfections and acquirements of his age being only the improved talents of his youth; like *kemp*, which some naturalists inform us is bad for *suffocations*, though taken but in the seed. I esteem the invention, or at least the refinement of *prologues*, to have been owing to these younger proficients, of whom Terence makes frequent and honourable mention, under the name of *malevoli*.

Now, it is certain the institution of the *true critics* was of absolute necessity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions seem to be divided, like Themistocles and his company: one man can *fiddle*, and another can make a *small town a great city*; and he that cannot do either one or the other, deserves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty has doubtless given the first birth to the nation of *critics*;

tics; and withal, an occasion for their secret detractors to report, that a *true critic* is a sort of mechanic, set up with a stock and tools for his trade at as little expence as a *tailor*; and that there is much analogy between the utensils and abilities of both: that the *tailor's bell* is the type of a *critic's common-place-book*, and his wit and learning held forth by the *goose*; that it requires at least as many of these to the making up of one scholar, as of the others to the composition of a man; that the valour of both is equal, and their *weapons* near of a size. Much may be said in answer to those invidious reflections; and I can positively affirm the first to be a falsehood: for, on the contrary, nothing is more certain, than that it requires greater layings out to be free of the *critic's* company, than of any other you can name. For, as to be a *true beggar*, it will cost the richest candidate every groat he is worth; so, before one can commence a *true critic*, it will cost a man all the good qualities of his mind; which perhaps for a less purchase would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of *criticism*, and described the primitive state of it; I shall now examine the present condition of this empire, and shew how well it agrees with its ancient self. A certain author, whose works have many ages since been entirely lost, does, in his fifth book, and eighth chapter, say of *critics*, that *their writings are the mirrors of learning* *. This I understand in a literal sense; and suppose our author must mean, that whoever designs to be a perfect writer, must inspect into the books of *critics*, and correct his invention there, as in a mirror. Now, whoever considers, that the *mirrors* of the ancients were made of *brass*, and *sine mercurio*, may presently apply the two principal qualifications of a *true modern critic*; and consequently must needs conclude, that these have always been, and must be for ever the same. For *brass* is an emblem of duration, and, when it is skilfullyurnished, will cast *reflections* from its own *superficies*, without any assistance of *mercury* from behind. All the o-

* A quotation after the manner of a great author. Vide Bentley's dissertation, &c.

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ther talents of a *critic* will not require a particular mention, being included, or easily reducible to these. However, I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a *true modern critic* from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits who engage in so useful and honourable an art.

The first is, That *criticism*, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best, when it is the very *first* result of the *critic's* mind: as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark, if they stay for a second.

Secondly, The *true critics* are known by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or a wasp to the fairest fruit. So, when the *king* is on horseback, he is sure to be the *dirtiest* person of the company; and they that make their court best, are such as *bespatter* him most.

Lastly, A *true critic* in the perusal of a book is like a *dog* at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests *sing away*; and consequently is apt to *snarl* most when there are the fewest *bones*.

Thus much, I think, is sufficient to serve by way of address to my patrons, the *true modern critics*; and may very well atone for my past silence, as well as that which I am like to observe for the future. I hope I have deserved so well of their whole *body*, as to meet with generous and tender usage from their *hands*. Supported by which expectation, I go on boldly to pursue those adventures already so happily begun.

S E C T. IV.

A TALE OF A TUB.

I Have now with much pains and study conducted the reader to a period, where he must expect to hear of great revolutions. For no sooner had our *learned brother*, so often mentioned, got a warm house of his own over his head, than he began to look big, and take mightily

mightily upon him; insomuch that, unless the gentle reader, out of his great candour, will please a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the *hero* of the play, when he happens to meet him; his part, his dress, and his mien being so much altered.

He told his brothers, he would have them to know that he was their elder, and consequently his father's sole heir; nay, a while after he would not allow them to call him brother, but MR PETER; and then he must be styled FATHER PETER, and sometimes MY LORD PETER. To support this grandeur, which he soon began to consider could not be maintained without a better *fonde* than what he was born to; after much thought, he cast about at last to turn *projector* and *virtuoso*; wherein he so well succeeded, that many famous discoveries, projects, and machines, which bear great vogue and practice at present in the world, are owing entirely to LORD PETER's invention. I will deduce the best account I have been able to collect of the chief amongst them; without considering much the order they came out in; because, I think, authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope, when this treatise of mine shall be translated into foreign languages, (as I may without vanity affirm, that the labour of collecting, the faithfulness in recounting, and the great usefulness of the matter to the public, will amply deserve that justice), that the worthy members of the several *academies* abroad, especially those of France and Italy, will favourably accept these humble offers for the advancement of universal knowledge. I do also advertise the Most Reverend fathers the eastern missionaries, that I have, purely for their sakes, made use of such words and phrases as will best admit an easy turn into any of the *oriental* languages, especially the Chinese. And so I proceed, with great content of mind, upon reflecting how much emolument this whole globe of the earth is like to reap by my labours.

The first undertaking of Lord Peter was, to purchase a large continent *, lately said to have been discovered

* That is purgatory.

in *Terra Australis Incognita*. This tract of land he bought at a very great pennyworth from the discoverers themselves, (though some pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there), and then retailed it into several cantons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which Lord Peter sold the said continent to other customers again, and again, and again, and again, with the same success.

The second project I shall mention was his sovereign remedy for the *worms* *, especially those in the *spleen*. The patient was to eat nothing after supper for three nights †. As soon as he went to bed, he was carefully to lie on one side; and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other. He must also duly confine his two eyes to the same object; and by no means break wind at both ends together, without manifest occasion. These prescriptions diligently observed, the *worms* would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the *brain*.

A third invention was the erecting of a *whispering-office* ‡, for the public good and ease of all such as are hypochondriacal, or troubled with the colic; as likewise of all eves-droppers, physicians, midwives, small politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in despair, bawds, privy-counsellors, pages, parasites, and buffoons: in short, of all such as are in danger of bursting with too much *wind*. An *ass's* head was placed so conveniently, that the party affected might easily with his mouth accost either of the animal's ears; to which he was to apply close for a certain space, and by a fugitive faculty, peculiar to the

* *Penance* and *absoluti n* are played upon under the notion of a sovereign remedy for the *worms*, especially in the *spleen*; which, by observing Peter's prescription, would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the *brain*, &c. *W. Wotton*.

† Here the author ridicules the penances of the church of Rome; which may be made as easy to the sinner as he pleases, provided he will pay for them accordingly.

‡ By his *whispering-office*, for the relief of eves-droppers, physicians, bawds, and privy-counsellors, he ridicules auricular confession; and the priest who takes it, is described by the *ass's* head. *W. Wotton*.

ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit, either by eructation, or expiration, or evomition.

Another very beneficial project of Lord Peter's was an *office of insurance* * for tobacco-pipes, martyrs of the modern zeal; volumes of poetry, shadows, ——— and rivers: that these, nor any of these, shall receive damage by *fire*. From whence our *friendly societies* may plainly find themselves to be only transcribers from this original; though the one and the other have been of *great* benefit to the undertakers, as well as of *equal* to the public.

Lord Peter was also held the original author of *puppets* and *raree-shows* †; the great usefulness whereof being so generally known, I shall not enlarge farther upon this particular.

But another discovery, for which he was much renowned, was his famous universal *pickle* ‡. For having remarked how your common *pickle* ||, in use among housewives, was of no farther benefit than to preserve dead flesh, and certain kinds of vegetables; Peter, with great cost, as well as art, had contrived a *pickle* proper for houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle; wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. Now, this *pickle* to the taste, the smell, and the sight, appeared exactly the same with what is in common service for beef, and butter, and herrings, and has been often that way applied with great success; but for its many sovereign virtues, was a quite different thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his *powder pimperlomp* **, after which it

* This I take to be the office of *indulgences*, the gross abuses whereof first gave occasion for the reformation.

† I believe are the monkeries and ridiculous processions, &c. among the Papists.

‡ Holy water he calls an *universal pickle*, to preserve houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle, wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. *W. Wotton*.

|| This is easily understood to be holy water, composed of the same ingredients with many other pickles.

** And because holy water differs only in consecration from common water, therefore he tells us, that his pickle by the powder of *pimperlomp* receives new virtues, though it differs not in sight nor smell from the common pickles, which preserve beef, and butter, and herrings. *W. Wotton*.

never

never failed of success. The operation was performed by *spargfaction* * in a proper time of the moon. The patient, who was to be *pickled*, if it were a house, would infallibly be preserved from all spiders, rats, and weazels; if the party affected were a dog, he should be exempt from mange, and madness, and hunger. It also infallibly took away all scabs and lice, and scald-heads from children; never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

But of all Peter's rarities he most valued a certain set of *bulls* †; whose race was by great fortune preserved in a lineal descent from those that guarded the *golden fleece*: though some who pretended to observe them curiously, doubted the breed had not been kept entirely chaste; because they had degenerated from their ancestors in some qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, but a foreign mixture. The *bulls* of Colchos are recorded to have *brazen feet*. But whether it happened by ill pasture and running, by an allay from intervention of other parents, from stolen intrigues; whether a weakness in their progenitors had impaired the seminal virtue, or by a decline necessary through a long course of time, the originals of nature being depraved in these latter sinful ages of the world: whatever was the cause, it is certain, that Lord Peter's *bulls* were extremely vitiated by the rust of time in the metal of their feet, which was now sunk into common *lead*. However, the terrible *roaring* peculiar to their lineage, was preserved; as likewise that faculty of breathing out *fire* from their nostrils ‡; which notwithstanding many of their detractors took to be a feat of art, and to be nothing so terrible as it appeared, proceed-

* *Sprinkling*.

† The Papal *bulls* are ridiculed by name; so that here we are at no loss for the author's meaning. *W. Wetton*.

Ibid. Here the author has kept the name, and means the *Pope's bulls*, or rather his fulminations, and excommunications of heretical princes, all signed with lead, and the seal of the fisherman; and therefore said to have *leaden feet* and *fishes tails*.

‡ These passages, and many others, no doubt, must be construed as antichristian, by the church of Rome. When the chief minister and his minions are exposed, the keener the satire, the more liable is it to be interpreted into high treason against the King. *Orrery*.

ing only from their usual course of diet, which was of *squibs* and *crackers* *. However, they had two peculiar marks, which extremely distinguished them from the *bulls* of Jason, and which I have not met together in the description of any other monster, beside that in Horace,

Varias inducere plumas;

and

Atrum definit in piscem.

For these had *fishes tails*; yet upon occasion could *out-fly* any bird in the air. Peter put these *bulls* upon several employs. Sometimes he would set them a *roaring* to fright *naughty boys* †, and make them quiet. Sometimes he would send them out upon errands of great importance; where it is wonderful to recount, and perhaps the cautious reader may think much to believe it; an *appetitus sensibilis* deriving itself through the whole family, from their noble ancestors, guardians of the *golden fleece*; they continued so extremely fond of *gold*, that if Peter sent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would *roar*, and *spit*, and *belch*, and *piss*, and *fart*, and *snivel* out *fire*, and keep a perpetual coil, till you flung them a bit of gold; but then, *pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In short, whether by secret connivance, or encouragement from their master, or out of their own liquorish affection to gold, or both; it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy, swagging beggars; and, where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women miscarry, and children fall into fits; who to this very day usually call sprights and hobgoblins by the name of *bull-beggars*. They grew at last so very troublesome to the neighbourhood, that some gentlemen of the *north-west* got a parcel of right English *bull-dogs*, and baited them so terribly, that they felt it ever after.

I must needs mention one more of Lord Peter's projects, which was very extraordinary, and discovered

* These are the fulminations of the Pope, threatening hell and damnation to those princes who offend him.

† That is, kings who incurred his displeasure.

him to be master of a high reach, and profound invention. Whenever it happened that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain sum of money; which when the poor caitiff had made all shifts to scrape up, and send, *his Lordship* would return a piece of paper in this form *.

“ **T**O all mayors, sheriffs, jailors, constables, bailiffs, hangmen, &c. Whereas we are informed, that *A. B.* remains in the hands of you, or some of you, under the sentence of death; we will and command you, upon sight hereof, to let the said prisoner depart to his own habitation, whether he stands condemned for murder, sodomy, rape, sacrilege, incest, treason, blasphemy, &c.; for which this shall be your sufficient warrant. And if you fail hereof, G—d d—mn you and yours to all eternity. And so we bid you heartily farewell.

Your most humble

Man's man,

EMPEROR PETER.”

The wretches trusting to this, lost their lives and money too.

I desire of those whom the *learned* among posterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatise, that they will proceed with great caution upon certain dark points, wherein all who are not *verè adæpti*, may be in danger to form rash and hasty conclusions; especially in some mysterious paragraphs, where certain *arcana* are joined for brevity's sake, which in the operation must be divided. And I am certain, that future sons of art will return large thanks to my memory, for so grateful, so useful an *innuendo*.

It will be no difficult part to persuade the reader, that so many worthy discoveries met with great success in the

* This is a copy of a general pardon, signed *Servus servorum*.

Ibid. Absolution *in articulo mortis*; and the tax *camera apostolica*, are jested upon in Emperor Peter's letter. *W. Welton*.

→ world; though I may justly assure him, that I have related much the smallest number; my design having been only to single out such as will be of most benefit for public imitation, or which best served to give some idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered, if by this time Lord Peter was become exceeding rich. But, alas! he had kept his brain so long and so violently upon the rack, that at last it *shook* itself, and began to *turn round* for a little ease. In short, what with pride, projects, and knavery, poor Peter was grown distracted, and conceived the strangest imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits, as it is usual with those who run mad out of pride, he would call himself *God Almighty* *, and sometimes *monarch of the universe*, I have seen him (says my author) take three old *high-crowned hats* †, and clap them all on his head, three story high, with a huge bunch of *keys* at his girdle ‡, and an *angling-rod* in his hand. In which guise, whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of salutation, *Peter* with much grace, like a well-educated spaniel, would present them with his *fiat* ||; and if they refused his civility, then he would raise it as high as their chaps, and give them a damned kick on the mouth; which hath ever since been called a *salute*. Whoever walked by without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful strong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt. Mean time his affairs at home went upside down, and his two brothers had a wretched time; where his first

* The Pope is not only allowed to be the vicar of *Christ*, but by several divines is called *God upon earth*, and other blasphemous titles are given him.

† The triple crown.

‡ The keys of the church. — The church is here taken for the gate of heaven; for the keys of heaven are assumed by the Pope in consequence of what our Lord said to Peter, *I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven*. *Haukef.*

Ibid. The Pope's universal monarchy, and his triple crown, and fisher's ring. *W. Wotton.*

|| Neither does his arrogant way of requiring men to kiss his slipper scape reflection. *W. Wotton.*

boutade

boutade * was, to kick both their *wives* one morning out of doors †, and his own too; and, in their stead, gave orders to pick up the first three strollers could be met with in the streets. A while after he nailed up the cellar-door; and would not allow his brothers a drop of drink to their victuals ‡. Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, Peter observed him expatiating, after the manner of his brethren, in the praises of his sirloin of beef. *Beef*, said the sage magistrate, *is the king of meat: beef comprehends in it the quintessence of partridge, and quail, and venison, and pheasant, and plum-pudding, and custard*. When Peter came home, he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into use, and apply the precept, in default of a sirloin, to his brown loaf. *Bread*, says he, *dear brothers, is the staff of life; in which bread is contained, inclusive, the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard: and to render all complete, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, whose crudities are also corrected by yeast or barm, through which means it becomes a wholesome fermented liquor, diffused through the mass of the bread*. Upon the strength of these conclusions, next day at dinner, was the brown loaf served up in all the formality of a city-feast. *Come, brothers*, said Peter, *fall to, and spare not; here is excellent good mutton ||: or hold, now my hand is in, I will help you*. At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and knife he carves out two good slices of a loaf, and presents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not suddenly entering into Lord Peter's conceit, began with very civil language to examine the mystery. *My Lord*, said he, *I doubt, with great submission, there may be some mistake. What,*

* This word properly signifies a sudden jerk, or lash of an horse, when you do not expect it.

† The celibacy of the *Romish* clergy is struck at in Peter's beating his own and brothers wives out of doors. *W. Wotton*.

‡ The Pope's refusing the cup to the laity, persuading them that the blood is contained in the bread, and that the bread is the real and entire body of *Christ*.

|| *Transubstantiation*. Peter turns his bread into mutton, and, according to the *Popish* doctrine of concomitants, his wine too, which in his way he calls *palming his damned crust* upon the brothers for mutton. *W. Wotton*.

says Peter, *you are pleasant ; come then, let us bear this jest your head is so big with. None in the world, my Lord ; but, unless I am very much deceived, your Lordship was pleased a while ago to let fall a word about mutton, and I would be glad to see it with all my heart.* How, said Peter, appearing in great surprise, *I do not comprehend this at all.* — Upon which, the younger interposing to set the business aright ; *My Lord, said he, my brother I suppose is hungry, and longs for the mutton your Lordship hath promised us to dinner. Pray, said Peter, take me along with you. Either you are both mad, or disposed to be merrier than I approve of. If you there do not like your piece, I will carve you another ; though I should take that to be the choice bit of the whole shoulder. What then, my Lord, replied the first, it seems this is a shoulder of mutton all this while. Pray, Sir, says Peter, eat your victuals, and leave off your impertinence, if you please ; for I am not disposed to relish it at present. But the other could not forbear, being over-provoked at the affected seriousness of Peter's countenance. By G—, my Lord, said he, I can only say, that, to my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and nose, it seems to be nothing but a crust of bread.* Upon which the second put in his word : *I never saw a piece of mutton in my life so nearly resembling a slice from a twelve-penny loaf. Look ye, Gentlemen, cries Peter in a rage, to convince you, what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will use but this plain argument : By G—, it is true, good, natural mutton, as any in Leadenhall market ; and G— confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe otherwise.* Such a thundering proof as this left no further room for objection. The two unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their mistake as hastily as they could. *Why, truly, said the first, upon more mature consideration—Ay, says the other, interrupting him, now I have thought better on the thing, your Lordship seems to have a great deal of reason. Very well, said Peter. Here, boy, fill me a beer-glass of claret ; here's to you both with all my heart.* The two brethren, much delighted to see him so readily appeased, returned their most humble thanks, and said, they would be glad to pledge his Lordship. *That you shall, said Peter. I am not a person to refuse you any thing that is reasonable. Wine moderately taken, is a cordial. Here is*

a glass a-piece for you ; it is true natural juice from the grape, none of your damned vintners brewings. Having spoke thus, he presented to each of them another large dry crust, bidding them drink it off, and not be bashful ; for it would do them no hurt. The two brothers, after having performed the usual office in such delicate conjunctures, of staring a sufficient period at Lord Peter, and each other ; and finding how matters were like to go, resolved not to enter on a new dispute, but let him carry the point as he pleased : for he was now got into one of his mad fits ; and to argue or expostulate further, would only serve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have chosen to relate this worthy matter in all its circumstances, because it gave a principal occasion to that great and famous *rupture* *, which happened about the same time among these brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But of that I shall treat at large in another section.

However, it is certain, that Lord Peter, even in his lucid intervals, was very lewdly given in his common conversation, extreme wilful and positive ; and would at any time rather argue to the death, than allow himself once to be in an error. Besides, he had an abominable faculty of telling huge palpable *lies* upon all occasions ; and not only swearing to the truth, but cursing the whole company to hell, if they pretended to make the least scruple of believing him. One time he swore he had a *cow* at home, which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thousand churches ; and, what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn four †. Another time he was telling of an old *sign-post* ‡ that belonged to his *father*, with nails and timber enough in it to build sixteen large men of war. Talking one day of Chinese waggons, which were made so

* By this *rupture* is meant the reformation.

† The ridiculous multiplying of the virgin Mary's *milk* amongst the Papists, under the allegory of a *cow*, which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thousand churches. *W. Wotton.*

‡ By this *sign-post* is meant the *cross* of our blessed Saviour ;—and if all the wood that is shewn for parts of it, was collected, the quantity would sufficiently justify this sarcasm. *Hawkes.*

light as to sail over mountains: Z——ds, said Peter, *where's the wonder of that? By G——, I saw a large house of lime and stone travel over sea and land, granting that it stopped sometimes to bait, above two thousand German leagues**. And that which was the good of it, he would swear desperately all the while, that he never told a lye in his life; and at every word, *By G——, Gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the truth; and the d——l broil them eternally that will not believe me.*

In short, Peter grew so scandalous, that all the neighbourhood began in plain words to say, he was no better than a knave. And his two brothers, long weary of his ill usage, resolved at last to leave him; but first they humbly desired a copy of their father's *will*, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. Instead of granting this request, he called them *darned sons of whores, rogues, traitors*, and the rest of the vile names he could muster up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngsters watched their opportunity, made a shift to come at the *will*, and took a *copia vera*†; by which they presently saw how grossly they had been abused; their father having left them equal heirs, and strictly commanded, that whatever they got should lie in common among them all. Pursuant to which, their next enterprise was, to break open the cellar-door, and get a little good *drink* to spirit and comfort their hearts‡. In copying the *will*, they had met another precept against whoring, divorce, and separate maintenance: upon which their next work was, to discard their concubines, and send for their wives§. Whilst all this was in agitation,

* The chapel of Loretto. He falls here only upon the ridiculous inventions of Popery. The church of Rome intended by these things to gull silly, superstitious people, and rook them of their money. The world had been too long in slavery; but our ancestors gloriously redeemed us from that yoke. The church of Rome therefore ought to be exposed; and he deserves well of mankind that does expose it.
W. Wotton.

Ibid. The chapel of Loretto, which travelled from the Holy Land to Italy.

† Translated the scriptures into the vulgar tongues.

‡ Administered the cup to the laity at the communion.

§ Allowed the marriages of priests.

there

there enters a solicitor from Newgate, desiring Lord Peter would please to procure a *pardon* for a *thief* that was to be *hanged* to-morrow. But the two brothers told him, he was a coxcomb, to seek pardons from a fellow who deserved to be hanged much better than his client; and discovered all the method of that imposture, in the same form I delivered it a while ago; advising the solicitor to put his friend upon obtaining a *pardon from the king* *. In the midst all this clutter and revolution, in comes Peter with a file of dragoons at his heels †; and gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after several millions of scurrilities and curses, not very important here to repeat, by main force very fairly kicks them both out of doors ‡, and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.

S E C T. V.

A digression in the modern kind.

WE, whom the world is pleased to honour with the title of *modern authors*, should never have been able to compass our great design of an everlasting remembrance, and never-dying fame, if our endeavours had not been so highly serviceable to the general good of mankind. This, O *Universe*, is the adventurous attempt of me thy secretary;

— *Quemvis perferre laborem
Suadet, et inducit noctes vigilare serenas.*

To this end, I have some time since, with a world of pains and art, dissected the carcase of *human nature*, and read many useful lectures upon the several parts, both *containing* and *contained*; till at last it *smelt* so

* Directed penitents not to trust to pardons and absolutions procured for money; but sent them to implore the mercy of God, from whence alone remission is to be obtained.

† By Peter's dragoons is meant the civil power, which those princes who were bigotted to the Romish superstition, employed against the reformers.

‡ The Pope shuts all who dissent from him out of the church.

strong,

strong, I could preserve it no longer. Upon which, I have been at a great expence to sic up all the bones with exact cõtexture, and in due symmetry; so that I am ready to shew a very complete anatomy thereof to all curious *gentlemen and others*. But, not to digress farther in the midst of a digression, as I have known some authors inclose digressions in one another, like a nest of boxes; I do affirm, that having carefully cut up *human nature*, I have found a very strange, new, and important discovery; that the public good of mankind is performed by two ways, *instruction* and *diversion*. And I have farther proved in my said several readings, (which perhaps the world may one day see, if I can prevail on any friend to steal a copy, or on any certain gentleman of my admirers, to be very importunate), that, as mankind is now disposed, he receives much greater advantage by being *diverted* than *instructed*; his epidemical diseases being *fastidiousity*, *amorphy*, and *oscitation*; whereas, in the present universal empire of wit and learning, there seems but little matter left for *instruction*. However, in compliance with a lesson of great age and authority, I have attempted carrying the point in all its heights; and accordingly, throughout this divine treatise, have skilfully kneaded up both together, with a *layer* of *utile*, and a *layer* of *dulce*.

When I consider how exceedingly our illustrious *moderns* have eclipsed the weak glimmering lights of the *ancients*, and turned them out of the road of all fashionable commerce, to a degree, that our choice town-wits, of most refined accomplishments, are in grave dispute, whether there have been ever any *ancients* or no^{*}; in which point we are like to receive wonderful satisfaction from the most useful labours and lucubrations of that worthy *modern*, Dr Bentley: I say, when I consider all this, I cannot but bewail, that no famous *modern* hath ever yet attempted an universal system, in a small portable volume, of all things that are to be known, or believed, or imagined, or practised in life. I am however

* The learned person here meant by our author, hath been endeavouring to annihilate so many ancient writers, that, until he is pleased to stop his hand, it will be dangerous to affirm, whether there have been any ancients in the world.

forced to acknowledge, that such an enterprize was thought on some time ago, by a great philosopher of O. Brazil *. The method he proposed, was by a certain curious receipt, a *nostrum*, which, after his untimely death, I found among his papers; and do here, out of my great affection to the *modern learned*, present them with it; not doubting, it may one day encourage some worthy undertaker.

You take fair correct copies, well bound in calfskin, and lettered at the back, of all modern bodies of arts and sciences whatsoever, and in what language you please. These you distil in balneo Mariæ, infusing quintessence of poppy q. s. together with three pints of lethe, to be had from the apothecaries. You cleanse away carefully the sordes and caput mortuum, letting all that is volatile evaporate. You preserve only the first running, which is again to be distilled seventeen times, till what remains will amount to about two drams. This you keep in a glass vial hermetically sealed, for one and twenty days; then you begin your catholic treatise, taking every morning fasting, first shaking the vial, three drops of this elixir, snuffing it strongly up your nose. It will dilate itself about the brain (where there is any) in fourteen minutes, and you immediately perceive in your head an infinite number of abstracts, summaries, compendiums, extracts, collections, medulla's, excerpta quædam's, florilegia's, and the like, all disposed into great order, and reducible upon paper.

I must needs own, it was by the assistance of this *arcanum*, that I, though otherwise *impar*, have adventured upon so daring an attempt; never atchieved or undertaken before, but by a certain author, called *Homer*; in whom, though otherwise a person not without some abilities, and for an *ancient* of a tolerable genius, I have discovered many gross errors, which are not to be forgiven his very ashes, if by chance any of them are left. For whereas we are assured, he designed his work for a complete body † of all knowledge, human, divine, po-

* This is an imaginary island, of kin to that which is called the *painters wives island*, placed in some unknown part of the ocean, merely at the fancy of the map-maker.

† *Homerus omnes res humanas poematis complexus est. Xenoph. in conviv.*

litical, and mechanic; it is manifest, he hath wholly neglected some, and been very imperfect in the rest. For, first of all, as eminent a *cabalist* as his disciples would represent him, his account of the *opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he seems to have read but very superficially either Sendivogus, Behmen, or Anthroposophia Theomagica *. He is also quite mistaken about the *sphæra pyroplastica*, a neglect not to be atoned for; and, if the reader will admit so severe a censure, *vix crederem autorem hunc unquam audivisse ignis vocem*. His failings are not less prominent in several parts of the *mechanics*. For, having read his writings with the utmost application usual among *modern wits*, I could never yet discover the least direction about the structure of that useful instrument, a *save-all*. For want of which, if the *moderns* had not lent their assistance, we might yet have wandered *in the dark*. But I have still behind, a fault far more notorious to tax this author with; I mean, his gross ignorance in the *common laws of this realm*, and in the doctrine, as well as discipline of the church of England †: A defect indeed, for which both he and all the ancients stand most justly censured by my worthy and ingenious friend, Mr Wotton, Bachelor of Divinity, in his incomparable treatise of *ancient and modern learning*; a book never to be sufficiently valued, whether we consider the happy turns and flowings of the author's wit, the great usefulness of his sublime discoveries upon the subject of *fies* and *spittle*, or the laborious eloquence of his style. And I cannot forbear doing that author the justice of my public acknowledgments, for the great *helps* and *liftings* I had out of his incomparable piece, while I was penning this treatise.

But, besides these omissions in Homer, already men-

* A treatise written about fifty years ago, by a Welsh gentleman of Cambridge. His name, as I remember, was *Vaughan*; as appears by the answer to it written by the learned Dr Henry Moor. It is a piece of the most unintelligible fustian, that perhaps was ever published in any language.

† Mr Wotton, (to whom our author never gives any quarter), in his comparison of ancient and modern learning, numbers divinity, law, &c. among those parts of knowledge wherein we excel the ancients,

tioned,

tioned, the curious reader will also observe several defects in that author's writings, for which he is not altogether so accountable. For whereas every branch of knowledge has received such wonderful acquirements since his age, especially within these last three years, or thereabouts; it is almost impossible, he could be so very perfect in modern discoveries, as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of the *compass*, of *gun-powder*, and the *circulation of the blood*. But I challenge any of his admirers, to shew me in all his writings a complete account of the *spleen*. Does he not also leave us wholly to seek in the art of *political waging*? What can be more defective and unsatisfactory than his long dissertation upon *tea*? And as to his method of *salivation without mercury*, so much celebrated of late, it is, to my own knowledge and experience, a thing very little to be relied on.

It was to supply such momentous defects, that I have been prevailed on, after long solicitation, to take pen in hand; and I dare venture to promise, the judicious reader shall find nothing neglected here, that can be of use upon any emergency of life. I am confident to have included and exhausted all that human imagination can rise or *fall* to. Particularly, I recommend to the perusal of the learned, certain discoveries that are wholly untouched by others; whereof I shall only mention, among a great many more, *My new help for smatterers; or, The art of being deep-learned, and shallow-read:—A curious invention about mouse-traps:—An universal rule of reason; or, Every man his own carver*; together with a most useful engine for *catching of owls*. All which the judicious reader will find largely treated on in the several parts of this discourse.

I hold myself obliged to give as much light as is possible, into the beauties and excellencies of what I am writing; because it is become the fashion and humour most applauded among the first authors of this polite and learned age, when they would correct the ill-nature of critical, or inform the ignorance of courteous readers. Besides, there have been several famous pieces lately published, both in verse and prose; wherein, if the writers had not been pleased, out of their great humanity

and affection to the public, to give us a nice detail of the *sublime* and the *admirable* they contain, it is a thousand to one, whether we should ever have discovered one grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny, that whatever I have said upon this occasion, had been more proper in a preface, and more agreeable to the mode, which usually directs it thither. But I here think fit to lay hold on that great and honourable privilege of being the *last writer*; I claim an absolute authority in right, as the *freshet modern*, which gives me a despotic power over all authors before me. In the strength of which title, I do utterly disapprove and declare against that pernicious custom, of making the preface a bill of fare to the book. For I have always looked upon it as a high point of indiscretion in *mon-sieur-mongers*, and other *retailers of strange sights*, to hang out a fair large picture over the door, drawn after the life, with a most eloquent description underneath. This hath saved me many a three-pence; for my curiosity was fully satisfied, and I never offered to go in, though often invited by the urging and attending orator, with his last *moving* and *standing* piece of rhetoric, *Sir, upon my word, we are just going to begin*. Such is exactly the fate, at this time, of *Prefaces, Epistles, Advertisements, Introductions, Prolegomena's, Apparatus's, To the readers*. This expedient was admirable at first. Our great Dryden has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible success. He hath often said to me in confidence, that the world would have never suspected him to be so great a poet, if he had not assured them so frequently in his prefaces, that it was impossible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be so: however, I much fear, his instructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiser in certain points, where he never intended they should: for it is lamentable to behold, with what a lazy scorn many of the yawning readers of our age do now-a-days twirl over forty or fifty pages of *preface* and *dedication*, (which is the usual *modern stint*), as if it were so much *Latin*. Though it must be also allowed, on the other hand, that a very considerable number is known to proceed *critics* and *wits*, by reading nothing else. Into which

which two factions, I think, all present readers may justly be divided. Now, for myself, I profess to be of the former sort: and therefore having the *modern* inclination to expatiate upon the beauty of my own productions, and display the bright parts of my discourse, I thought best to do it in the body of the work; where, as it now lies, it makes a very considerable addition to the bulk of the volume; *a circumstance by no means to be neglected by a skilful writer.*

Having thus paid my due deference and acknowledgment to an established custom of our newest authors, by *a long digression unsought for*, and *an universal censure unprovoked*; by forcing into the light, with much pains and dexterity, my own excellencies, and other mens defaults, with great justice to myself, and candour to them; I now happily resume my subject, to the infinite satisfaction both of the reader and the author.

S E C T. VI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

WE left Lord Peter in open rupture with his two brethren; both for ever discarded from his house, and resigned to the wide world, with little or nothing to trust to. Which are circumstances that render them proper subjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on; scenes of misery ever affording the fairest harvest for great adventures. And in this the world may perceive the difference between the integrity of a generous author, and that of a common friend. The latter is observed to adhere close in prosperity, but, on the decline of fortune, to drop suddenly off: whereas the generous author, just on the contrary, finds his hero on the dunghil, from thence by gradual steps raises him to a throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not so much as thanks for his pains. In imitation of which example, I have placed Lord Peter in a noble house, given him a title to wear, and money to spend. There I shall leave him for some time; returning where common charity directs me, to the

assistance of his two brothers at their lowest ebb. However, I shall by no means forget my character of an historian, to follow the truth step by step, whatever happens, or where-ever it may lead me.

The two exiles, so nearly united in fortune and interest, took a lodging together; where, at their first leisure, they began to reflect on the numberless misfortunes and vexations of their life past; and could not tell, on the sudden, to what failure in their conduct they ought to impute them; when, after some recollection, they called to mind the copy of their father's *will*, which they had so happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm resolution taken between them, to alter whatever was already amiss, and reduce all their future measures to the strictest obedience prescribed therein. The main body of the *will* (as the reader cannot easily have forgot) consisted in certain admirable rules about the wearing of their coats: in the perusal whereof, the two brothers at every period duly comparing the doctrine with the practice, there was never seen a wider difference between two things; horrible, downright transgressions of every point. Upon which they both resolved, without further delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the whole exactly after their father's model.

But here it is good to stop the hasty reader, ever impatient to see the end of an adventure, before we writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record, that these two brothers began to be distinguished at this time by certain names. One of them desired to be called MARTIN*, and the other took the appellation of JACK†. These two had lived in much friendship and agreement, under the tyranny of their brother Peter; as it is the talent of fellow-sufferers to do; men in misfortune being like men in the dark, to whom all colours are the same. But when they came forward into the world, and began to display themselves to each other, and to the light, their complexions appeared extremely different; which the pre-

* Martin Luther.

† John Calvin.

sent posture of their affairs gave them sudden opportunity to discover.

But here the severe reader may justly tax me as a writer of short memory; a deficiency to which a true *modern* cannot but, of necessity, be a little subject: because *memory* being an employment of the mind upon things past, is a faculty, for which the learned in our illustrious age have no manner of occasion, who deal entirely with *invention*, and strike all things out of themselves, or at least by collision from each other: upon which account we think it highly reasonable to produce our great forgetfulness, as an argument unanswerable for our great wit. I ought, in method, to have informed the reader about fifty pages ago, of a fancy Lord Peter took, and infused into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in fashion; never pulling off any as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together; which amounted in time to a medley, the most antic you can possibly conceive; and this to a degree, that, upon the time of their falling out, there was hardly a thread of the original coat to be seen; but an infinite quantity of *lace*, and *ribbands*, and *fringe*, and *embroidery*, and *points*; (I mean only those *tagged with silver**, for the rest fell off). Now, this material circumstance having been forgot in due place; as good fortune hath ordered, comes in very properly here, when the two brothers are just going to reform their vestures into the primitive state, prescribed by their father's *will*.

They both unanimously entered upon this great work, looking sometimes on their coats, and sometimes on the will. Martin laid the first hand; at one twitch brought off a large handful of *points*; and, with a second pull, stripped away ten dozen yards of *fringe*. But when he had gone thus far, he demurred a while. He knew very well, there yet remained a great deal more to be done. However, the first heat being over, his violence began to cool, and he resolved

* Points tagged with silver, are those doctrines that promote the greatness and wealth of the church, which have been therefore woven deepest in the body of Popery.

to proceed more moderately in the rest of the work; having already narrowly escaped a swinging rent in pulling off the *points*, which, being *tagged with silver*, (as we have observed before), the judicious workman had with much sagacity double sown, to preserve them from *falling*. Resolving therefore to rid his coat of a huge quantity of *gold lace*, he picked up the stitches with much caution, and diligently gleaned out all the loose threads as he went; which proved to be a work of time. Then he fell about the embroidered Indian figures of men, women, and children; against which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's testament was extremely exact and severe: these, with much dexterity and application, were, after a while, quite eradicated, or utterly defaced. For the rest, where he observed the embroidery to be worked so close, as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or where it served to hide or strengthen any flaw in the body of the coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it; he concluded, the wisest course was, to let it remain; resolving in no case whatsoever, that the substance of the stuff should suffer injury; which he thought the best method for serving the true intent and meaning of his father's *will*. And this is the nearest account I have been able to collect of Martin's proceedings upon this great revolution*.

But his brother Jack †, whose adventures will be so extraordinary,

* The criticisms of the Martinists (whom we may suppose the members of the church of England) were, it is to be hoped, more candid than those contained in the following note: for Martin is treated with a much less degree of sarcasm than the other two brothers. — The church of England can scarce be angry at such a favourable account of Luther; especially as we have since reformed from Luther himself, and, so far as our judgments can teach us, have restored our habits still nearer to the original fashion, which they bore at the perfection of the testament. *Orrery*.

† In the character of *Jack* a set of people were alarmed, who are easily offended, and who can scarce bear the cheerfulness of a smile. In their dictionary, wit is only another name for wickedness; and the purer or more excellent the wit the greater and more impious the abomination. However wide therefore, the difference of Peter and Jack might have been in following their coats, the two brothers most sincerely agreed in their hatred of an adversary so powerful as this

extraordinary, as to furnish a great part in the remainder of this discourse, entered upon the matter with other thoughts, and a quite different spirit. For the memory of Lord Peter's injuries produced a degree of hatred and spite, which had a much greater share of inciting him, than any regards after his father's commands; since these appeared at best only secondary and subservient to the other. However, for this medley of humour he made a shift to find a very plausible name, honouring it with the title of *zeal*; which is perhaps the most significant word that hath been ever yet produced in any language; as, I think, I have fully proved in my excellent *analytical* discourse upon that subject; wherein I have deduced a *histori-theo-physi-logical* account of *zeal*, shewing how it first proceeded from a *notion* into a *word*, and from thence, in a hot summer, ripened into a *tangible substance*. This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I design very shortly to publish by the *modern* way of *subscription*; not doubting but the nobility and gentry of the land will give me all possible encouragement, having had already such a taste of what I am able to perform.

I record therefore, that brother Jack, brimfull of this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon Peter's tyranny, and farther provoked by the despondency of Martin, prefaced his resolutions to this purpose. *What, said he, a rogue that locked up his drink, turned away our wives, cheated us of our fortunes, palmed his damned crusts upon us for mutton, and at last kicked us out of doors; must we be in his fashions, with a pox! a rascal, besides, that all the street cries out against.* Having thus kindled and inflamed himself as high as possible,

this anonymous author. They spared no unmannerly reflections upon his character. They had recourse to every kind of abuse that could reach him. And sometimes it was the work of Swift and his companions: sometimes not a syllable of it was his work; it was the work of one of his uncle's sons, a clergyman: and sometimes it was the work of a person, who was to be nameless. Each of these malicious conjectures reigned in its turn: and it will be found, that bold assertions, however false, almost constantly meet with success; a kind of triumph that would appear one of the severest institutes of fate, if time and truth did not soon obliterate all marks of the victory.

Orrery.

and

and by consequence in a delicate temper for beginning a reformation, he set about the work immediately, and in three minutes made more dispatch than Martin had done in as many hours. For, courteous reader, you are given to understand, that *zeal* is never so highly obliged, as when you set it a *tearing*; and Jack, who doted on that quality in himself, allowed it at this time its full swing. Thus it happened, that stripping down a parcel of *gold lace* a little too hastily, he rent the *main body* of his *coat* from top to bottom; and whereas his talent was not of the happiest in *taking up a stitch*, he knew no better way, than to darn it again with *packbread* and a *skewer*. But the matter was yet infinitely worse (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the *embroidery*: for, being clumsy by nature, and of temper impatient; withal, beholding millions of stitches that required the nicest hand, and sedatest constitution, to extricate; in a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and flung it into the kennel, and furiously thus continued his career: *Ab, good brother Martin, said he, do as I do, for the love of God; strip, tear, pull, rend, flay off all, that we may appear as unlike the rogue Peter as it is possible. I would not, for an hundred pounds, carry the least mark about me, that might give occasion to the neighbours, of suspecting that I was related to such a rascal.* But Martin, who at this time happened to be extremely flegmatic and sedate, begged his brother, of all love, not to damage his coat by any means; for he never would get such another: desired him to consider, that it was not their business to form their actions by any reflection upon Peter, but by observing the rules prescribed in their father's will: that he should remember, Peter was still their brother, whatever faults or injuries he had committed; and therefore they should by all means avoid such a thought, as that of taking measures for good and evil, from no other rule than of opposition to him: that it was true, the testament of their good father was very exact in what related to the wearing of their coats; yet was it no less penal and strict in prescribing agreement, and friendship, and affection between them; and therefore, if straining a point were at all dispensable, it would certainly be so, rather to the advance of unity, than increase of contradiction.

Martin

Martin had still proceeded as gravely as he began ; and doubtless would have delivered an admirable lecture of morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my reader's *repose*, both of *body and mind*, the true ultimate end of *ethics* ; but Jack was already gone a flight-shot beyond his patience. And as, in scholastic disputes, nothing serves to rouse the spleen of him that *opposes*, so much as a kind of pedantic affected calmness in the *respondent* ; disputants being for the most part like unequal scales, where the *gravity* of one side advances the *lightness* of the other, and causes it to fly up, and kick the beam : so it happened here, that the *weight* of Martin's arguments exalted Jack's *levity*, and made him fly out and spurn against his brother's moderation. In short, Martin's *patience* put Jack in a *rage*. But that which most afflicted him, was, to observe his brother's coat so well reduced into the state of innocence ; while his own was either wholly rent to his shirt ; or those places which had escaped his cruel clutches, were still in Peter's livery : so that he looked like a drunken *beau*, half ruffled by *bullies* ; or like a fresh tenant of Newgate, when he has refused the payment of *garnish* ; or like a discovered *shop-lifter*, left to the mercy of *Exchange women* * ; or like a *bawd* in her old velvet petticoat, resigned into the secular hands of the *mobile*. Like any, or like all of these, a medley of *rags* and *lace*, and *rents* and *fringes*, unfortunate Jack did now appear. He would have been extremely glad to see his coat in the condition of Martin's, but infinitely gladder to find that of Martin in the same predicament with his. However, since neither of these was likely to come to pass, he thought fit to lend the whole business another turn, and to dress up necessity into a virtue. Therefore, after as

* The galleries over the piazzas in the Royal Exchange were formerly filled with shops, kept chiefly by women. The same use was made of a building called the *New Exchange* in the Strand. This edifice has been pulled down ; the shopkeepers have removed from the Royal Exchange into Cornhill, and the adjacent streets ; and there are now no remains of *Exchange women*, but in Exeter 'change, and they are no longer deemed the first ministers of fashion. *Hawkes*.

many of the *fox's* arguments * as he could muster up, for bringing Martin to *reason*, as he called it, or, as he meant it, into his own ragged, bobtailed condition; and observing he said all to little purpose; what, alas! was left for the forlorn Jack to do, but, after a million of scurrilities against his brother, to run mad with spleen, and spite, and contradiction? To be short, here began a mortal breach between these two. Jack went immediately to *new lodgings*, and in a few days it was for certain reported, that he had run out of his wits. In a short time after, he appeared abroad, and confirmed the report by falling into the oddest whimsies that ever a sick brain conceived.

And now the little boys in the streets began to salute him with several names. Sometimes they would call him *Jack the Bald* †; sometimes, *Jack with a lantern* ‡; sometimes, *Dutch Jack* §; sometimes, *French Hugh* **; sometimes, *Tom the Beggar* ††; and sometimes, *Knocking Jack of the North* ‡‡. And it was under one, or some, or all of these appellations, which I leave the learned reader to determine, that he hath given rise to the most illustrious and epidemic sect of *Æolists*, who, with honourable commemoration, do still acknowledge the renowned JACK for their author and founder. Of whose original, as well as principles, I am now advancing to gratify the world with a very particular account;

———*Melleo contingens cuncta lepore.*

* The fox in the fable, who having been caught in a trap, and lost his tail, used many arguments to persuade the rest to cut off theirs; that the singularity of his deformity might not expose him to derision. *Hawkes.*

† That is, Calvin, from *calvus*, bald.

‡ All those who pretend to inward light.

§ Jack of Leyden, who gave rise to the Anabaptists.

** The Hugonots.

†† The Gueuses, by which name some Protestants in Flanders were called.

‡‡ John Knox, the reformer of Scotland.

S E C T. VII.

A digression in praise of digressions.

I Have sometimes *heard* of an *Iliad* in a *nut-shell*; but it hath been my fortune to have much oftener *seen* a *nut-shell* in an *Iliad*. There is no doubt that human life has received most wonderful advantages from both; but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted, I shall leave among the curious, as a problem worthy of their utmost inquiry. For the invention of the latter, I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged to the great *modern* improvement of *digressions*: the late refinements in knowledge running parallel to those of diet in our nation, which, among men of a judicious taste, are dressed up in various compounds, consisting in *soups* and *olio's*, *fricassées* and *ragoufts*.

It is true, there is a sort of morose, detracting, ill-bred people, who pretend utterly to disrelish these polite innovations. And as to the similitude from diet, they allow the parallel; but are so bold to pronounce the example itself, a corruption and degeneracy of taste. They tell us, that the fashion of jumbling fifty things together in a dish, was at first introduced in compliance to a depraved and *debauched appetite*, as well as to a *crazy constitution*: and to see a man hunting through an *olio* after the *head* and *brains* of a *goose*, a *widgeon*, or a *woodcock*, is a sign he wants a stomach and digestion for more substantial victuals. Farther, they affirm, that *digressions* in a book are like *foreign troops* in a *state*, which argue the nation to want a *heart* and *bands* of its own; and often either *subdue* the *natives*, or drive them into the most *unfruitful corners*.

But, after all that can be objected by these supercilious censors, it is manifest, the society of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable number, if men were put upon making books, with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. It is acknowledged, that were the case the same among us, as with the Greeks and Romans, when learning was in its *cradle*, to be reared, and fed, and clothed

thed by *invention*; it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions, without farther expatiating from the subject, than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the main design. But with *knowledge* it has fared as with a numerous army, incamped in a fruitful country; which for a few days maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on; till, provisions being spent, they are sent to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies, it matters not. Mean while, the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no sustenance but clouds of dust.

The whole course of things being thus entirely changed between *us* and the *ancients*, and the *moderns* wisely sensible of it; we of this age have discovered a shorter, and more prudent method, to become *scholars* and *wits*, without the fatigue of *reading* or of *thinking*. The most accomplished way of using books at present, is twofold: either, first, to serve them as some men do *lords*, learn their *titles* exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance; or, secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the *index*, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like *fishes* by the *tail*. For to enter the palace of learning at the *great gate*, requires an expence of time and forms; therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the *back-door*. For the arts are all in a *flying* march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the *rear*. Thus physicians discover the state of the whole body, by consulting only what comes from *behind*. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their *wit* on the *posteriors* of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging *salt* upon their *tails*. Thus human life is best understood by the wise man's rule of *regarding the end*. Thus are the sciences found, like Hercules's oxen, by *tracing them backwards*. Thus are *old sciences* unravelled like *old stockings*, by beginning at the *foot*.

Besides all this, the army of the sciences hath been of late, with a world of martial discipline, drawn into its *close order*, so that a view, or a muster may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great blessing
we

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we are wholly indebted to *systems* and *abstracts*, in which the *modern* fathers of learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease of us their children. For *labour* is the seed of *idleness*, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age to gather the *fruit*.

Now, the method of growing wise, learned, and *sublime*, having become so regular an affair, and so established in all its forms; the number of writers must needs have increased accordingly, and to a pitch that has made it of absolute necessity for them to interfere continually with each other. Besides, it is reckoned, that there is not at this present a sufficient quantity of new matter left in nature, to furnish and adorn any one particular subject to the extent of a volume. This I am told by a very skilful *computer*, who hath given a full demonstration of it from rules of *arithmetic*.

This perhaps may be objected against by those who maintain the infinity of matter, and therefore will not allow that any *species* of it can be exhausted. For answer to which, let us examine the noblest branch of *modern* wit or invention, planted and cultivated by the present age, and which of all others hath born the most, and the fairest fruit. For though some remains of it were left us by the *ancients*, yet have not any of those, as I remember, been translated, or compiled into systems for *modern* use. Therefore we may affirm, to our own honour, that it hath, in some sort, been both invented, and brought to a perfection by the same hands. What I mean, is that highly-celebrated talent among the *modern* wits, of deducing similitudes, allusions, and applications, very surprising, agreeable, and apposite, from the *puḍenda* of either sex, together with *their proper uses*. And truly, having observed how little invention bears any vogue, besides what is derived into these *channels*, I have sometimes had a thought, that the happy genius of our age and country was prophetically held forth by that ancient typical description of the Indian pygmies; *whose stature did not exceed above two foot; sed quorum pudenda crassa, et ad tales usque pertingentia* *. Now, I have been very curious to inspect the late productions,

* *Clesie fragm. apud Photium.*

wherein the beauties of this kind have most prominently appeared. And although this *vein* hath bled so freely, and all endeavours have been used in the power of human breath to dilate, extend, and keep it open; like the Scythians, *who had a custom, and an instrument, to blow up the privities of their mares, that they might yield the more milk**: yet I am under an apprehension, it is near growing dry, and past all recovery; and that either some new *fonte* of wit should, if possible, be provided, or else that we must e'en be content with repetition here, as well as upon all other occasions.

This will stand as an incontestable argument, that our *modern* wits are not to reckon upon the infinity of matter, for a constant supply. What remains therefore, but that our last recourse must be had to large *indexes*, and little *compendiums*? *Quotations* must be plentifully gathered, and booked in alphabet. To this end, though authors need be little consulted, yet *critics*, and *commentators*, and *lexicons*, carefully must. But above all, those judicious collectors of *bright parts*, and *flowers*, and *observanda's*, are to be nicely dwelt on, by some called the *sieves* and *boulters* of learning; though it is left undetermined, whether they dealt in *pearls* or meal; and consequently, whether we are more to value that which *passed through*, or what *slaid behind*.

By these methods, in a few weeks, there starts up many a writer, capable of managing the profoundest, and most universal subjects. For what though his *head* be empty, provided his *common-place book* be full? And if you will bate him but the circumstances of *method*, and *style*, and *grammar*, and *invention*; allow him but the common privileges of transcribing from others, and digressing from himself, as often as he shall see occasion; he will desire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatise, that shall make a very comely figure on a book-seller's shelf, there to be preserved neat and clean for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title fairly inscribed on a label; never to be thumb'd or greas'd by students, nor bound to everlasting chains of darkness in a library; but when the fulness of time is

* Herodot. l. 4.

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come, shall happily undergo the trial of purgatory, in order to *ascend the sky*.

Without these allowances, how is it possible we *modern* wits should ever have an opportunity to introduce our collections, listed under so many thousand heads of a different nature? for want of which, the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight, as well as instruction, and we ourselves buried beyond redress in an inglorious and undistinguished oblivion.

From such elements as these, I am alive to behold the day, wherein the corporation of authors can outvie all its brethren in the *guild*: A happiness derived to us with a great many others, from our Scythian ancestors; among whom the number of *pens* was so infinite, that the Grecian eloquence had no other way of expressing it, than by saying, *that in the regions far to the north, it was hardly possible for a man to travel, the very air was so replete with feathers* *.

The necessity of this digression will easily excuse the length; and I have chosen for it as proper a place as I could readily find. If the judicious reader can assign a fitter, I do here empower him to remove it into any other corner he pleases. And so I return with great alacrity to pursue a more important concern.

S E C T. VIII.

A TALE OF A TUB.

THE learned *Æolists* † maintain the original cause of all things to be *wind*, from which principle this whole universe was at first produced, and into which it must at last be resolved; that the same breath which had kindled, and blew *up* the flame of nature, should one day blow it *out*.

Quod præcū a nobis flebat fortuna gubernans.

This is what the *adepti* understand by their *anima*

* Herodot. l. 4.

† All pretenders to inspiration whatsoever.

mundi; that is to say, the *spirit*, or *breath*, or *wind* of the world. For examine the whole system by the particulars of nature, and you will find it not to be disputed. For whether you please to call the *forma informans* of man by the name of *spiritus*, *animus*, *afflatus*, or *anima*; what are all these but several appellations for *wind*? which is the ruling *element* in every compound, and into which they all resolve upon their corruption. Farther, what is life itself, but, as it is commonly called, the *breath* of our nostrils? Whence it is very justly observed by naturalists, that *wind* still continues of great emolument in *certain mysteries* not to be named, giving occasion for those happy epithets of *turgidus*, and *inflatus*, applied either to the *emittent*, or *recipient* organs.

By what I have gathered out of ancient records, I find the *compass* of their doctrine took in two and thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their most important precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted; among which the following maxim was of much weight, 'That since *wind* had the master-share, as well as operation in every compound, by consequence, these beings must be of chief excellence, wherein that *primordium* appears most prominently to abound; and therefore *man* is in highest perfection of all created things, as having, by the great bounty of philosophers, been endued with three distinct *anima's* or *winds*, to which the sage *Æolus*, with much liberality, have added a fourth; of equal necessity, as well as ornament, with the other three; by this *quartum principium*, taking in our four corners of the world; which gave occasion to that renowned *calabiss*, Bumbastus*, of placing the body of man in due position to the four *cardinal* points.

In consequence of this, their next principle was, That *man* brings with him into the world a peculiar portion or grain of *wind*, which may be called a *quinta essentia*, extracted from the other four. This *quintessence* is of a catholic use upon all emergencies of life, is improvable into all arts and sciences, and may be wonderfully reli-

* This is one of the names of Paracelsus. He was called *Christophorus Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus*.

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ned, as well as enlarged, by certain methods in education. This, when *blown* up to its perfection, ought not to be covetously hoarded up, stifled, or hid under a bushel, but freely communicated to mankind. Upon these reasons, and others of equal weight, the wise Æolists affirm the gift of BELCHING to be the noblest act of a rational creature. To cultivate which art, and render it more serviceable to mankind, they made use of several methods. At certain seasons of the year, you might behold the priests among them in vast numbers, with their *mouths gaping wide enough against a storm* *. At other times were to be seen several hundreds linked together in a circular chain, with every man a pair of bellows applied to his neighbour's breech, by which they blew up each other to the shape and size of a *tun*; and for that reason, with great propriety of speech, did usually call their bodies their *vessels*. When, by these and the like performances, they were grown sufficiently replete, they would immediately depart, and disembody, for the public good, a plentiful share of their acquirements into their disciples chaps. For we must here observe, that all learning was esteemed among them to be compounded from the same principle: Because, first, it is generally affirmed, or confessed, that learning *puffeth men up*: and, secondly, they proved it by the following syllogism: *Words are but wind; and learning is nothing but words; ergo, learning is nothing but wind*. For this reason, the philosophers among them did, in their schools, deliver to their pupils, all their doctrines and opinions by *eruciation*, wherein they had acquired a wonderful eloquence, and of incredible variety. But the great characteristic by which their chief sages were best distinguished, was a certain position of countenance, which gave undoubted intelligence to what degree or proportion the spirit agitated the inward mals. For, after certain gripings, the *wind* and vapours issuing forth; having first, by their turbulence and convulsions within, caused an earthquake in man's little world; distorted the mouth, bloated the cheeks, and gave the eyes a

* This is meant of those seditious preachers, who blow up the seeds of rebellion, &c.

terrible kind of *relievo*. At which junctures, all their *belches* were received for sacred, the sower the better, and swallowed with infinite consolation by their meagre devotees. And to render these yet more complete ; because the breath of man's life is in his nostrils, therefore the choicest, most edifying, and most enlivening *belches* were very wisely conveyed through that vehicle, to give them a tincture as they passed.

Their gods were the four *winds*, whom they worshipped, as the spirits that pervade and enliven the universe, and as those from whom alone all *inspiration* can properly be said to proceed. However, the chief of these, to whom they performed the adoration of *latria**, was the *almighty North* ; an ancient deity, whom the inhabitants of Megalopolis in Greece had likewise in the highest reverence : *Omnium deorum Boream maxime celebrant*†. This god, though endued with ubiquity, was yet supposed by the profounder Æolists to possess one peculiar habitation, or (to speak in form) a *cælum empyræum*, wherein he was more intimately present. This was situated in a certain region, well known to the ancient Greeks, by them called *Ætheria*, or, the *land of darkness*. And although many controversies have arisen upon that matter ; yet so much is undisputed, that, from a region of the *like denomination*, the most refined Æolists have borrowed their original ; from whence, in every age, the zealous among their priesthood have brought over their choicest *inspiration* ; fetching it with their own hands from the fountain-head, in certain *bladders*, and discharging it among the sectaries in all nations ; who did, and do, and ever will, daily gasp and pant after it.

Now, their mysteries and rites were performed in this manner. It is well known among the learned, that the virtuoso's of former ages had a contrivance for carrying and preserving *winds* in casks or barrels, which was of great assistance upon long sea-voyages ; and the loss of so useful an art at present is very much to be lamented, although, I know not how, with great negligence o-

* *Latria* is that worship which is paid only to the Supreme Deity. *Haretes*.

† *Pausan.* l. 2.

mitted by Pancirollus *. It was an invention ascribed to Æolus himself, from whom this sect is denominated; and who, in honour of their founder's memory, have to this day preserved great numbers of those *barrels*, whereof they fix one in each of their temples, first beating out the top. Into this *barrel*, upon solemn days, the priest enters; where, having before duly prepared himself by the methods already described, a secret funnel is also conveyed from his posteriors to the bottom of the barrel, which admits new supplies of inspiration from a *northern* chink or crany. Whereupon you behold him swell immediately to the shape and size of his *vessel*. In this posture he disembogues whole tempests upon his auditory, as the spirit from beneath gives him utterance; which, issuing *ex adytis et penetralibus*, is not performed without much pain and gripings. And the *wind* in breaking forth, deals with his face as it does with that of the sea; first *blackening*, then *wrinkling*, and at last *bursting it into a foam* †. It is in this guise the sacred Æolist delivers his oracular *belches* to his panting disciples; of whom some are greedily gaping after the sanctified breath; others are all the while hymning out the praises of the *winds*; and, gently wafted to and fro by their own humming, do thus represent the soft breezes of their deities appeased.

It is from this custom of the priests, that some authors maintain these Æolists to have been very ancient in the world; because the delivery of their mysteries, which I have just now mentioned, appears exactly the same with that of other ancient oracles, whose inspirations were owing to certain subterraneous *effluvioms* of *wind*, delivered with the same pain to the priest, and much about the *same* influence on the people. It is true indeed, that these were frequently managed and directed by *female* officers, whose organs were understood to be better disposed for the admission of those oracular *gusts*, as entering and passing up through a receptacle of great-

* An author who writ *De artibus perditis*, &c. of arts lost, and of arts invented.

† This is an exact description of the changes made in the face by enthusiastic preachers,

er capacity, and causing also a pruriency by the way, such as, with due management, hath been refined from carnal into a spiritual ecstacy. And, to strengthen this profound conjecture, it is farther insisted, that this custom of *female priests* * is kept up still in certain refined colleges of our *modern Æolists*, who are agreed to receive their inspiration, derived through the receptacle aforesaid, like their ancestors, the *Sibyls*.

And whereas the mind of man, when he gives the spur and bridle to his thoughts, doth never stop, but naturally fallies out into both extremes of high and low, of good and evil; his first flight of fancy commonly transports him to ideas of what is most perfect, finished, and exalted; till having soared out of his own reach and sight, not well perceiving how near the frontiers of height and depth border upon each other, with the same course and wing, he falls down plum into the lowest bottom of things; like one who travels the *east* into the *west*; or like a strait line drawn by its own length into a circle. Whether a tincture of malice in our natures makes us fond of furnishing every bright idea with its reverse; or whether reason, reflecting upon the sun of things, can, like the sun, serve only to enlighten one half of the globe, leaving the other half by necessity under shade and darkness; or whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is highest and best, becomes over-shoot, and spent, and weary, and suddenly falls, like a dead bird of paradise, to the ground; or whether, after all these *metaphysical* conjectures, I have not entirely missed the true reason; the proposition, however, which hath stood me in so much circumstance, is altogether true, That, as the most uncivilized parts of mankind have some way or other climbed up into the conception of a *god*, or supreme power, so they have seldom forgot to provide their fears with certain ghastly notions, which, instead of better, have served them pretty tolerably for a *devil*. And this proceeding seems to be natural enough: for it is with men, whose imaginations are lifted up very high, after the same rate as with those whose bodies are so; that as they are de-

* Quakers, who suffer their women to preach and pray.

lighted with the advantage of a nearer contemplation upwards, so they are equally terrified with the dismal prospect of the precipice below. Thus, in the choice of a *devil*, it hath been the usual method of mankind, to single out some being, either in act, or in vision, which was in most antipathy to the god they had framed. Thus also the sect of Æolists possessed themselves with a dread, and horror, and hatred of two malignant natures, betwixt whom and the deities they adored, perpetual enmity was established. The first of these was the *camelion**, sworn foe to *inspiration*, who, in scorn, devoured large influences of their god, without refunding the smallest blast by *eruclation*. The other was a huge terrible monster, called *Moulina vent*, who, with four strong arms, waged eternal battle with all their divinities, dextrously turning to avoid their blows, and repay them with interest.

Thus furnished, and set out with *gods*, as well as *devils*, was the renowned sect of Æolists; which makes at this day so illustrious a figure in the world, and whereof that polite nation of Laplanders are, beyond all doubt, a most authentic branch: of whom I therefore cannot, without injustice, here omit to make honourable mention; since they appear to be so closely allied in point of interest, as well as inclinations, with their brother Æolists among us, as not only to buy their *winds* by wholesale from the *same* merchants, but also to retail them after the *same* rate and method, and to customers much alike.

Now, whether the system here delivered was wholly compiled by Jack; or, as some writers believe, rather copied from the original at Delphos, with certain additions and emendations suited to the times and circumstances; I shall not absolutely determine. This I may affirm, that Jack gave it at least a new turn, and formed it into the same dress and model as it lies deduced by me.

I have long sought after this opportunity of doing justice to a society of men, for whom I have a peculiar

* I do not well understand what the author aims at here, any more than by the terrible monster mentioned in the following lines, called *Moulina à vent*, which is the French name for a windmill.

honour; and whose opinions, as well as practices, have been extremely misrepresented and traduced by the malice or ignorance of their adversaries. For I think it one of the greatest and best of human actions, to remove prejudices, and place things in their truest and fairest light; which I therefore boldly undertake, without any regards of my own, beside the conscience, the honour, and the thanks.

S E C T. IX.

A digression concerning the original, the use, and improvement of madness in a commonwealth.

NOR shall it any wise detract from the just reputation of this famous sect, that its rise and institution are owing to such an author as I have described Jack to be; a person whose intellectuals were overturned, and his brain shaken out of its natural position; which we commonly suppose to be a distemper, and call by the name of *madness*, or *phrenzy*. For, if we take a survey of the greatest actions that have been performed in the world under the influence of single men; which are, *the establishment of new empires by conquest; the advance and progress of new schemes in philosophy; and the contriving, as well as the propagating of new religions;* we shall find the authors of them all to have been persons, whose natural reason had admitted great revolutions from their diet, their education, the prevalency of some certain temper, together with the particular influence of air and climate. Besides, there is something individual in human minds, that easily kindles at the accidental approach and collision of certain circumstances, which, though of paultry and mean appearance, do often flame out into the greatest emergencies of life. For great turns are not always given by strong hands, but by lucky adaption, and at proper seasons. And it is of no import, where the fire was kindled, if the vapour has once got up into the brain. For the *upper region* of man is furnished like the *middle region* of the air; the materials are formed from causes of the widest difference,

ence, yet produce at last the same substance and effect. Mists arise from the earth, steams from dunghills, exhalations from the sea, and smoke from fire; yet all clouds are the same in composition, as well as consequences; and the fumes issuing from a jakes will furnish as comely and useful a vapour, as incense from an altar. Thus far, I suppose, will easily be granted me; and then it will follow, that as the face of nature never produces rain, but when it is overcast and disturbed; so human understanding, seated in the brain, must be troubled and overspread by vapours, ascending from the lower faculties to water the invention, and render it fruitful. Now, although these vapours (as it hath been already said) are of as various original, as those of the skies; yet the crops they produce, differ both in kind and degree, merely according to the soil. I will produce two instances to prove and explain what I am now advancing.

A certain great prince raised a mighty army, filled his coffers with infinite treasures, provided an invincible fleet; and all this, without giving the least part of his design to his greatest ministers, or his nearest favourites *. Immediately the whole world was alarmed; the neighbouring crowns in trembling expectations, towards what point the storm would burst; the small politicians every where forming profound conjectures. Some believed, he had laid a scheme for universal monarchy; others, after much insight, determined the matter to be a project for pulling down the *Pope*, and setting up the *Reformed* religion, which had once been his own. Some again, of a deeper sagacity, sent him into Asia, to subdue the Turk, and recover Palestine. In the midst of all these projects and preparations, a certain *state-surgeon* †, gathering the nature of the disease by these symptoms, attempted the cure; at one blow performed the operation, broke the bag, and out flew the *vapour*. Nor did any thing want to render it a complete remedy, only that the prince unfortunately happened to die in the performance. Now, is the reader exceeding curious to learn, from whence this *vapour* took its rise, which

* This was Harry the Great of France.

† Ravillac, who stabbed Henry the Great in his coach.

had so long set the nations at a gaze! what secret wheel, what hidden spring could put into motion so wonderful an engine? It was afterwards discovered, that the movement of this whole machine had been directed by an absent *female*, whose eyes had raised a protuberancy, and, before emission, she was removed into an enemy's country. What should an unhappy prince do in such ticklish circumstances as these? He tried in vain the poet's never-failing receipt of *corpora quæque*: for,

*Idque petit corpus mens, unde est saucia amore;
Unde feritur, eo tendit, gestitque coire.*

Lucr.

Having to no purpose used all peaceable endeavours, the collected part of the *semen*, raised and inflamed, became adust, converted to choler, turned head upon the spinal duct, and ascended to the brain. The very same principle that influences a *bully* to break the windows of a whore who has jilted him, naturally stirs up a great prince to raise mighty armies, and dream of nothing but sieges, battles, and victories.

—————*Cunus teterrimi belli*
Causa—————

The other instance is, what I have read somewhere in a very ancient author, of a mighty king*, who, for the space of above thirty years, amused himself to take and lose towns; beat armies, and be beaten; drive princes out of their dominions; fright children from their bread and butter; burn, lay waste, plunder, dragoon, massacre subject and stranger, friend and foe, male and female. It is recorded, that the philosophers of each country were in grave dispute upon causes natural, moral, and political, to find out where they should assign an original solution of this *phenomenon*. At last the *vapour* or *spirit* which animated the hero's brain, being in perpetual circulation, seized upon that region of the human body, so renowned for furnishing the *zibeta occidentalis*†, and gathering there into a tumour, left the
rest

* This is meant of the present French King, Lewis XIV.

† *Paracelsus*, who was so famous for chymistry, tried an experiment upon human excrement, to make a perfume of it; which
when

rest of the world for that time in peace. Of such mighty consequence it is, where those exhalations fix; and of so little, from whence they proceed. The same spirits, which, in their superior progress, would conquer a kingdom, descending upon the *anus*, conclude in a *fistula*.

Let us next examine the great introducers of new schemes in philosophy, and search till we can find from what faculty of the soul the disposition arises in mortal man, of taking it into his head to advance new systems, with such an eager zeal, in things agreed on all hands impossible to be known; from what seeds this disposition springs, and to what quality of human nature these grand innovators have been indebted for their number of disciples: because it is plain, that several of the chief among them, both *ancient* and *modern*, were usually mistaken by their adversaries, and indeed by all, except their own followers, to have been persons crazed, or out of their wits; having generally proceeded, in the common course of their words and actions, by a method very different from the vulgar dictates of *unrefined* reason; agreeing, for the most part, in their several models, with their present undoubted successors in the *academy* of *modern Bedlam*; (whose merits and principles I shall farther examine in due place). Of this kind were Epicurus; Diogenes, Apollonius, Lucretius, Paracelsus, Des Cartes, and others; who, if they were now in the world, tied fast, and separate from their followers, would, in this our undistinguishing age, incur manifest danger of *phlebotomy*, and *whips*, and *chains*, and *dark chambers*, and *straw*. For what man, in the natural state or course of thinking, did ever conceive it in his power to reduce the notions of all mankind exactly to the same length, and breadth, and height of his own? Yet this is the first humble and civil design of all innovators in the empire of reason. Epicurus modestly hoped, that, one time or other, a certain fortuitous concurrence of all mens opinions, after perpetual jostlings, the sharp with the smooth, the light and the heavy, the round and the

when he had brought to perfection, he called *zibeta occidentalis*, or *western civet*, the back parts of man (according to his division mentioned by the author, p. 100.) being the west.

square, would, by certain *clinamina*, unite in the notions of *atoms* and *void*, as these did in the originals of all things. Cartesius reckoned to see, before he died, the sentiments of all philosophers, like so many lesser stars in his *romantic* system, wrapped and drawn within his own *vortex*. Now, I would gladly be informed, how it is possible to account for such imaginations as these in particular men, without recourse to my *phenomenon* of *vapours*, ascending from the lower faculties to overshadow the brain, and there distilling into conceptions, for which the narrowness of our mother-tongue has not yet assigned any other name besides that of *madness*, or *phrenzy*. Let us therefore now conjecture, how it comes to pass, that none of these great prescribers do ever fail providing themselves and their notions with a number of implicit disciples. And, I think, the reason is easy to be assigned: for there is a peculiar *string* in the harmony of human understanding, which in several individuals is exactly of the same tuning. This if you can dextrously screw up to its right key, and then strike gently upon it; whenever you have the good fortune to light among those of the same pitch, they will, by a secret necessary sympathy, strike exactly at the same time. And in this one circumstance lies all the skill or luck of the matter: for if you chance to jar the string among those who are either above or below your own height; instead of subscribing to your doctrine, they will tie you fast, call you mad, and feed you with bread and water. It is therefore a point of the nicest conduct, to distinguish and adapt this noble talent with respect to the differences of persons and of times. Cicero understood this very well, when writing to a friend in England, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our *hackney-coachmen*, (who, it seems, in those days were as arrant rascals as they are now), has these remarkable words: *Est quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere* *. For, to speak a bold truth, it is a fatal miscarriage, so ill to order affairs, as to pass for a fool in one company, when in another you might be treated as a

* Epist. ad. Fam. Trebatio.

Sect. 9. *A digression concerning madness.* III

philosopher. Which I desire *some certain gentlemen of my acquaintance* to lay up in their hearts, as a very seasonable *innuendo*.

This, indeed, was the fatal mistake of that worthy gentleman, my most ingenious friend, Mr Wotton ; a person, in appearance, ordained for great designs, as well as performances. Whether you will consider his *notions* or his *looks*, surely no man ever advanced into the public with fitter qualifications of body and mind, for the propagation of a new religion. Oh, had those happy talents, misapplied to vain philosophy, been turned into their proper channels of *dreams* and *visions*, where *distortion* of mind and countenance are of such sovereign use ; the base detracting world would not then have dared to report, that something is amiss, that his brain hath undergone an unlucky shake ; which even his brethren *modernists* themselves, like ungrates, do whisper so loud, that it reaches up to the very garret I am now writing in.

Lastly, Whosoever pleases to look into the fountains or *enthusiasm*, from whence, in all ages, have eternally proceeded such fattening streams, will find the spring head to have been as *troubled* and *muddy* as the current. Of such great emolument is a tincture of this *vapour*, which the world calls *madness*, that, without its help, the world would not only be deprived of those two great blessings, *conquests* and *systems*, but even all mankind would unhappily be reduced to the same belief in things invisible. Now, the former *postulatum* being held, that it is of no import from what originals this *vapour* proceeds, but either in what *angles* it strikes, and spreads over the understanding, or upon what *species* of brain it ascends ; it will be a very delicate point, to cut the feather, and divide the several reasons to a nice and curious reader, how this numerical difference in the brain can produce effects of so vast a difference from the same *vapour*, as to be the sole point of individuation between *Alexander the Great*, *Jack of Leyden*, and *Monsieur Des Cartes*. The present argument is the most abstracted that ever I engaged in ; it strains my faculties to their highest stretch : and I desire the reader to attend with utmost perpen-sity ; for I now proceed to unravel this knotty point.

There is in mankind a certain † * * * *

*Hic multa
desiderantur.*

* * * * And this I take to be a clear solution
of the matter.

Having therefore so narrowly passed through this intricate difficulty, the reader will, I am sure, agree with me in the conclusion, that if the *moderns* mean by *madness* only a disturbance or transposition of the brain, by force of certain *vapours* issuing up from the lower faculties, then has this *madness* been the parent of all those mighty revolutions that have happened in *empire*, in *philosophy*, and in *religion*. For the brain, in its natural position and state of serenity, disposeth its owner to pass his life in the common forms, without any thoughts of subduing multitudes to his own *power*, his *reasons*, or his *visions*: and the more he shapes his understanding by the pattern of human learning, the less he is inclined to form parties after his particular notions; because that instructs him in his private infirmities, as well as in the stubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets *astride* on his reason; when imagination is at cuffs with the senses; and common understanding, as well as common sense, is kicked out of doors; the first proselyte he makes, is himself; and when that is once compassed, the difficulty is not so great in bringing over others; a strong delusion always operating from *without*, as vigorously as from *within*. For cant and vision are to the ear and the eye the same that tickling is to the touch. Those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life, are such as *dupe* and play the wag with the senses. For if we take an examination of what is generally understood by *happiness*, as it has respect either to the understanding or the senses, we shall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this short definition, That *it is a perpetual possession of be-*

† Here is another defect in the manuscript; but I think the author did wisely, and that the matter, which thus strained his faculties, was not worth a solution; and it were well if all metaphysical cobweb problems were no otherwise answered.

ing well deceived. And, first, with relation to the mind or understanding, it is manifest, what mighty advantages fiction has over truth: and the reason is just at our elbow; because imagination can build nobler scenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions, than fortune or nature will be at expence to furnish. Nor is mankind so much to blame in his choice thus determining him, if we consider that the debate merely lies between *things past*, and *things conceived*. And so the question is only this: Whether things that have place in the *imagination*, may not as properly be said to *exist*, as those that are seated in the *memory*? Which may be justly held in the affirmative: and very much to the advantage of the former; since this is acknowledged to be the *womb* of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the *grave*. Again, if we take this definition of happiness, and examine it with reference to the senses, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and insipid do all objects accost us that are not conveyed in the vehicle of *delusion*! How shrunk is every thing, as it appears in the glass of nature! So that if it were not for the assistance of artificial *mediums*, false lights, refracted angles, varnish and tinsel, there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were seriously considered by the world, as I have a certain reason to suspect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wisdom, the art of exposing weak sides, and publishing infirmities: An employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worse than that of *unmasking*; which, I think, has never been allowed fair usage, either in the *world*, or the *play-house*.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful possession of the mind, than curiosity, so far preferable is that wisdom which converses about the surface, to that pretended philosophy which enters into the depth of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and discoveries, that in the inside they are good for nothing. The two senses to which all objects first address themselves, are the sight and the touch. These never examine farther than the colour, the shape, the size, and whatever other qualities dwell, or are drawn

by art upon the outward of bodies; and then comes reason officiously with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate, that they are not of the same consistence quite through. Now, I take all this to be the last degree of perverting nature; one of whose eternal laws it is, to put her best furniture forward. And therefore, in order to save the charges of all such expensive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader, that in such conclusions as these, reason is certainly in the right; and that in most corporeal beings which have fallen under my cognisance, the *outside* hath been infinitely preferable to the *in*. Whereof I have been farther convinced from some late experiments. Last week I saw a woman *flayed*, and you will hardly believe how much it altered her person for the worse. Yesterday I ordered the carcase of a *beau* to be stripped in my presence; when we were all amazed to find so many unsuspected faults under one suit of cloaths. Then I laid open his *brain*, his *heart*, and his *spleen*. But I plainly perceived at every operation, that the farther we proceeded, we found the defects increase upon us in number and bulk. From all which I justly formed this conclusion to myself, That whatever philosopher or projector can find out an art to solder and patch up the flaws and imperfections of nature, will deserve much better of mankind, and teach us a more useful science, than that so much in present esteem, of widening and exposing them, like him who held *anatomy* to be the ultimate end of *physic*. And he whose fortunes and dispositions have placed him in a convenient station to enjoy the fruits of this noble art; he that can, with Epicurus, content his ideas with the *films* and *images*, that fly-off upon his senses from the *superficies* of things; such a man, truly wise, creams off nature, leaving the sour and the dregs for philosophy and reason to lap up. This is the sublime and refined point of felicity, called the *possession of being well deceived*; the serene peaceful state of being a fool among knaves.

But to return to *madness*: It is certain, that, according to the system I have above deduced, every *species* thereof proceeds from a redundancy of *vapours*; therefore,

fore, as some kinds of *phrenzy* give double strength to the sinews, so there are of other *species*, which add vigour, and life, and spirit to the brain. Now, it usually happens, that these active spirits, getting possession of the brain, resemble those that haunt other waste and empty dwellings, which, for want of business, either vanish, and carry away a piece of the house, or else stay at home, and sling it all out of the windows. By which are mystically displayed the two principal branches of *madness*; and which some philosophers, not considering so well as I, have mistaken to be different in their causes; over-hastily assigning the first to deficiency, and the other to redundancy.

I think it therefore manifest, from what I have here advanced, that the main point of skill and address is, to furnish employment for this redundancy of *vapour*, and prudently to adjust the season of it; by which means it may certainly become of cardinal and catholic emolument in a commonwealth. Thus one man, chusing a proper juncture, leaps into a gulf, from thence proceeds a hero, and is called the saviour of his country: another achieves the same enterprise; but, unluckily timing it, has left the brand of *madness* fixed as a reproach upon his memory. Upon so nice a distinction are we taught to repeat the name of *Curtius* with reverence and love; that of *Empedocles* with hatred and contempt. Thus also it is usually conceived, that the elder Brutus only personated the *fool* and *madman* for the good of the public. But this was nothing else than a redundancy of the same *vapour* long misapplied, called by the Latins, *ingenium par negotiis* *; or, to translate it as nearly as I can, a sort of *phrenzy*, never in its right element, till you take it up in the business of the state.

Upon all which, and many other reasons of equal weight, though not equally curious, I do here gladly embrace an opportunity I have long sought for, of recommending it as a very noble undertaking to Sir Edward Seymour, Sir Christopher Musgrave, Sir John Bowls, John How, Esq; and other patriots concerned, that they would move for leave to bring in a bill for

* Tacit.

appointing commissioners to inspect into Bedlam, and the parts adjacent ; who shall be impowered to *send for persons, papers, and records* ; to examine into the merits and qualifications of every student and professor ; to observe with utmost exactness their several dispositions and behaviour ; by which means, duly distinguishing and adapting their talents, they might produce admirable instruments for the several offices in a state, † * * * * *civil and military* ; proceeding in such methods as I shall here humbly propose. And I hope the gentle reader will give some allowance to my great solitudes in this important affair, upon account of the high esteem I have borne that honourable society, whereof I had some time the happiness to be an unworthy member.

Is any student tearing his straw in piece-meal, swearing and blaspheming, biting his grate, foaming at the mouth, and emptying his piss-pot in the spectators faces ? let the Right Worshipful the *Commissioners of Inspection* give him a regiment of dragoons, and send him into Flanders among the *rest*. Is another eternally talking, sputtering, gaping, bawling, in a sound without period or article ? what wonderful talents are here mislaid ! let him be furnished immediately with a green bag and papers, and *three pence* * in his pocket, and away with him to Westminster-hall. You will find a third gravely taking the dimensions of his kennel ; a person of foresight and insight, though kept quite in the dark ; for why, like Moses, *ecce cornuta erat ejus facies* ‡. He walks duly in one pace ; intreats your penny with due gravity and ceremony ; talks much of hard times, and taxes, and *the whore of Babylon* ; bars up the wooden window of his cell constantly at eight o'clock ; dreams of *fire*, and *shop-lifters*, and *court-customers*, and *privileged places*. Now, what a figure would all these acquirements amount to, if the owner were sent into the *city* among his brethren ! Behold a fourth, in much and deep con-

† Ecclesiastical. Hawkes.

* A lawyer's coach-hire, when four together, from any of the inns of court to Westminster.

‡ *Cornutus* is either horned or shining ; and by this term Moses is described in the vulgar Latin of the Bible.

versation with himself; biting his thumbs at proper junctures; his countenance checkered with business and design; sometimes walking very fast, with his eyes nailed to a paper that he holds in his hands; a great saver of time; somewhat thick of hearing; very short of sight, but more of memory; a man ever in haste, a great hatcher and breeder of business, and excellent at the famous art of *whispering nothing*; a huge idolater of monosyllables and procrastination; so ready to *give* his word to every body, that he never *keeps* it; one that has forgot the common *meaning* of words, but an admirable retainer of the *sound*; extremely subject to the *looseness*, for his *occasions* are perpetually *calling him away*. If you approach his grate in his familiar intervals, Sir, says he, *give me a penny, and I'll sing you a song; but give me the penny first*. (Hence comes the common saying, and commoner practice, of parting with money for a *song*). What a complete system of *court-skill* is here described in every branch of it, and all utterly lost with wrong application! Accost the hole of another kennel, (first stopping your nose), you will behold a surly, gloomy, nasty, slovenly mortal, raking in his own dung, and dabbling in his urine. The best part of his diet is the reversion of his own ordure; which, expiring into steams, whirls perpetually about, and at last re-infunds. His complexion is of a dirty yellow, with a thin scattered beard, exactly agreeable to that of his diet upon its first declination; like other insects, who having their birth and education in an excrement, from thence borrow their colour and their smell. The student of this apartment is very sparing of his words, but somewhat over-liberal of his breath; he holds his hand out ready to receive your penny, and immediately upon receipt, withdraws to his former occupations. Now, is it not amazing, to think, the society of Warwick-lane should have no more concern for the recovery of so useful a member, who, if one may judge from these appearances, would become the greatest ornament to that illustrious body? Another student struts up fiercely to your teeth, puffing with his lips, half squeezing out his eyes, and very graciously holds you out his hand to kiss. The *keeper* desires you
not.

not to be afraid of this professor, for he will do you no hurt. To him alone is allowed the liberty of the anti-chamber; and the *orator* of the place gives you to understand, that this solemn person is a *tailor*, run mad with pride. This considerable student is adorned with many other qualities, upon which at present I shall not farther enlarge.—*Hark in your ear* *—I am strangely mistaken, if all his address, his motions, and his airs, would not then be very natural, and in their proper element.

I shall not descend so minutely, as to insist upon the vast number of *beaux*, *fiddlers*, *poets*, and *politicians*, that the world might recover by such a reformation. But what is more material, besides the clear gain redounding to the commonwealth, by so large an acquisition of persons to employ, whose talents and acquirements, if I may be so bold to affirm it, are now buried, or at least misapplied; it would be a mighty advantage accruing to the public from this inquiry, that all these would very much excel, and arrive at great perfection in their several kinds; which, I think, is manifest from what I have already shewn, and shall inforce by this one plain instance, That even I myself, the author of these momentous truths, am a person, whose imaginations are hard-mouthed, and exceedingly disposed to run away with his *reason*, which I have observed, from long experience, to be a very light rider, and easily shaken off: upon which account, my friends will never trust me alone, without a solemn promise to vent my speculations in this or the like manner, for the universal benefit of human kind; which perhaps the gentle, courteous, and candid reader, brimful of that *modern* charity and tenderness usually annexed to his *office*, will be very hardly persuaded to believe.

* I cannot conjecture what the author means here, or how this chasm could be filled, though it is capable of more than one interpretation.

S E C T. X.

A further digression.*

IT is an unanswerable argument of a very refined age, the wonderful civilities that have passed of late years between the nation of *authors*, and that of *readers*. There can hardly pop out a *play*, a *pamphlet*, or a *poem*, without a preface full of acknowledgment to the world, for the general reception and applause they have given it; which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received†. In due deference to so laudable a custom, I do here return my humble thanks to *his Majesty*, and both houses of *parliament*; to the *Lords* of the King's Most Honourable Privy Council; to the Reverend the *judges*; to the *clergy*, and *gentry*, and *yeomanry* of this land: but, in a more especial manner, to my worthy brethren and friends at *Will's coffeehouse*, and *Gresham-college*, and *Warwick-lane*, and *Moor-fields*, and *Scotland-yard*, and *Westminster-hall*, and *Guild-hall*: in short, to all inhabitants and retainers whatsoever, either in court, or church, or camp, or city, or country, for their generous and universal acceptance of this divine treatise. I accept their approbation and good opinion with extreme gratitude; and, to the utmost of my poor capacity, shall take hold of all opportunities to return the obligation.

I am also happy, that fate has flung me into so blessed an age for the mutual felicity of *booksellers* and *authors*, whom I may safely affirm to be at this day the two only satisfied parties in England. Ask an author, how his last piece has succeeded: *Why, truly, he thanks his stars, the world has been very favourable, and he has not the least reason to complain. And yet, by G—, he writ it in a week at bits and starts, when he could steal an hour*

* This section has in former editions been intitled, *A Tale of a Tub*; but the tale not being continued till section 11. and this being only a further digression, no apology can be thought necessary for making the title correspond with the contents. *Hawkes.*

† This is literally true, as we may observe in the prefaces to most plays, poems, &c.

from

from his urgent affairs ; as it is a hundred to one, you may see farther in the preface, to which he refers you ; and for the rest, to the bookseller. There you go as a customer, and make the same question : *He blesses his God, the thing takes wonderfully ; he is just printing the second edition, and has but three left in his shop.* You beat down the price : *Sir, we shall not differ ;* and, in hopes of your custom another time, lets you have it as reasonable as you please ; *and, pray send as many of your acquaintance as you will, I shall upon your account furnish them all at the same rate.*

Now, it is not well enough considered, to what accidents and occasions the world is indebted for the greatest part of those noble writings which hourly start up to entertain it. If it were not for a rainy day, a drunken vigil, a fit of the spleen, a course of physick, a sleepy Sunday, an ill run at dice, a long tailor's bill, a beggar's purse, a factious head, a hot sun, costive diet, want of books, and a just contempt of learning ; but for these events, I say, and some others too long to recite, (especially a prudent neglect of taking brimstone inwardly), I doubt, the number of authors, and of writings, would dwindle away to a degree most woful to behold. To confirm this opinion, hear the words of the famous Troglodyte philosopher. *It is certain, said he, some grains of folly are of course annexed as part of the composition of human nature ; only the choice is left us, whether we please to wear them inlaid or imbossed : and we need not go very far to seek how that is usually determined, when we remember, it is with human faculties as with liquors, the lightest will be ever at the top.*

There is in this famous island of Britain, a certain poultry scribler, very voluminous, whose character the reader cannot wholly be a stranger to. He deals in a pernicious kind of writings, called *second parts*, and usually passes under the name of *the author of the first*. I easily foresee, that as soon as I lay down my pen, this nimble operator will have stolen it, and treat me as inhumanely as he hath already done Dr Blackmore, L'Estrange, and many others who shall here be nameless. I therefore fly for justice and relief, into the hands of that
great

great *rectifier of saddles**, and *lover of mankind*, Dr Bentley, begging he will take this enormous grievance into his most *modern* consideration: and if it should so happen, that the *furniture of an ass*, in the shape of a *second part*, must for my sins be clapped by a mistake upon my back; that he will immediately please, in the presence of the world, to lighten me of the burthen, and take it home to *his own house*, till the *true beast* thinks fit to call for it.

In the mean time, I do here give this public notice, that my resolutions are to circumscribe within this discourse the whole stock of matter I have been so many years providing. Since my *vein* is once opened, I am content to exhaust it all at a running, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and for the universal benefit of mankind. Therefore hospitably considering the number of my guests, they shall have my whole entertainment at a meal; and I scorn to set up the *leavings* in the cupboard. What the *guests* cannot eat, may be given to the *poor*; and the *dogs* under the table may gnaw the *bones*†. This I understand for a more generous proceeding, than to turn the company's stomach, by inviting them again to-morrow to a scurvy meal of *scraps*.

If the reader fairly considers the strength of what I have advanced in the foregoing section, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions; and he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to relish the concluding part of this miraculous treatise. Readers may be divided into three classes; the *superficial*, the *ignorant*, and the *learned*: and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The *superficial* reader will be strangely provoked to *laughter*; which clears the breast and the lungs, is sovereign against the *spleen*, and the most innocent of all *diuretics*. The *ignorant* reader, between whom and the former the distinction is extremely nice, will find himself disposed to *stare*; which

* Alluding to the trite phrase, *Place the saddle on the right horse. Hawkes.*

† By *dogs* the author means common injudicious critics, as he explains it himself before, in his *digression upon critics*, p. 69.

is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, serves to raise and enliven the spirits, and wonderfully helps *perspiration*. But the reader truly *learned*, chiefly for whose benefit I wake when others sleep, and sleep when others wake, will here find sufficient matter to employ his speculations for the rest of his life. It were much to be wished, and I do here humbly propose for an experiment, that every prince in *Christendom* will take seven of the *deepest scholars* in his dominions, and shut them up close for *seven* years, in *seven* chambers, with a command to write *seven* ample commentaries on this comprehensive discourse. I shall venture to affirm, that whatever difference may be found in their several conjectures, they will be all, without the least distortion, manifestly deducible from the text. Mean time, it is my earnest request, that so useful an undertaking may be entered upon, if their Majesties please, with all convenient speed; because I have a strong inclination, before I leave the world, to taste a blessing, which we *mysterious* writers can seldom reach, till we have gotten into our graves; whether it is, that *Fame*, being a fruit grafted on the body, can hardly grow, and much less ripen, till the *stock* is in the earth; or whether she be a bird of prey, and is lured among the rest to pursue after the scent of a *carcase*; or whether she conceives her trumpet sounds best and farthest, when she stands on a *tomb*, by the advantage of a rising ground, and the echo of a hollow vault.

It is true, indeed, the republic of *dark* authors, after they once found out this excellent expedient of *dying*, have been peculiarly happy in the variety, as well as extent of their reputation. For, *Night* being the universal mother of things, wise philosophers hold all writings to be *fruitful* in the proportion they are *dark*; and therefore the *true illuminated* * (that is to say, the *darkest* of all) have met with such numberless commenta-

* A name of the *Rosserucians*. — These were Fanatic alchymists, who, in search after the great secret, had invented a means altogether proportioned to their end. It was a kind of theological philosophy, made up of almost equal mixtures of Pagan Platonism, Christian Quietism, and the Jewish Cabala. Warburton on the Rape of the Lock.

tors, whose *scholastic* midwifery hath delivered them of meanings that the authors themselves perhaps never conceived, and yet may very justly be allowed the lawful parents of them; the words of such writers being like seed, which, however scattered at random, when they light upon a fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or imagination of the sower*.

And therefore, in order to promote so useful a work, I will here take leave to glance a few *innuendo's*, that may be of great assistance to those sublime spirits, who shall be appointed to labour in a universal comment upon this wonderful discourse. And, first, I have couched a very profound mystery in the number of O's multiplied by *seven*, and divided by nine †. Also, if a devout brother of the *Rosy Cross* will pray fervently for sixty-three mornings, with a lively faith, and then transpose certain letters and syllables according to prescription, in the second and fifth section; they will certainly reveal into a full receipt of the *opus magnum*. Lastly, whoever will be at the pains to calculate the whole number of each letter in this treatise, and sum up the difference exactly between the several numbers, assigning the true natural cause for every such difference; the discoveries in the product will plentifully reward his labour. But then he must beware of *bythus* and *figé* ‡, and be sure not to forget the qualities of *achamoth*; *a cujus lacrymis humecta prodit substantia, a risu lucida, a tri-*

* Nothing is more frequent, than for commentators to force interpretations which the author never meant.

† This is what the *Cabalists* among the Jews have done with the *Bible*, and pretend to find wonderful mysteries by it.

‡ I was told by an eminent divine, whom I consulted on this point, that these two barbarous words, with that of *achamoth*, and its qualities, as here set down, are quoted from *Irenæus*. This he discovered by searching that ancient writer for another quotation of our author; which he has placed in the title page, and refers to the book and chapter. The curious were very inquisitive, whether those barbarous words, *bafyma cacabasa*, &c. are really in *Irenæus*; and upon inquiry, it was found they were a sort of cant or jargon of certain heretics, and therefore very properly prefixed to such a book as this of our author.

Stitia solida, et a timore mobilis ; wherein Eugenius Philalethes * hath committed an unpardonable mistake.

S E C T. XI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

After so wide a compass as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake, and close in with my subject ; and shall henceforth hold on with it an even pace to the end of my journey, except some beautiful prospect appears within sight of my way : whereof though at present I have neither warning nor expectation, yet upon such an accident, come when it will, I shall beg my reader's favour and company, allowing me to conduct him through it along with myself. For in *writing*, it is as in *travelling* ; if a man is in haste to be at home, (which I acknowledge to be none of my case, having never so little business as when I am there), if his *horse* be tired with long riding and ill ways, or be naturally a jade, I advise him clearly to make the straightest and the commonest road, be it ever so dirty. But then surely we must own such a man to be a scurvy companion at best : he *spatters* himself and his fellow-travellers at every step ; all their thoughts, and wishes, and conversation, turn entirely upon the subject of their journey's end ; and at every splash, and plunge, and stumble, they heartily wish one another at the devil.

On the other side, when a traveller and his *horse* are in heart and plight ; when his purse is full, and the day before him ; he takes the road only where it is clean

* *Vid. Anima magica abscondita.*

To the above mentioned treatise, called *Anthroposophia Theomagica*, there is another annexed, called *Anima magica abscondita*, written by the same author, *Vaughan*, under the name of *Eugenius Philalethes* ; but in neither of those treatises is there any mention of *achamoth*, or its qualities : so that this is nothing but amusement, and a ridicule of dark, unintelligible writers ; only the words, *a cujus lacrymis*, &c. are, as we have said, transcribed from *Irenaeus*, though I know not from what part. I believe one of the author's designs was, to set curious men a hunting through indexes, and inquiring for books out of the common road.

and

and convenient ; entertains his company there as agreeably as he can : but, upon the first occasion, carries them along with him to every delightful scene in view, whether of art, of nature, or of both ; and if they chance to refuse, out of stupidity or weariness, let them jog on by themselves, and be d—n'd : he'll overtake them at the next town ; at which arriving, he rides furiously through ; the men, women, and children run out to gaze ; a hundred *noisy curs* * run *barking* after him ; of which if he honours the boldest with a *lass of his whip*, it is rather out of sport than revenge : but should some *sourer mongrel* dare too near an approach, he receives a *salute* on the chaps by an accidental stroke from the courser's heels, (nor is any ground lost by the blow), which sends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to sum up the singular adventures of my renowned Jack ; the state of whose dispositions and fortunes the careful reader does, no doubt, most exactly remember, as I last parted with them in the conclusion of a former section. Therefore his next care must be, from two of the foregoing, to extract a scheme of notions that may best fit his understanding for a true relish of what is to ensue.

Jack had not only calculated the first revolution of his brain so prudently, as to give rise to that epidemic sect of *Æolists*, but succeeding also into a new and strange variety of conceptions, the fruitfulness of his imagination led him into certain notions, which, although in appearance very unaccountable, were not without their mysteries and their meanings, nor wanted followers to countenance and improve them. I shall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting such material passages of this nature, as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted tradition, or indefatigable reading ; and shall describe them as graphically as it is possible, and as far as notions of that height and latitude can be brought within the compass of a pen. Nor do I at all question, but they will furnish plenty of noble matter for such, whose converting imaginations

* By these are meant what the author calls, the *true critics*, p. 69.

dispose them to reduce all things into types; who can make *shadows*, no thanks to the sun; and then mould them into substances, no thanks to philosophy; whose peculiar talent lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the *letter*, and refining what is literal into figure and mystery.

Jack had provided a fair copy of his father's *will*, ingrossed in form upon a large skin of parchment; and resolving to act the part of a most dutiful son, he became the fondest creature of it imaginable. For although, as I have often told the reader, it consisted wholly in certain plain, easy directions about the management and wearing of their coats, with legacies and penalties in case of obedience or neglect; yet he began to entertain a fancy, that the matter was *deeper* and *darker*, and therefore must needs have a great deal more of mystery at the bottom. *Gentlemen*, said he, *I will prove this very skin of parchment to be meat, drink, and cloth; to be the philosopher's stone, and the universal medicine* *. In consequence of which raptures, he resolved to make use of it in the most necessary, as well as the most poultry occasions of life. He had a way of working it into any shape he pleased; so that it served him for a night-cap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would lap a piece of it about a fore toe; or when he had fits, burn two inches under his nose; or if any thing lay heavy on his stomach, scrape off, and swallow as much of the powder as would lie on a silver penny: they were all infallible remedies. With analogy to these refinements, his common talk and conversation ran wholly in the phrase of his will †; and he circumscribed the utmost of his eloquence within that compass, not daring to let slip a syllable without authority from thence. Once, at a strange house, he was suddenly taken short upon an urgent juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate; and

* The author here lashes those pretenders to purity, who place so much merit in using scripture-phrase on all occasions.

† The Protestant dissenters use scripture-phrases in their serious discourses and compositions, more than the Church-of-England men. Accordingly Jack is introduced, making his common talk and conversation to run wholly in the phrase of his WILL. *W. Wotton.*

being not able to call to mind, with that suddenness the occasion required, an authentic phrase for demanding the way to the back-side; he chose rather, as the most prudent course, to incur the penalty in such cases usually annexed. Neither was it possible for the united rhetoric of mankind to prevail with him to make himself clean again; because, having consulted the will upon this emergency, he met with a passage near the bottom (whether foisted in by the transcriber, is not known) which seemed to forbid it *.

He made it a part of his religion, never to say grace to his meat †; nor could all the world persuade him, as the common phrase is, to eat his victuals *like a Christian* ‡.

He bore a strange kind of appetite to *snap-dragon* §, and to the livid snuffs of a burning candle; which he would catch and swallow with an agility wonderful to conceive; and by this procedure maintained a perpetual flame in his belly; which issuing in a glowing steam from both his eyes, as well as his nostrils, and his mouth, made his head appear in a dark night, like the scull of an ass, wherein a roguish boy had conveyed a farthing candle, *to the terror of his Majesty's liege subjects*. Therefore he made use of no other expedient to light himself home; but was wont to say, that *a wise man was his own lantern*.

* I cannot guess the author's meaning here, which I would be very glad to know, because it seems to be of importance.

Ibid. *Incurring the penalty in such cases usually annexed, wants no explanation. He would not make himself clean, because having consulted the will, (i. e. the New Testament), he met with a passage near the bottom, i. e. in the 11th verse of the last chapter of the Revelations, "He which is filthy, let him be filthy still," which seemed to forbid it. Whether foisted in by the transcriber, is added; because this paragraph is wanting in the Alexandrian MS. the oldest and most authentic copy of the New Testament. Hawkes.*

† The slovenly way of receiving the sacrament among the fanatics.

‡ This is a common phrase to express eating cleanly, and is meant for an invective against that indecent manner among some people in receiving the sacrament; so in the lines before, which is to be understood of the dissenters refusing to kneel at the sacrament.

§ I cannot well find out the author's meaning here, unless it be the hot, untimely, blind zeal of enthusiasts.

He

He would shut his eyes as he walked along the streets; and if he happened to bounce his head against a post, or fall into the kennel, as he seldom missed either to do one or both, he would tell the gibing apprentices, who looked on, that *he submitted, with entire resignation, as to a trip, or a blow of fate, with whom he found, by long experience, how vain it was either to wrestle or to cuff; and whoever durst undertake to do either, would be sure to come off with a swinging fall, or a bloody nose.* It was ordained, said he, *some few days before the creation, that my nose and this very post should have a rencounter; and therefore Nature thought fit to send us both into the world in the same age, and to make us countrymen and fellow-citizens.* Now, had my eyes been open, it is very likely, the business might have been a great deal worse; for how many a confounded slip is daily got by man, with all his foresight about him? Besides, the eyes of the understanding see best, when those of the senses are out of the way; and therefore blind men are observed to tread their steps with much more caution, and conduct, and judgment, than those who rely with too much confidence upon the virtue of the visual nerve, which every little accident shakes out of order, and a drop or a film can wholly disconcert; like a lantern among a pack of roaring bullies, when they scour the streets; exposing its owner and itself, to outward kicks and buffets, which both might have escaped, if the vanity of appearing would have suffered them to walk in the dark. But farther, if we examine the conduct of these boasted lights, it will prove yet a great deal worse than their fortune. It is true, I have broke my nose against this post, because Fortune either forgot, or did not think it convenient to twitch me by the elbow, (and give me notice to avoid it. But let not this encourage either the present age or posterity, to trust their noses into the keeping of their eyes; which may prove the fairest way of losing them for good and all. For, O ye eyes, ye blind guides; miserable guardians are ye of our frail noses; ye, I say, who fasten upon the first precipice in view, and then tow our wretched willing bodies after you, to the very brink of destruction. But, alas! that brink is rotten, our feet slip, and we tumble down prone into a gulf, without one hospitable shrub in the way to break the fall; a fall to which not any nose of mortal make is equal, except that

of

of the giant Laurcalco *, who was lord of the silver bridge. Most properly therefore, O eyes, and with great justice, may you be compared to those foolish lights, which conduct men through dirt and darkness, till they fall into a deep pit, or a noisome bog.

This I have produced, as a scantling of Jack's great eloquence, and the force of his reasoning upon such abstruse matters.

He was, besides, a person of great design and improvement in affairs of devotion, having introduced a new deity, who hath since met with a vast number of worshippers; by some called *Babel*, by others, *Chaos*; who had an ancient temple of Gothic structure upon Salisbury-plain, famous for its shrine, and celebration by pilgrims.

When he had some roguish trick to play, he would down with his knees, up with his eyes, and fall to prayers, though in the midst of the kenael †. Then it was that those who understood his pranks, would be sure to get far enough out of his way; and whenever curiosity attracted strangers to laugh, or to listen, he would of a sudden with one hand out with his gear, and piss full in their eyes, and with the other all bespatter them with mud.

In winter he went, always loose and unbuttoned, and clad as thin as possible, to let in the ambient heat; and in summer, lapped himself close and thick, to keep it out ‡.

In all revolutions of government, he would make his court for the office of *hangman-general* §; and in the exercise of that dignity, wherein he was very dextrous, would make use of no other vizor, than a long prayer **.

* Vide *Don Quixote*.

† The villanies and cruelties, committed by enthusiasts and fanatics among us, were all performed under the disguise of religion and long prayers.

‡ They affected differences in habit and behaviour.

§ They are severe persecutors, and all in a form of cant and devotion.

** Cromwel and his confederates went, as they called it, to seek God, when they resolved to murder the King.

He had a tongue so musculous and subtil, that he could twist it up into his nose, and deliver a strange kind of speech from thence. He was also the first in these kingdoms who began to improve the Spanish accomplishment of *braying*; and having large ears, perpetually exposed and arrected, he carried his art to such a perfection, that it was a point of great difficulty to distinguish, either by the view or the sound, between the *original* and the *copy*.

He was troubled with a disease, reverse to that called the stinging of the *tarantula*; and would run dog-mad at the noise of *music*, especially a *pair of bag-pipes* *. But he would cure himself again, by taking two or three turns in *Westminster-hall*, or *Billingsgate*, or in a *boarding-school*, or the *Royal Exchange*, or a *state coffee-house*.

He was a person that *feared no colours* †, but mortally *hated* all; and upon that account bore a cruel aversion against *painters*; insomuch that in his paroxysms, as he walked the streets, he would have his pockets loaden with stones, to pelt at the signs.

Having, from his manner of living, frequent occasion to *wash* himself, he would often leap over head and ears into water, though it were in the midst of *winter*; but was always observed to come out again much *dirtier*, if possible, than he went in ‡.

He was the first that ever found out the secret of contriving a *soporiferous* medicine to be conveyed in at the *ears*. It was a compound of *sulphur* and *balm of Gilead*, with a little *pilgrim's salve* §.

He wore a large plaister of artificial *caustics* on his stomach, with the fervour of which he could set himself a *groaning*, like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

He would stand in the turning of a street; and, call-

* This is to expose our dissenters aversion against instrumental music in churches. *W. Watton.*

† They quarrel at the most innocent decency and ornament, and defaced the statues and paintings on all the churches in England.

‡ Baptism of adults by plunging. *Hawkes.*

§ Fanatic preaching, composed either of hell and damnation, or a fulsome description of the joys of heaven; both in such a dirty, nauseous style, as to be well resembled to pilgrim's salve.

ing to those who passed by, would cry to one, *Worthy Sir, do me the honour of a good slap in the chaps; to another, Honest friend, pray favour me with a handsome kick on the arse. Madam, shall I intreat a small box on the ear from your Ladyship's fair hands? Noble Captain, lend a reasonable thrack, for the love of God, with that cane of yours, over these poor shoulders* *. And when he had, by such earnest solicitations, made a shift to procure a bast- ing sufficient to swell up his fancy and his sides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the public good. *Observe this stroke*, said he, shewing his bare shoulders, *a plaguy janifary gave it me this very morning at seven a-clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the Great Turk. Neighbours, mind, this broken head deserves a plaister. Had poor Jack been tender of his noddle, you would have seen the Pope and the French King, long before this time of day, among your wives and your warehouses. Dear Christians, the Great Mogul was come as far as White-chapel; and you may thank these poor sides, that he hath not (God bless us) already swallowed up man, woman, and child.*

It was highly worth observing the singular effects of that aversion or antipathy which Jack and his brother Peter seemed, even to an affectation, to bear against each other †. Peter had lately done *some rogueries*, that forced him to abscond; and he seldom ventured to stir out before night for fear of bailiffs. Their lodgings were at the two most distant parts of the town, from each other; and whenever their occasions or humours called them abroad, they would make choice of the oddest unlikely times, and most uncouth rounds, they

* The Fanatics have always had a way of affecting to run into persecution, and count vast merit upon every little hardship they suffer.

† The Papists and Fanatics, though they appear the most aversé against each other, yet bear a near resemblance in many things, as hath been observed by learned men.

Ibid. The agreement of our Dissenters and the Papists, in that which Bishop Stillingfleet called, *The fanaticism of the church of Rome*, is ludicrously described for several pages together, by Jack's likeness to Peter, and their being often mistaken for each other, and their frequent meetings when they least intended it. *W. Wotton.*

could

could invent, that they might be sure to avoid one another. Yet, after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to meet. The reason of which is easy enough to apprehend: for the phrenzy and the spleen of both having the same foundation, we may look upon them as two pair of compasses, equally extended, and the fixed foot of each remaining in the same centre; which, though moving contrary ways at first, will be sure to encounter somewhere or other in the circumference. Besides, it was among the great misfortunes of Jack, to bear a huge personal resemblance with his brother Peter. Their humour and dispositions were not only the same, but there was a close analogy in their shape and size, and their mien; insomuch as nothing was more frequent, than for a bailiff to seize Jack by the shoulders, and cry, *Mr Peter, you are the King's prisoner*; or, at other times, for one of Peter's nearest friends, to accost Jack with open arms, *Dear Peter, I am glad to see thee; pray, send me one of your best medicines for the worms*. This, we may suppose, was a mortifying return of those pains and proceedings Jack had laboured in so long; and finding how directly opposite all his endeavours had answered to the sole end and intention which he had proposed to himself, how could it avoid having terrible effects upon a head and heart so furnished as his? However, the poor remainders of his coat bore all the punishment. The orient sun never entered upon his diurnal progress, without missing a piece of it. He hired a tailor to stitch up the collar so close, that it was ready to choke him, and squeezed out his eyes at such a rate, as one could see nothing but the white. What little was left of the main substance of the coat, he rubbed every day, for two hours, against a rough-cast wall, in order to grind away the remnants of lace and embroidery; but, at the same time, went on with so much violence, that he proceeded a *Heathen philosopher*. Yet, after all he could do of this kind, the success continued still to disappoint his expectation. For as it is the nature of rags, to bear a kind of mock resemblance to finery; there being a sort of fluttering appearance in both, which is not to be distinguished at a distance, in the dark, or by short-sighted eyes: so, in those junctures,

tures, it fared with Jack and his tatters, that they offered to the first view a ridiculous flaunting; which, assisting the resemblance in person and air, thwarted all his projects of separation, and left so near a similitude between them, as frequently deceived the very disciples and followers of both.

*Desunt non-
nulla.*

The old Sclavonian proverb said well, That *it is with men, as with asses; whoever would keep them fast, must find a very good hold at their ears.* Yet I think we may affirm, that it hath been verified by repeated experience, that,

Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus.

It is good, therefore, to read the maxims of our ancestors with great allowances to times and persons. For, if we look into primitive records, we shall find, that no revolutions have been so great, or so frequent, as those of human ears. In former days, there was a curious invention to catch and keep them; which, I think, we may justly reckon among the *artes perditæ*. And how can it be otherwise, when, in these latter centuries, the very species is not only diminished to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is also degenerated so far, as to mock our skilfullest tenure? For if the only flitting of one ear in a stag hath been found sufficient to propagate the defect though a whole forest, why should we wonder at the greatest consequences, from so many loppings and mutilations, to which the ears of our fathers, and our own, have been of late so much exposed? It is true, indeed, that while this island of ours was under the dominion of grace, many endeavours were made to improve the growth of ears once more among us. The proportion of largeness was not only looked upon as an ornament of the outward man, but as a type of grace in the inward. Besides, it is held by naturalists, that if there be a protuberancy of parts in the superior region of the body, as in the ears and nose, there must be a pa-

rity also in the *inferior*. And therefore, in that truly pious age, the *males* in every assembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very forward in exposing their *ears* to view, and the regions about them; because Hippocrates tells us, that *when the vein behind the ear happens to be cut, a man becomes an eunuch* *. And the *females* were nothing backward in beholding and edifying by them: whereof those who had already *used the means*, looked about them with great concern, in hopes of conceiving a suitable offspring by such a prospect. Others, who stood candidates for *benevolence*, found there a plentiful choice, and were sure to fix upon such as discovered the largest *ears*, that the breed might not dwindle between them. Lastly, the devouter sisters, who looked upon all extraordinary dilatations of that member, as protrusions of zeal, or spiritual excrescences, were sure to honour every head they sat upon, as if they had been *marks of grace*; but especially that of the preacher, whose *ears* were usually of the prime magnitude; which, upon that account, he was very frequent and exact in exposing with all advantages to the people; in his rhetorical *paroxysms* turning sometimes to *hold forth* the one, and sometimes to *hold forth* the other. From which custom, the whole operation of preaching is to this very day, among their professors, styled by the phrase of *holding forth*.

Such was the progress of the saints for advancing the size of that member; and it is thought, the success would have been every way answerable, if, in process of time, a cruel king had not arose, who raised a bloody persecution against all *ears* above a certain standard†. Upon which, some were glad to hide their flourishing sprouts in a black border; others crept wholly under a periwig; some were slit, others cropped, and a great number sliced off to the stumps. But of this more hereafter in my *general history of ears*; which I design very speedily to bestow upon the public.

From this brief survey of the falling state of *ears* in

* Lib. de aëre, locis, et aquis.

† This was K. Charles II. who, at his restoration, turned out all the dissenting teachers that would not conform.

the last age, and the small care had to advance their ancient growth in the present, it is manifest, how little reason we can have to rely upon a hold so short, so weak, and so slippery; and that whoever desires to catch mankind fast, must have recourse to some other methods. Now, he that will examine human nature with circumspection enough, may discover several *bundles*, whereof the *six* * senses afford one a-piece, beside a great number that are screwed to the passions, and some few rivetted to the intellect. Among these last, *curiosity* is one, and, of all others, affords the firmest grasp; *curiosity*, that spur in the side, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the nose, of a lazy and impatient, and a grunting reader. By this *bundle* it is, that an author should seize upon his readers; which as soon as he hath once compassed, all resistance and struggling are in vain; and they become his prisoners as close as he pleases, till weariness or dulness force him to let go his gripe.

And therefore I, the author of this miraculous treatise, having hitherto, beyond expectation, maintained, by the aforesaid *bundle*, a firm hold upon my gentle readers; it is with great reluctance, that I am at length compelled to remit my grasp; leaving them in the perusal of what remains to that natural *oscitancy* inherent in the tribe. I can only assure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine, for my unhappiness in losing, or mislaying among my papers, the remaining part of these memoirs; which consisted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and surprising; and therefore calculated, in all due points, to the delicate taste of this our noble age. But, alas! with my utmost endeavours, I have been able only to retain a few of the heads. Under which, there was a full account, how Peter got a *protection* out of the King's-bench; and of a reconciliation between Jack and him, upon a design they had in a certain *rainy night* to trepan brother Martin into a *spunging-house*, and there strip him to the skin †:
how

* Including Scaliger's.

† In the reign of K. James II. the Presbyterians, by the King's invitation,

how Martin, with much ado, shewed them both a fair pair of heels; how a *new warrant* came out against Peter; upon which, how Jack left him in the lurch, *stole his protection, and made use of it himself*. How Jack's tatters came into fashion in *court and city*; how *he got upon a great horse**, and *eat cussard*†. But the particulars of all these, with several others, which have now slid out of my memory, are lost beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to condole with each other, as far as they shall find it to agree with their several constitutions; but conjuring them by all the friendship that hath passed between us, from the title-page to this, not to proceed so far as to injure their healths, for an accident past remedy: I now go on to the ceremonial part of an accomplished writer; and therefore, by a courtly *modern*, least of all others to be omitted.

THE CONCLUSION.

Going too long is a cause of abortion as effectual, though not so frequent, as *going too short*; and holds true especially in the *labours* of the brain. Well fare the heart of that noble *Jesuit*‡ who first ventured to confess in print, that books must be suited to their several seasons, like dress, and diet, and diversions: and better fare our noble nation, for refining upon this, among other French modes. I am living fast to see the time, when a *book* that misses its tide, shall

invitation, joined with the Papists, against the church of England, and addressed him for repeal of the penal laws and test. The King, by his dispensing power, gave liberty of conscience, which both Papists and Presbyterians made use of. But, upon the revolution, the Papists being down of course, the Presbyterians freely continued their assemblies, by virtue of K. James's indulgence, before they had a toleration by law. This, I believe, the author means by Jack's stealing Peter's protection, and making use of it himself.

* Sir Humphrey Edwyn, a Presbyterian, was some years ago Lord Mayor of London, and had the insulence to go in his formalities to a conventicle, with the ensigns of his office.

† Cussard is a famous dish at a Lord Mayor's feast.

‡ Pere d'Orleans.

be neglected, as the *moon* by day, or like *mackerel* a week after the season. No man hath more nicely observed our climate, than the bookseller who bought the copy of this work. He knows to a tittle, what subjects will best go off in a *dry year*, and which it is proper to expose foremost, when the weather-glass is fallen to *much rain*. When he had seen this treatise, and consulted his *almanack* upon it, he gave me to understand, that he had manifestly considered the two principal things, which were the *bulk* and the *subject*; and found, it would never *take*, but after a long vacation; and then only, in case it should happen to be a hard-year for turnips. Upon which I desired to know, *considering my urgent necessities*, what he thought might be acceptable this month. He looked *westward*, and said, *I doubt we shall have a fit of bad weather; however, if you could prepare some pretty little banter, (but not in verse), or a small treatise upon the ———, it would run like wild-fire.* But if it hold up, *I have already hired an author to write something against Dr Bentley, which, I am sure, will turn to account* *.

At length we agreed upon this expedient, That when a customer comes for one of these, and desires in confidence to know the author; he will tell him very privately, as a friend, naming which ever of the wits shall happen to be that week in vogue; and if Dufey's last play should be in course, I had as lieve, he may be the person as Congreve. This I mention, because I am wonderfully well acquainted with the present relish of courteous readers; and have often observed with singular pleasure, that a *fly* driven from a *honey-pot*, will immediately with very good appetite alight, and finish his meal on an *excrement*.

I have one word to say upon the subject of *profound writers*, who are grown very numerous of late; and, I know very well, the judicious world is resolved to list me in that number. I conceive therefore, as to the business of being *profound*, that it is with *writers*, as

* When Dr Prideaux brought the copy of his connection of the Old and New Testament to the bookseller, he told him, it was a *dry subject*, and the printing could not safely be ventured, unless he could *enliven it with a little humour*. Hawkes.

with *wells*; a person with good eyes may see to the bottom of the deepest, provided any *water* be there; and often, when there is nothing in the world at the bottom, besides *driness* and *dirt*, though it be but a yard and half under ground, it shall pass however for wondrous *deep*, upon no wiser a reason, than because it is wondrous *dark*.

I am now trying an experiment very frequent among modern authors; which is, to *write upon nothing*: when the subject is utterly exhausted, to let the pen still move on; by some called, the ghost of wit, delighting to walk after the death of its body. And to say the truth, there seems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands, than that of discerning *when to have done*. By the time that an author hath written out a book, he and his readers are become old acquaintants, and grow very loth to part; so that I have sometimes known it to be in writing, as in visiting, where the ceremony of taking leave has employed more time than the whole conversation before. The conclusion of a treatise resembles the conclusion of human life, which hath sometimes been compared to the end of a feast; where few are satisfied to depart, *ut plenus vitæ conviva*: for men will sit down after the fullest meal, though it be only to *doze*, or to *sleep* out the rest of the day. But, in this latter, I differ extremely from other writers; and shall be too proud, if, by all my labours, I can have any ways contributed to the *repose* of mankind in times so turbulent and unquiet as these*. Neither do I think such an employment so very alien from the office of a *satirist*, as some would suppose. For among a very polite nation in Greece, there were the *same* temples built and consecrated to *Sleep* and the *Muses*, between which two deities they believed the strictest friendship was established†.

I have one concluding favour to request of my reader, That he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every line, or every page of this discourse; but give some allowance to the author's spleen, and

* This was written before the peace of Ryswick, which was signed in September 1697.

† Trezenii, Pausan. l. 2.

short fits or intervals of dulness, as well as his own; and lay it seriously to his conscience, whether, if he were walking the streets in dirty weather, or a rainy day, he would allow it fair dealing in folks at their ease from a window to criticise his gait, and ridicule his dress at such a juncture.

In my disposal of employments of the brain, I have thought fit to make *invention* the master, and to give *method* and *reason* the office of its *lacquys*. The cause of this distribution was, from observing it my peculiar case to be often under a temptation of being *witty* upon occasions, where I could be neither *wise* nor *sound*, nor any thing to the matter in hand. And I am too much a servant of the *modern* way, to neglect any such opportunities, whatever pains or improprieties I may be at to introduce them. For I have observed, that from a laborious collection of seven hundred thirty-eight *flowers*, and *shining hints* of the best *modern* authors, digested with great reading into my book of *common-places*; I have not been able, after five years, to draw, hook, or force into common conversation, any more than a dozen. Of which dozen, the one impiety failed of success, by being dropped among unsuitable company; and the other cost me so many strains, and traps, and *ambages* to introduce, that I at length resolved to give it over. Now, this disappointment, (to discover a secret), I must own, gave me the first hint of setting up for an *author*; and I have since found among some particular friends, that it is become a very general complaint, and has produced the same effects upon many others. For I have remarked many a *forwardly word* to be wholly neglected or despised in *discourse*, which hath passed very smoothly, with some consideration and esteem, after its preferment and sanction in *print*. But now, since, by the liberty and encouragement of the press, I am grown absolute master of the occasions and opportunities to expose the talents I have acquired; I already discover, that the *issues* of my *observanda* begin to grow too large for the *receipts*. Therefore I shall here pause a while, till I find, by feeling the world's pulse, and my own, that it will be of absolute necessity for us both to resume my pen.

A full and true Account of the **BATTLE**
fought last Friday, between the **ANCIENT**
and the **MODERN BOOKS** in St James's
Library.

The **BOOKSELLER** to the **READER**.

THE following discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same author, so it seems to have been written about the same time with the former; I mean, the year 1697, when the famous dispute was on foot, about *ancient and modern learning*. The controversy took its rise from an essay of Sir William Temple's upon that subject; which was answered by W. Wotton, B. D. with an appendix by Dr Bentley, endeavouring to destroy the credit of *Æsop* and *Phalaris* for authors, whom Sir William Temple had, in the essay before mentioned, highly commended. In that appendix, the Doctor falls hard upon a new edition of *Phalaris*, put out by the Honourable Charles Boyle (now Earl of Orrery); to which Mr Boyle replied at large with great learning and wit; and the Doctor voluminously rejoined. In this dispute, the town highly resented to see a person of Sir William Temple's character and merits roughly used by the two Reverend gentlemen aforesaid, and without any manner of provocation. At length, there appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells us, that the **BOOKS** in St James's library, looking upon themselves as parties principally concerned, took up the controversy, and came to a decisive battle; but the manuscript, by the injury of fortune or weather, being in several places imperfect, we cannot learn to which side the victory fell.

I must warn the reader, to beware of applying to persons, what is here meant only of books in the most literal sense. So, when *Virgil* is mentioned, we are not to understand the person of a famous poet called by that name; but only certain sheets of paper, bound up in leather, containing in print the works of the said poet: and so of the rest.

The

The PREFACE of the AUTHOR.

SAtire is a sort of *glass*, wherein beholders do generally discover every body's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world, and that so very few are offended with it. But if it should happen otherwise, the danger is not great; and I have learned from long experience, never to apprehend mischief from those understandings I have been able to provoke. For anger and fury, though they add strength to the *sinews* of the *body*, yet are found to relax those of the *mind*, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

There is a *brain* that will endure but one *scumming*: let the owner gather it with discretion, and manage his little stock with husbandry. But of all things, let him beware of bringing it under the *lash* of his *betters*; because that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new supply: Wit without knowledge being a sort of *cream*, which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon *whipped* into *froth*; but once scummed away, what appears underneath, will be fit for nothing, but to be thrown to the hogs.



A full and true Account of the BATTLE fought last Friday, &c. *

WHoever examines with due circumspection into the *annual records of time*, will find it remarked, that *war is the child of Pride*, and *pride the daughter of Riches* †. The former of which assertions may be soon granted; but one cannot so easily subscribe to the latter. For *Pride* is nearly related to

* The *Battle of the Books* took its rise from a controversy between Sir William Temple and Mr Wotton; a controversy which made much noise, and employed many pens towards the latter end of the last century. This humorous treatise is drawn up in an heroic comic style, in which Swift, with great wit and spirit, gives the victory to the former. The general plan is excellent, but particular parts are defective. The frequent chasms puzzle and interrupt the narrative: they neither convey any latent ideas; nor point out any distinct or occult sarcasms. Some characters are barely touched upon, which might have been extended; others are enlarged, which might have been contracted. The name of Horace is inserted; and Virgil is introduced only for an opportunity of comparing his translator Dryden, to *the lady in a lobster*; to *a mouse under a canopy of state*; and to *a shrivelled beau within the pent-house of a full-bottomed periwig*. These similes carry the true stamp of ridicule. But rancour must be very prevalent in the heart of an author, who could overlook the merits of Dryden; many of whose dedications and prefaces are as fine compositions, and as just pieces of criticism, as any in our language. The translation of Virgil was a work of haste and indigence. Dryden was equal to the undertaking, but unfortunate during the conduct of it.—The two chief heroes among the modern generals, are Wotton and Bentley. Their figures are displayed in the most disadvantageous attitudes. The former is described, “full of spleen, dulness, and ill manners.” The latter is represented, “tall, without shape or comeliness; large, without strength or proportion.”—The *battle*, which is maintained by the ancients with great superiority of strength, though not of numbers, ends with the demolition of Bentley, and his friend Wotton, by the lance of the Honourable Charles Boyle, youngest son of Roger the second Earl of Orrery, and father of the present Earl. He was a fellow of the royal society, and invented the astronomical machine called the *Orrery*. *Orrery*.

† Riches produceth pride; pride is war's ground, &c. *Vid. Ephem. de Mary Clarke; opt. edit.*—now called *Wing's sheet almanack*; and printed by J. Roberts for the company of Stationers.

Beggary

Beggary and *Want*, either by father or mother, and sometimes by both : and, to speak naturally, it very seldom happens among men to fall out, when all have enough ; invasions usually travelling from *north* to *south*, that is to say, from *Poverty* to *Plenty*. The most ancient and natural grounds of quarrels are *Lust* and *Avarice*; which, though we may allow to be brethren or collateral branches of *Pride*, are certainly the issues of *Want*. For, to speak in the phrase of writers upon politics, we may observe in the republic of *Dogs*, which in its original seems to be an institution of the *many*, that the whole state is ever in the profoundest peace, after a full meal ; and that civil broils arise among them, when it happens for one great *bone* to be seized on by some *leading dog* ; who either divides it among the *few*, and then it falls to an *oligarchy* ; or keeps it to himself, and then it runs up to a *tyranny*. The same reasoning also holds place among them, in those dissensions we behold upon a turgescency in any of their females. For, the right of possession lying in common, (it being impossible to establish a property in so delicate a case), jealousies and suspicions do so abound, that the whole commonwealth of that street is reduced to a manifest *state of war*, of every *citizen* against every *citizen* ; till some one of more courage, conduct, or fortune than the rest, seizes and enjoys the prize : upon which naturally arises plenty of heart-burning, and envy and snarling against the *happy dog*. Again, if we look upon any of these republics engaged in a foreign war, either of invasion or defence, we shall find, the same reasoning will serve as to the grounds and occasions of each ; and that *Poverty* or *Want*, in some degree or other, (whether real, or in opinion, which, makes no alteration in the case), has a great share, as well as *Pride*, on the part of the aggressor.

Now, whoever will please to take this scheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual state, or commonwealth of learning, will soon discover the first ground of disagreement between the two great parties at this time in arms ; and may form just conclusions upon the merits of either cause. But the issue or events of this war are not so easy to conjecture at : for the present quarrel is so inflamed by the warm heads of either

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ther faction, and the pretensions *somewhere or other* so exorbitant, as not to admit the least overtures of accommodation. This quarrel first began, as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller in the neighbourhood, about a small spot of ground, *lying* and *being* upon one of the two tops of the hill Parnassus; the highest and largest of which had, it seems, been, time out of mind, in quiet possession of certain tenants called the *Ancients*; and the other was held by the *Moderns*. But these disliking their present station, sent certain ambassadors to the *Ancients*, complaining of a great nuisance; how the height of that part of Parnassus quite spoiled the prospect of theirs, especially towards the *east*; and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative, Either that the *Ancients* would please to remove themselves and their effects down to the lower summit, which the *Moderns* would graciously surrender to them, and advance in their place; or else, that the said *Ancients* will give leave to the *Moderns* to come with shovels and mattocks, and level the said hill as low as they shall think it convenient. To which the *Ancients* made answer, How little they expected such a message as this, from a colony whom they had admitted, out of their own free grace, to so near a neighbourhood: That as to their own seat, they were *Aborigines* of it; and therefore to talk with them of a removal or surrender, was a language they did not understand: That if the height of the hill on their side shortened the prospect of the *Moderns*, it was a disadvantage they could not help; but desired them to consider, whether that injury (if it be any) were not largely recompensed by the *shade* and *shelter* it afforded them: That as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propose it, if they did, or did not know, how that side of the hill was an entire rock, which would break their tools and hearts without any damage to itself: That they would therefore advise the *Moderns*, rather to raise their own side of the hill, than dream of pulling down that of the *Ancients*; to the former of which they would not only give licence, but also largely contribute. All this was rejected by the *Moderns*, with much indignation; who still insisted upon one of the two expedients.

dients. And so this difference broke out into a long and obstinate war; maintained on the one part by resolution, and by the courage of certain leaders and allies; but on the other, by the greatness of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel, whole rivulets of *ink* have been exhausted, and the virulence of both parties enormously augmented. Now, it must here be understood, that *ink* is the great missive weapon in all battles of the *learned*, which conveyed through a sort of engine called a *quill*, infinite numbers of these are darted at the enemy, by the valiant on each side, with equal skill and violence, as if it were an engagement of *porcupines*. This malignant liquor was compounded by the engineer who invented it, of two ingredients, which are *gall* and *copperas*; by its bitterness and venom to *suit* in some degree, as well as to *foment*, the genius of the combatants. And as the Græcians, after an engagement, when they could not *agree* about the victory, were wont to set up trophies on both sides; the beaten party being content to be at the same expence to keep itself in countenance, (a laudable and ancient custom, happily revived of late in the art of war); so the *learned*, after a sharp and bloody dispute, do on both sides hang out their trophies too, whichever comes by the worst. These trophies have largely inscribed on them the merits of the cause; a full impartial account of such a *battle*, and how the victory fell clearly to the party that set them up. They are known to the world under several names; as, *Disputes*, *Arguments*, *Rejoinders*, *Brief Considerations*, *Answers*, *Replies*, *Remarks*, *Reflections*, *Objections*, *Confutations*. For a very few days they are fixed up in all public places, either by themselves or their representatives*, for passengers to gaze at: from whence the chiefest and largest are removed to certain magazines, they call *libraries*, there to remain in a quarter purposely assigned them, and from thenceforth begin to be called *books of controversy*.

In these books is wonderfully instilled and preserved the spirit of each warrior, while he is alive; and after

* Their title-pages.

his death, his soul transmigrates there, to inform them. This, at least, is the more common opinion. But I believe, it is with libraries as with other cœmeteries, where some philosophers affirm, that a certain spirit, which they call *brutum hominis*, hovers over the monument, till the body is corrupted, and turns to *dust* or to *worms*, but then vanishes or dissolves : so, we may say, a restless spirit haunts over every *book*, till *dust* or *worms* have seized upon it ; which to some may happen in a few days, but to others later. And therefore *books of controversy*, being of all others haunted by the most disorderly spirits, have always been confined in a separate lodge from the rest ; and for fear of mutual violence against each other, it was thought prudent by our ancestors, to bind them to the peace with strong iron chains. Of which invention the original occasion was this. When the works of Scotus first came out, they were carried to a certain great library, and had lodgings appointed them : but this author was no sooner settled, than he went to visit his master Aristotle ; and there both concerted together to seize Plato by main force, and turn him out from his ancient station among the *divines*, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt succeeded, and the two usurpers have reigned ever since in his stead. But to maintain quiet for the future, it was decreed, that all *polemics* of the larger size should be held fast with a chain.

By this expedient, the public peace of libraries might certainly have been preserved, if a new species of controversial books had not arose of late years, instinct with a most malignant spirit, from the war above mentioned, between the *learned*, about the higher summit of Parnassus.

When these books were first admitted into the public libraries, I remember to have said upon occasion, to several persons concerned, how I was sure they would create broils where-ever they came, unless a world of care were taken : and therefore I advised, that the champions of each side should be coupled together, or otherwise mixed ; that, like the blending of contrary poisons, their malignity might be employed among themselves.

themselves. And it seems I was neither an ill prophet, nor an ill counsellor: for it was nothing else but the neglect of this caution which gave occasion to the terrible fight that happened on Friday last between the *Ancient* and *Modern books* in the *King's library*. Now, because the talk of this battle is so fresh in every body's mouth, and the expectation of the town so great, to be informed in the particulars; I being possessed of all qualifications requisite in an *historian*, and retained by neither party, have resolved to comply with the urgent *importance of my friends*, by writing down a full impartial account thereof.

The *guardian* of the *regal library*, a person of great valour, but chiefly renowned for his *humanity**, had been a fierce champion for the *Moderns*; and, in an engagement upon Parnassus, had vowed, with his own hands to knock down two of the *Ancient* chiefs, who guarded a small pass on the superior rock: but endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obstructed by his own unhappy weight, and tendency towards his centre: A quality to which those of the *Modern* party are extreme subject: for being light-headed, they have in speculation a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but in reducing to practice, discover a mighty pressure about their posteriors and their heels. Having thus failed in his design, the disappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the *Ancients*; which he resolved to gratify, by shewing all marks of his favour to the *books* of their adversaries, and lodging them in the fairest apartments; when at the same time, whatever *book* had the boldness to own itself for an advocate of the *Ancients*, was buried alive in some obscure corner, and threatened, upon the least displeasure, to be turned out of doors. Besides, it so happened, that about this time there was a strange confusion of place among all the *books* in the library; for which several reasons were assigned. Some imputed it to a great

* The Honourable Mr Boyle, in the preface to his edition of Phalaris, says, he was refused a manuscript by the library keeper, *pro solita humanitate sua*.

Ibid. Dr Bentley was then library-keeper. The two ancients were Phalaris and Æsop. *Hawkes*.

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heap of *learned dust*, which a perverse wind blew off from a shelf of *Moderns* into the *keeper's* eyes. Others affirmed, he had a humour to pick the *worms* out of the *schoolmen*, and swallow them fresh and fasting; whereof some fell upon his *spleen*, and some climbed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And lastly, others maintained, that, by walking much in the dark about the library, he had quite lost the situation of it out of his head; and therefore, in replacing his *books*, he was apt to mistake, and clap Des Cartes next to Aristotle; poor Plato had got between Hobbes and the Seven wise masters; and Virgil was hemmed in with Dryden on one side, and Withers on the other.

Mean while, those *books* that were advocates for the *Moderns*, chose out one from among them, to make a progress through the whole library, examine the number and strength of their party, and concert their affairs. This messenger performed all things very industriously, and brought back with him a list of their forces, in all fifty thousand, consisting chiefly of *light horse*, *heavy-armed foot*, and *mercenaries*: whereof the *foot* were, in general, but sorrily armed, and worse clad; their *horses* large, but extremely out of case and heart. However, some few, by trading among the *Ancients*, had furnished themselves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, *Discord* grew extremely high, hot words passed on both sides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a solitary *Ancient*, squeezed up among a whole shelf of *Moderns*, offered fairly to dispute the case, and to prove, by manifest reason, that the priority was due to them, from long possession, and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and above all, their great merits toward the *Moderns*. But these denied the premises; and seemed very much to wonder, how the *Ancients* could pretend to insist upon their antiquity, when it was so plain, (if they went to that), that the *Moderns* were *much* the more *ancient* * of the two. As for any obligations they owed to the *Ancients*, they renounced them all. "It is true," said they, "we are informed some few of our party have

* According to the modern paradox.

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“ been so mean to borrow their subsistence from you.
 “ But the rest, infinitely the greater number, (and especially we French and English), were so far from
 “ stooping to so base an example, that there never passed,
 “ ed, till this very hour, six words between us. For
 “ our *horses* were of our own breeding, our *arms* of our
 “ own forging, and our *cloaths* of our own cutting out
 “ and sewing.” Plato was by chance upon the next shelf, and observing those that spoke to be in the ragged plight mentioned a while ago; their *jades* lean and foundered, their *weapons* of rotten wood, their *armour* rusty, and nothing but rags underneath; he laughed loud, and, in his pleasant way, swore, *By —, he believed them.*

Now, the *Moderns* had not proceeded in their late negotiation, with secrecy enough to escape the notice of the enemy. For those advocates who had begun the quarrel, by setting first on foot the dispute of precedence, talked so loud of coming to a battle, that Temple happened to overhear them, and gave immediate intelligence to the *Ancients*; who thereupon drew up their scattered troops together, resolving to act upon the defensive. Upon which several of the *Moderns* fled over to their party, and among the rest Temple himself. This Temple having been educated and long conversed among the *Ancients*, was of all the *Moderns* their greatest favourite, and became their greatest champion.

Things were at this crisis, when a material accident fell out. For, upon the highest corner of a large window, there dwelt a certain *spider*, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of *flies*, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the *modern* way of fortification. After you had passed several courts, you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the *constable* himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his *person* by *swallows* from above, or to his *palace* by *brooms* from

below; when it was the pleasure of Fortune to conduct thither a wandering *bee*, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself; and in he went; where expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the *spider's* citadel; which yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The *spider* within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first, that *Nature* was approaching to her final dissolution; or else, that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects, whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Mean while the *bee* had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the *spider* was adventured out; when, beholding the chasms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end. He stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the *bee*, and wisely gathering causes from events, (for they knew each other by sight), "A plague split you," said he, "for a giddy son of a whore. Is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? Could not you look before you, and be d—n'd? Do you think I have nothing else to do, (in the devil's name), but to mend and repair after your arse?" "Good words, friend," (said the *bee*, having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll); "I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more: I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born." "Sirrah," replied the *spider*, "if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners." "I pray have patience," said the *bee*, "or you will spend your substance; and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all towards the repair of your house." "Rogue, rogue," replied the *spider*; "yet methinks you should have more respect to a per-
son,
" son,

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“ son, whom all the world allows to be so much your
 “ betters.” “ By my troth,” said the bee, “ the
 “ comparifon will amount to a very good jeft ; and you
 “ will do me a favour, to let me know the reafons
 “ that all the world is pleafed to ufe in fo hopeful a
 “ difpute.” At this, the *fpider*, having fwelled himfelf
 into the fize and pofture of a difputant, began his argu-
 ment in the true fpirit of controversy, with refolution
 to be heartily fcurrilous and angry ; to urge *on* his own
 reafons, without the leaft regard to the answers or ob-
 jections of his oppofite ; and fully predetermined in his
 mind againft all conviction.

“ Not to difparage myfelf,” faid he, “ by the com-
 “ parifon with fuch a rascal, what art thou but a va-
 “ gabond, without houfe or home, without ftock or in-
 “ heritance ; born to no poffeffion of your own, but
 “ a pair of wings and a drone-pipe ? Your livelihood is
 “ an univerfal plunder upon nature ; a freebooter over
 “ fields and gardens ; and, for the fake of ftealing, will
 “ rob a nettle as readily as a violet. Whereas I am a
 “ domeftic animal, furnifhed with a native ftock within
 “ myfelf. This large caftle (to fhew my improvements
 “ in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands,
 “ and the materials extracted altogether out of my own
 “ perfon.”

“ I am glad,” answered the bee, “ to hear you grant
 “ at leaft, that I am come honeftly by my wings and
 “ my voice : for then, it feems, I am obliged to Hea-
 “ ven alone for my flights and my mufic ; and Provi-
 “ dence would never have beftowed on me two fuch
 “ gifts, without defigning them for the nobleft ends. I
 “ vifit indeed all the flowers and bloffoms of the field
 “ and garden : but whatever I collect from thence, en-
 “ riches myfelf, without the leaft injury to their beau-
 “ ty, their fmell, or their tafte. Now, for you, and
 “ your fkill in architecture and other mathematics, I
 “ have little to fay. In that building of yours, there
 “ might, for aught I know, have been labour and me-
 “ thod enough ; but, by woful experience for us both, it
 “ is plain, the materials are naught ; and I hope you
 “ will henceforth take warning, and confider duration
 “ and matter, as well as method and art. You beaft
 “ indeed

“ indeed of being obliged to no other creature, but of
 “ drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is
 “ to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel
 “ by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store
 “ of dirt and poison in your breast. And though I
 “ would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine
 “ stock of either, yet, I doubt, you are somewhat obli-
 “ ged for an increase of both to a little foreign assist-
 “ ance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail
 “ of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below;
 “ and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to
 “ destroy another. So that, in short, the question
 “ comes all to this, Whether is the nobler being of the
 “ two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four
 “ inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and
 “ engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and
 “ venom, producing nothing at all, but fly-bane and
 “ a cobweb; or that, which, by an universal range,
 “ with long search, much study, true judgment, and
 “ distinction of things, brings home honey and wax?”

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of *books* in arms below stood silent a while, waiting in suspense what would be the issue. Which was not long undetermined: for the *bee*, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses, without looking for a reply; and left the *spider*, like an orator collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened upon this emergency, that Æsop broke silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated by a strange effect of the *regent's* humanity, who had torn off his title-page, sorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him fast among a shelf of *Moderns**; where soon discovering how high the quarrel was like to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himself to a thousand forms. At length, in the borrowed shape of an *ass*, the *regent* mistook him for a *Modern*; by which means, he had time and opportunity to escape to the *Ancients*, just when the *spider* and the *bee* were entering into their contest: to which he gave his attention with

* Bentley, who denied the antiquity of Æsop. See note, p. 147.

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a world of pleasure; and when it was ended, swore in the loudest key, that, in all his life, he had never known two cases so parallel and adapt to each other, as that in the window, and this upon the shelves. “The disputants,” said he, “have admirably managed the dispute between them, have taken in the full strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument *pro* and *con*. It is but to adjust the reasonings of both to the present quarrel, then to compare and apply the labours and fruits of each, as the *bee* has learnedly deduced them; and we shall find the conclusion fall plain and close upon the *Moderns* and *us*. For pray, Gentlemen, was ever any thing so *modern* as the *spider*, in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? He argues in the behalf of *you* his brethren, and himself, with many boastings of his native stock, and great genius; that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to own any obligation or assistance from without. Then he displays to you his great skill in architecture, and improvement in the mathematics. To all this, the *bee*, as an advocate retained by us the *Ancients*, thinks fit to answer, That if one may judge of the great genius or inventions of the *Moderns*, by what they have produced, you will hardly have countenance to bear you out in boasting of either. Erect your schemes with as much method and skill as you please; yet if the materials be nothing but dirt, spun out of your own intrails, (the guts of *modern* brains), the edifice will conclude at last in a *cobweb*; the duration of which, like that of other *spiders* webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in a corner. For any thing else of genuine that the *Moderns* may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a large vein of wrangling and satire, much of a nature and substance with the *spider*’s poison; which, however they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is improved by the same arts, by feeding upon the *insects* and *vermin* of the age. As for *us* the *Ancients*, we are content, with the *bee*, to pretend to nothing of our own, beyond our *wings* and our *voice*; that is to say, our *sights* and our
“ *language*.”

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“ *language*. For the rest, whatever we have got, has
 “ been by infinite labour and search, and ranging
 “ through every corner of Nature. The difference is,
 “ that, instead of dirt and poison, we have rather cho-
 “ sen to fill our hives with *honey* and *wax*; thus fur-
 “ nishing mankind with the two noblest of things,
 “ which are, *sweetness* and *light*.”

It is wonderful to conceive the tumult arisen among the *books*, upon the close of this long descant of Æsop. Both parties took the hint, and heightened their animosities so on a sudden, that they resolved it should come to a battle. Immediately the two main bodies withdrew under their several ensigns, to the farther parts of the library, and there entered into cabals and consultations upon the present emergency. The *Moderns* were in very warm debates upon the choice of their *leaders*; and nothing less than the fear impending from the enemies, could have kept them from mutinies upon this occasion. The difference was greatest among the *horse*, where every private *trooper* pretended to the chief command, from Tasso and Milton, to Dryden and Withers. The *light-horse* were commanded by Cowley and Despreaux*. There came the *bowmen* under their valiant leaders, Des Cartes, Gassendi, and Hobbes; whose strength was such, that they could shoot their arrows beyond the *atmosphere*, never to fall down again, but turn, like that of Evander, into *meteors*, or, like the *cannon-ball*, into *stars*. Paracelsus brought a *squadron* of *stink-pot-flingers* from the snowy mountains of Rhætia. There came a vast body of *dragoons* of different nations, under the leading of Harvey, their great *Agas*†; part armed with *sithes*, the weapons of death; part with *lances* and long *knives*, all steeped in *poison*; part shot *bullets* of a most malignant nature, and used *white powder*, which infallibly killed without report. There came several bodies of *heavy-armed foot*, all *mercenaries*, under the ensigns of Guicciardine, Davila, Polydore

* More commonly known by the name of Boileau. Hawkes.

† Dr Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood; a discovery much insisted on by the advocates for the Moderns, and excepted against as false by Sir William Temple, in his essay, p. 44. 45. Hawkes.

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Virgil, Buchanan, Mariana, Camden, and others. The *engineers* were commanded by Regiomontanus and Wilkins. The rest were a confused multitude, led by Scotus, Aquinas, and Bellarmine; of mighty bulk and stature, but without either arms, courage, or discipline. In the last place, came infinite swarms of *calones**, a disorderly rout led by L'Estrange; rogues and ragga-muffins, that follow the camp for nothing but the plunder; all without *coats* to cover them†.

The army of the *Ancients* was much fewer in number. Homer led the *horse*, and Pindar the *light-horse*; Euclid was chief *engineer*; Plato and Aristotle commanded the *bowmen*; Herodotus and Livy the *foot*; Hippocrates the *dragoons*; the *allies* led by Vossius, and Temple brought up the rear.

All things violently tending to a decisive battle, *Fame*, who much frequented, and had a large apartment formerly assigned her in the *regal library*, fled up strait to Jupiter, to whom she delivered a faithful account of all that passed between the two parties below; for among the gods she always tells truth. Jove, in great concern, convokes a council in the *Milky Way*. The senate assembled: he declares the occasion of convening them; a bloody battle just impendent between two mighty armies of *Ancient* and *Modern* creatures, called *books*, wherein the celestial interest was but too deeply concerned. Momus, the patron of the *Moderns*, made an excellent speech in their favour; which was answered by Pallas, the protectress of the *Ancients*. The assembly was divided in their affections; when Jupiter commanded the book of Fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by Mercury, three large volumes in folio, containing memoirs of all things past, present, and to come. The clasps were of silver, double gilt; the covers of celestial turkey-leather, and the paper such

* *Calones* By calling this disorderly rout *calones*, the author points both his satire and contempt against all sorts of mercenary scriblers, who write as they are commanded by the leaders and patrons of sedition, faction, corruption, and every evil work. They are styled *calones*, because they are the meanest and most despicable of all writers; as the *calones*, whether belonging to the army or private families, were the meanest of all slaves or servants whatsoever. *Hawkes*.

† These are pamphlets, which are not bound or covered.

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as here on earth might almost pass for vellum. Jupiter, having silently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but presently shut up the book.

Without the doors of this assembly, there attended a vast number of light, nimble gods, menial servants to Jupiter. These are his ministering instruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan, more or less together, and are fastened to each other, like a link of galley-slaves, by a light chain, which passes from them to Jupiter's great toe. And yet, in receiving or delivering a message, they may never approach above the lowest step of his throne, where he and they whisper to each other through a long hollow trunk. These deities are called by mortal men, *Accidents* or *Events*; but the gods call them *Second Causes*. Jupiter having delivered his message to a certain number of these divinities, they flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the regal library, and, consulting a few minutes, entered unseen, and disposed the parties according to their orders.

Mean while, Momus, fearing the worst, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy, which bore no very good face to his children the *Moderns*, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity, called *Criticism*. She dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla. There Momus found her extended in her den, upon the spoils of numberless volumes half devoured. At her right hand sat *Ignorance*, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left, *Pride*, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was *Opinion*, her sister, light of foot, hood-winked, and head-strong; yet giddy, and perpetually turning. About her played her children, *Noise* and *Impudence*, *Dulness* and *Vanity*, *Positiveness*, *Pedantry*, and *Ill-Manners*. The goddess herself had claws like a cat; her head, and ears, and voice, resembled those of an *ass*; her teeth fallen out before; her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself; her diet was the overflowing of her own *gall*; her *spleen* was so large, as to stand prominent like a dug of the first rate; nor wanted excrescences in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of spleen increased faster than

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than the sucking could diminish it. "Goddeſs," ſaid Momus, "can you ſit idle here, while our devout worſhippers, the *Moderns*, are this minute entering into a cruel battle, and perhaps now lying under the ſwords of their enemies? Who then hereafter will ever ſacrifice, or build altars to our divinities? Haſte therefore to the *Britiſh iſle*, and, if poſſible, prevent their deſtruction; while I make factions among the gods, and gain them over to our party."

Momus having thus delivered himſelf, ſtaid not for an answer, but left the goddeſs to her own reſentment. Up ſhe roſe in a rage; and, as it is the ſorin upon ſuch occasions, began a ſoliloquy. "It is I" (ſaid ſhe) "who give wiſdom to infants and idiots; by me children grow wiſer than their parents; by me *beaux* become politicians, and *ſchoolboys* judges of philoſophy; by me ſophiſters debate, and conclude upon the depths of knowledge; and coffehouſe-wits, inſtinct by me, can correct an author's ſtyle, and diſplay his minuteſt errors, without underſtanding a ſyllable of his matter or his language; by me ſtriplings ſpend their judgment, as they do their eſtate, before it comes into their hands. It is I who have depoſed Wit and Knowledge from their empire over *Poetry*, and advanced myſelf in their ſtead. And ſhall a few *up-ſtart Ancients* dare oppoſe me?—But come, my aged parents, and you my children dear, and thou my beauteous ſiſter; let us aſcend my chariot, and haſte to aſſiſt our devout *Moderns*, who are now ſacrificing to us a *hecatomb*, as I perceive by that grateful ſmell, which from thence reaches my noſtrils."

The goddeſs and her train, having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by *tame geefe*, flew over infinite regions, ſhedding her influence in due places, till at length ſhe arrived at her beloved iſland of Britain. But, in hovering over its *metropolis*, what bleſſings did ſhe not let fall upon her ſeminaries of Greſham and Covent-garden *? And now ſhe reached the fatal plain of St James's library, at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage; where entering with all her caravan

* See the notes, p. 43.

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unseen, and landing upon a case of shelves, now desert, but once inhabited by a colony of *virtuoso's*, she staid a while to observe the posture of both armies.

But here the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts, and move in her breast. For, at the head of a troop of *Modern bowmen*, she cast her eyes upon her son Wotton; to whom the Fates had assigned a very short thread; Wotton, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race begot by stolen embraces with this goddess. He was the darling of his mother, above all her children; and she resolved to go and comfort him. But first, according to the good old custom of deities, she cast about to change her shape; for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal sight, and overcharge the rest of his senses. She therefore gathered up her person into an *octavo* compass. Her body grew white and arid, and split in pieces with dryness; the thick turned into pasteboard, and the thin into paper; upon which her parents and children artfully strewed a black juice or decoction of gall and foot in form of letters; her head, and voice, and spleen, kept their primitive form; and that which before was a cover of skin, did still continue so. In this guise she marched on towards the *Moderns*, undistinguishable in shape and dress from the *divine Bentley*, Wotton's dearest friend. "Brave Wotton," said the goddess, "why do our troops stand idle here, to spend their pre-sent vigour, and opportunity of the day? Away, let us haste to the generals, and advise to give the onset immediately." Having spoke thus, she took the ugliest of her monsters, full glutted from her spleen, and flung it invisibly into his mouth; which flying straight up into his head, squeezed out his eye-balls, gave him a distorted look, and half overturned his brain. Then she privately ordered two of her beloved children, *Dulness* and *Ill-manners*, closely to attend his person in all encounters. Having thus accoutred him, she vanished in a mist; and the *hero* perceived it was the goddess his mother.

The destined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began; whereof before I dare adventure to make a particular description, I must, after the example of
other

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other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths, and hands, and pens; which would all be too little to perform so immense a work. Say, goddess that presidest over history, who it was that first advanced in the field of battle. Paracelsus, at the head of his *dragoons*, observing Galen in the adverse wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force; which the brave *Ancient* received upon his shield, the point breaking in the second fold. * * * * *

*Hic pauca
djunt.*

They bore the wounded *Aga* † on their shields to his chariot. * * * * *

*Desunt
nonnulla.*

Then Aristotle observing Bacon advance with a furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his arrow; which missed the valiant *Modern*, and went hizzing over his head. But Des Cartes it hit: the steel point quickly found a *defect* in his *head-piece*; it pierced the leather and the pasteboard, and went in at his right eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant *bowman* round, till death, like a star of superior influence, drew him into his own *vortex*. * * * * *

*Ingens hiatus
hic in MS.*

when Homer appeared at the head of the cavalry, mounted on a furious horse, with difficulty managed by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst approach. He rode among the enemy's ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, goddess, whom he slew first, and whom he slew last. First, Gondibert * advanced a-

† Dr Harvey. See the note p. 154. It was not thought proper to name his antagonist, but only to intimate that he was wounded. Other *Moderns* are spared by the hiatus that follows, probably for similar reasons. *Hawkes*.

* An heroic poem by Sir William Davenant, in stanzas of four lines. *Hawkes*.

gainst him, clad in heavy armour, and mounted on a staid sober gelding, not so famed for his speed, as his docility in kneeling, whenever his rider would mount or alight. He had made a vow to Pallas, that he would never leave the field, till he had spoiled Homer of his armour * ; madman, who had never once *seen* the wearer, nor understood his strength ! Him Homer overthrew, horse and man, to the ground ; there to be trampled and choked in the dirt. Then with a long spear he slew Denham, a stout *Modern* ; who from his father's side derived his lineage from Apollo, but his mother was of mortal race †. He fell, and bit the earth. The celestial part Apollo took, and made it a star ; but the terrestrial lay wallowing upon the ground. Then Homer slew Wesley ‡, with a kick of his horse's heel. He took Perault, by mighty force, out of his saddle ; then hurled him at Fontenelle ; with the same blow dashing out both their brains.

On the left wing of the horse, Virgil appeared, in shining armour, completely fitted to his body. He was mounted on a dapple-grey steed, the slowness of whose pace was an effect of the highest mettle and vigour. He cast his eye on the adverse wing, with a desire to find an object worthy of his valour ; when, behold, upon a sorrel gelding of a monstrous size, appeared a foe, issuing from among the thickest of the enemy's squadrons : but his speed was less than his noise ; for his horse, old and lean, spent the dregs of his strength in a high trot ; which, though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud clashing of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within the throw of a lance ; when the stranger desired a parley, and lifting up the vizor of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within ; which, after a pause, was known for that of the renowned Dryden. The brave *Ancient* suddenly started, as one possessed with surprise and disappointment together : for the helmet was nine times too large for the

* Vid. Homer.

† Sir John Denham's poems are very unequal, extremely good, and very indifferent ; so that his detractors said, he was not the real author of *Cooper's Hill*.

‡ Mr Wesley, who wrote the *Life of Christ* in verse, &c. *Hawkeshead* ;

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head; which appeared situate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobster, or like a mouse under a canopy of state, or like a shrivelled beau from within the pent-house of a modern periwig: and the voice was suited to the visage, sounding weak and remote. Dryden, in a long harangue, soothed up the good *Ancient*, called him *Father*; and, by a large deduction of genealogies, made it plainly appear that they were nearly related. Then he humbly proposed an exchange of armour, as a lasting mark of hospitality between them. Virgil consented, (for the goddess *Diffidence* came unseen, and cast a mist before his eyes), though his was of gold, and cost a hundred beeves*, the other's but of rusty iron. However, this glittering armour became the *Modern* yet worse than his own. Then they agreed to exchange horses; but when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid, and utterly unable to mount. * *

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* * * * *

* * * * *

Altus bia-
tus in MS.

* * * * *

Lucan appeared upon a fiery horse, of admirable shape, but headstrong, bearing the rider where he list, over the field. He made a mighty slaughter among the enemy's horse; which destruction to stop, Blackmore, a famous *Modern*, (but one of the *mercenaries*), strenuously opposed himself, and darted his javelin with a strong hand, which falling short of its mark, struck deep in the earth. Then Lucan threw a lance; but *Æsculapius* came unseen, and turned off the point†. "Brave *Modern*," said Lucan, "I perceive some god protects you; for never did my arm so deceive me before. But what mortal can contend with a god? Therefore let us fight no longer, but present gifts to each other." Lucan then bestowed the *Modern* a pair of spurs, and Blackmore gave Lucan a bridle. * * * * *

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* * * * *

Pauca de-
sunt.

* Vid. Homer.

† His skill as a physician atoned for his dulness as a poet. *Hawkes*.

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Creech : but the goddess *Dulness* took a cloud, formed into the shape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed it in a flying posture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and pursued the image, threatening loud ; till at last it led him to the peaceful bower of his father Ogleby ; by whom he was disarmed, and assigned to his repose.

Then Pindar flew —, and —, and Oldham, and —, and Afra the Amazon *, light of foot ; never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible slaughter among the enemy's *light horse*. Him when Cowley observed, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced against the fierce *Ancient*, imitating his address, his pace and career, as well as the vigour of his horse, and his own skill, would allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javelins ; first Cowley threw a lance, which missed Pindar, and passing into the enemy's ranks, fell ineffectual to the ground. Then Pindar darted a javelin, so large and weighty, that scarce a dozen *cavaliers*, as *cavaliers* are in our degenerate days, could raise it from the ground ; yet he threw it with ease, and it went, by an unerring hand, singing through the air ; nor could the *Modern* have avoided present death, if he had not luckily opposed the shield that had been given him by Venus †. And now both heroes drew their swords. But the *Modern* was so aghast and disordered, that he knew not where he was ; his shield dropped from his hands ; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not escape. At last he turned, and, lifting up his hands in the posture of a suppliant, " Godlike Pindar," said he, " spare my life, " and possess my horse, with these arms, besides the ransom which my friends will give, when they hear I am alive, and your prisoner." " Dog," said Pindar, " let your ransom stay with your friends : but your carcass shall be left for the *fowls of the air*, and the *beasts of the field*." With that, he raised his sword,

* Mrs Afra Behn, author of many plays, novels, and poems. *Hawkes.*

† His poem called the *Mistress*. *Hawkes.*

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and, with a mighty stroke, cleft the wretched *Modern* in twain, the sword pursuing the blow ; and one half lay panting on the ground, to be trod in pieces by the horses feet, the other half was borne by the frightened steed through the field. This Venus took *, washed it seven times in *ambrosia* ; then struck it thrice with a sprig of *amaranth* ; upon which the leather grew round and soft, and the leaves turned into feathers ; and being gilded before, continued gilded still ; so it became a *dove*, and she harnessed it to her chariot. * * *

* * * * * *Hiatus valde
deservendus in MS.*

Day being far spent, and the numerous forces of the *Moderns* half inclining to a retreat, there issued forth from a squadron of their *heavy-armed foot* †, a captain, whose name was *Bentley* ; the most deformed of all the *Moderns* ; tall, but without shape or comeliness ; large, but without strength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thousand incoherent pieces ; and the sound of it as he marched, was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead, which an *Etesian* wind blows suddenly down from the roof of some steeple. His helmet was of old rusty iron ; but the vizor was brass, which, tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the same fountain ; so that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality of most malignant nature was seen to distil from his lips. In his right hand he grasped a flail ‡,

* I do not approve the author's judgment in this; for I think Cowley's Pindarics are much preferable to his *Mistress*.

It may however be considered, that Cowley's Pindarics were but copies, of which Pindar was the original. Before Pindar therefore his Pindarics might fall ; and his *Mistress* be preserved, as properly his own. *Hawkes*.

† The episode of Bentley and Wotton.

As the account of the battle of the books is an allegorical representation of Sir William Temple's essay, in which the Ancients are opposed to the Moderns, the account of Bentley and Wotton is called an episode, and their intrusion represented as an under action. *Hawkes*.

‡ The person here spoken of, is famous for letting fly at every body without distinction, and using mean and foul scurrilities.

and

and (that he might never be unprovided of an *offensive* weapon) a vessel full of *ordure* in his left. — Thus completely armed, he advanced with a slow and heavy pace, where the *Modern* chiefs were holding a consult upon the sum of things; who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg, and hump shoulder, which his boot and armour vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with, and expose. The generals made use of him for his talent of railing; which, kept within government, proved frequently of great service to their cause; but at other times did more mischief than good; for at the least touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such, at this juncture, was the disposition of Bentley, grieved to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with every body's conduct but his own. He humbly gave the *Modern* generals to understand, that he conceived, with great submission, they were all a pack of *rogues*, and *fools*, and *sons of whores*, and *d—n'd cowards*, and *confounded loggerheads*, and *illiterate whelps*, and *nonsensical scoundrels*; that if himself had been constituted general, those *presumptuous dogs* * the *Ancients* would long before this have been beaten out of the field. “You,” said he, “sit here idle; but when I, or any other valiant *Modern*, kill an enemy, you are sure to seize the spoil. But I will not march one foot against the foe, till you all swear to me, that whom-ever I take or kill, his arms I shall quietly possess.” Bentley having spoken thus, Scaliger bestowing him a sour look, “Miscreant prater,” said he, “eloquent only in thine own eyes, thou railest without wit, or truth, or discretion. The malignity of thy temper perverteth nature, thy *learning* makes thee more *barbarous*; thy study of *humanity*, more *inhuman*; thy *converse* among poets, more *groveling*, *miry*, and *dull*. All arts of *civilizing* others render thee *rude* and *untractable*; *courts* have taught thee *ill manners*, and *polite conversation* has finished thee a *pedant*. Besides, a greater coward burdeneth not the army. But never despond; I pass my word, whatever spoil thou

* Vid. Homer. de Theriite.

“takest,

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“ takest, shall certainly be thy own ; though, I hope,
 “ that vile carcase will first become a prey to kites and
 “ worms.”

Bentley durst not reply ; but half choked with spleen and rage, withdrew in full resolution of performing some great atchievement. With him, for his aid and companion, he took his beloved Wotton ; resolving, by policy or surprise, to attempt some neglected quarter of the *Ancients* army. They began their march over carcasses of their slaughtered friends ; then to the right of their own forces ; then wheeled northward, till they came to Aldrovandus's tomb ; which they passed on the side of the declining sun. And now they arrived with fear towards the enemy's out-guards ; looking about, if haply they might 'spy the quarters of the wounded, or some straggling sleepers, unarmed, and remote from the rest. As when two *mungral curs*, whom *native greediness* and *domestic want* provoke and join in partnership, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of some rich grazier ; they, with tails depressed and lolling tongues, creep soft and slow : mean while, the conscious *moon*, now in her *zenith*, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays ; nor dare they bark, though much provoked at her refulgent visage, whether seen in puddle by reflection, or in sphere direct ; but one surveys the region round, while t'other scouts the plain, if haply to discover, at distance from the flock, some *carcase* half devoured, the refuse of gorged wolves, or ominous ravens : so marched this lovely, loving pair of friends, nor with less fear and circumspection ; when, at distance, they might perceive two shining suits of armour, hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off in a profound sleep. The two friends drew lots, and the pursuing of this adventure fell to Bentley. On he went, and in his van *Confusion* and *Amaze*, while *Horror* and *Affright* brought up the rear. As he came near, behold two heroes of the *Ancients* army, Phalaris and Æsop, lay fast asleep. Bentley would fain have dispatched them both ; and, stealing close, aimed his flail at Phalaris's breast. But then the goddess *Affright* interposing, caught the *Modern* in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger she foresaw ; for both the
 dormant

dormant heroes happened to turn at the same instant, though soundly sleeping, and busy in a dream. * For Phalaris was just that minute dreaming, how a most vile *poetaster* had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his *bull*. And Æsop dreamed, that as he and the *Ancient chiefs* were lying on the ground, a *wild ass* broke loose, ran about trampling and kicking, and dunging in their faces. Bentley leaving the two heroes asleep, seized on both their armours, and withdrew in quest of his darling Wotton.

He in the mean time had wandered long in search of some enterprize, till at length he arrived at a small *rivulet*, that issued from a fountain hard by, called, in the language of mortal men, *Helicon*. Here he stopped, and parched with thirst, resolved to allay it in this limpid stream. Thrice with profane hands he essayed to raise the water to his lips, and thrice it slipped all through his fingers. Then he stooped prone on his breast; but ere his mouth had kissed the liquid crystal, Apollo came, and in the channel held his *shield* betwixt the *Modern* and the fountain, so that he drew up nothing but *mud*. For although no fountain on earth can compare with the clearness of Helicon, yet there lies at bottom a thick sediment of *slime* and *mud*; for so Apollo begged of Jupiter, as a punishment to those who durst attempt to taste it with unhallowed lips, and for a lesson to all, not to *draw too deep, or far from the spring*.

At the fountain-head, Wotton discerned two heroes. The one he could not distinguish; but the other was soon known for Temple, general of the *allies* to the *Ancients*. His back was turned, and he was employed in drinking large draughts in his helmet, from the fountain, where he had withdrawn himself to rest from the toils of the war. Wotton, observing him, with quaking knees and trembling hands spoke thus to himself. "Oh, that I could kill this destroyer of our army! What renown should I purchase among the chiefs? But to issue out against him, man against man, shield against shield, and lance against lance †, what *Modern* of us dare?

* This is according to Homer, who tells the dreams of those who were killed in their sleep.

† Vid. Homer.

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“ For he fights like a god, and Pallas or Apollo are
 “ ever at his elbow. But, Oh, *mother* ! if what Fame
 “ reports be true, that I am the son of so great a
 “ goddess, grant me to hit Temple with this lance,
 “ that the stroke may send him to hell, and that I
 “ may return in safety and triumph, laden with his
 “ spoils.” The first part of this prayer the gods granted,
 ed, at the intercession of his *mother*, and of Momus;
 but the rest, by a perverse wind, sent from *Fate*, was
 scattered in the air. Then Wotton grasped his lance,
 and brandishing it thrice over his head, darted it with
 all his might; the goddess his *mother*, at the same time,
 adding strength to his arm. Away the lance went
 hissing, and reached even to the belt of the averted
Ancient; upon which lightly grazing, it fell to the
 ground. Temple neither felt the weapon touch him,
 nor heard it fall. And Wotton might have escaped to
 his army, with the honour of having emitted his lance
 against so great a leader, unrevenged; but Apollo, en-
 raged, that a javelin flung by the assistance of so foul a *god-
 dess*, should pollute his fountain, put on the shape of —,
 and softly came to young Boyle, who then accompanied
 Temple: he pointed first to the lance, then to the di-
 stant *Modern* that flung it, and commanded the young he-
 ro to take immediate revenge. Boyle, clad in a suit of
 armour which had been *given him by all the gods* *, im-
 mediately advanced against the trembling foe, who now fled
 before him. As a young lion in the Libyan plains, or A-
 raby Desert, sent by his aged sire to hunt for prey,
 or health, or exercise; he scours along, wishing to meet
 some tyger from the mountains, or a furious boar; if
 chance a *wild ass*, with brayings importune, affronts his
 ear; the generous beast, though loathing to distain his
 claws with blood so vile, yet much provoked at the of-
 fensive noise; which *Echo*, foolish nymph, like her *ill-
 judging sex*, repeats much louder, and with more delight
 than Philomela’s song; he vindicates the honour of the

* Boyle was assisted in this dispute by Dean Aldrich, Dr Atterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, and other persons at Oxford, celebrated for their genius and their learning, then called the *Christ-church wits*. Hawkes.

forest,

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forest, and hunts the noisy long-ear'd animal : so Wotton fled, so Boyle pursued. But Wotton, heavy-armed, an ! slow of foot, began to slack his course ; when his lover Bentley appeared, returning laden with the spoils of the two sleeping *Ancients*. Boyle observed him well ; and soon discovering the helmet and shield of Phalaris, his friend, both which he had lately, with his own hands, new polished and gilt ; rage sparkled in his eyes ; and leaving his pursuit after Wotton, he furiously rushed on against this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both ; but both now fled different ways. And as a woman in a little house, that gets a painful livelihood by spinning * ; if chance her *geese* be scattered o'er the common, she courses round the plain from side to side, compelling here and there the stragglers to the flock ; they cackle loud, and flutter o'er the champain : so Boyle pursued, so fled this pair of friends. Finding at length their flight was vain, they bravely joined, and drew themselves in *phalanx*. First, Bentley threw a spear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breast. But Pallas came unseen, and in the air took off the point, and clapped on one of *lead* ; which, after a dead bang against the enemy's shield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle, observing well his time, took up a lance of wondrous length and sharpness ; and as this pair of friends compacted stood close side to side, he wheeled him to the right, and, with unusual force, darted the weapon. Bentley saw his fate approach ; and flanking down his arms close to his ribs, hoping to save his body ; in went the point, passing through arm and side : nor stopt, or spent its force, till it had also pierced the valiant Wotton ; who going to sustain his dying friend, shared his fate. As when a skilful cook has trussed a brace of *woodcocks*, he, with iron skewer, pierces the tender sides of both, their legs and wings close pinioned to their ribs : so was this pair of friends transfixed, till down they fell, joined in their lives, joined in their

* This is also after the manner of Homer ; the woman's getting a painful livelihood by spinning, has nothing to do with the similitude, nor would be excusable without such an authority.

Vid. Homer.

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deaths; so closely joined, that Charon would mistake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for half his fare. Farewel, beloved, loving pair; few equals have you left behind: and happy and immortal shall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you.

And, now

* * * * *

Desunt cetera.

VOL. I.

P

A

A DISCOURSE concerning the MECHANICAL OPERATION of the SPIRIT.

IN a LETTER to a FRIEND.

A FRAGMENT.

THE BOOKSELLER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following discourse came into my hands perfect and entire. But there being several things in it which the present age would not very well bear, I kept it by me some years, resolving it should never see the light. At length, by the advice and assistance of a judicious friend, I retrenched those parts that might give most offence, and have now ventured to publish the remainder. Concerning the author, I am wholly ignorant: neither ~~can~~ I conjecture, whether it be the same with that of the two foregoing pieces; the original having been sent me at a different time, and in a different hand. The learned reader will better determine; to whose judgment I entirely submit it.

A

A DISCOURSE concerning the MECHANICAL OPERATION of the SPIRIT*.

For T. H. Esq;† at his chambers in the academy of the Beaux-Esprits in New England.

S I R,

IT is now a good while since I have had in my head something, not only very material, but absolutely necessary to my health, that the world should be informed in. For, to tell you a secret, I am able to *contain* it no longer. However, I have been perplexed for some time, to resolve what would be the most proper form to send it abroad in. To which end, I have been three days courting through Westminster-hall, and St Paul's church-yard, and Fleet-street, to peruse *titles*; and I do not find any which holds so general a vogue, as that of *A letter to a friend*. Nothing is more common than to meet with long epistles addressed to persons and places, where, at first thinking, one would be apt to imagine it not altogether so necessary or convenient; such as, *a neighbour at next door, a mortal enemy, a per-*

* This discourse is not altogether equal to the former, the best parts of it being omitted. Whether the bookseller's account be true, that he durst not print the rest, I know not: nor indeed is it easy to determine, whether he may be relied on in any thing he says of this, or the former treatises, only as to the time they were writ in: which, however, appears more from the discourses themselves, than his relation.

This discourse is a satire against enthusiasm, and those affected inspirations, which constantly begin in folly, and very often end in vice. In this treatise, the author has revelled in too licentious a vein of sarcasm: many of his ideas are nauseous, some are indecent, and others have an irreligious tendency. Nor is the piece itself equal in wit and humour, either to *The Tale of a Tub*, or *The Battle of the Books*. I should constantly chuse rather to praise, than to arraign any part of Swift's writings: but in those tracts where he tries to make us uneasy with ourselves, and unhappy in our present existence, there I must yield him up entirely to censure. *Orrery*.

† Supposed to be Col. Hunter.

felt stranger, or a person of quality in the clouds; and these upon subjects, in appearance, the least proper for conveyance by the post; as, *long schemes in philosophy, dark and wonderful mysteries of state, laborious dissertations in criticism and philosophy, advice to parliaments*, and the like.

Now, Sir, to proceed after the method in present wear: (for, let me say what I will to the contrary, I am afraid you will publish this *letter*, as soon as ever it comes to your hand): I desire you will be my witness to the world, how careless and sudden a scribe it has been; that it was but yesterday, when you and I began accidentally to fall into discourse on this matter; that I was not very well when we parted; that the post is in such haste, I have had no manner of time to digest it into order, or correct the style; and if any other modern excuses, for haste and negligence, shall occur to you in reading, I beg you to insert them, faithfully promising they shall be thankfully acknowledged.

Pray, Sir, in your next letter to the *Iroquois virtuosi*, do me the favour to present my humble service to that illustrious body; and assure them, I shall send an account of those *phenomena*, as soon as we can determine them at Gresham.

I have not had a line from the *literati* of Tobinambou these three last ordinaries.

And now, Sir, having dispatched what I had to say of forms, or of business, let me intreat, you will suffer me to proceed upon my subject; and to pardon me, if I make no further use of the epistolary style, till I come to conclude.

S E C T. I.

IT is recorded of Mahomet, that, upon a visit he was going to pay in Paradise, he had an offer of several vehicles to conduct him upwards; as fiery chariots, winged horses, and celestial sedans: but he refused them all, and would be borne to heaven upon nothing but his *ß*. Now, this inclination of Mahomet, as singular as it seems, hath been since taken up by a great number of devout *Christians*; and doubtless with very good

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good reason. For since that Arabian is known to have borrowed a moiety of his religious system from the *Christian* faith, it is but just he should pay reprisals to such as would challenge them; wherein the good people of England, to do them all right, have not been backward. For though there is not any other nation in the world so plentifully provided with carriages for that journey, either as to safety or ease; yet there are abundance of us, who will not be satisfied with any other machine, besides this of Mahomet.

For my own part, I must confess to bear a very singular respect to this animal, by whom I take human nature to be most admirably held forth in all its qualities as well as operations: and therefore, whatever in my small reading occurs concerning this our fellow creature, I do never fail to set it down by way of commonplace; and when I have occasion to write upon human reason, politics, eloquence, or knowledge, I lay my *memorandums* before me, and insert them with a wonderful facility of application. However, among all the qualifications ascribed to this distinguished brute, by ancient or modern authors, I cannot remember this talent of bearing his rider to heaven, has been recorded for a part of his character, except in the two examples mentioned already; therefore I conceive the methods of this art to be a point of useful knowledge in very few hands, and which the learned world would gladly be better informed in: this is what I have undertaken to perform in the following discourse. For towards the operation already mentioned, many peculiar properties are required, both in the *rider* and the *ass*; which I shall endeavour to set in as clear a light as I can.

But, because I am resolved, by all means, to avoid giving offence to any party whatever, I will leave off discoursing so closely to the *letter* as I have hitherto done, and go on for the future by way of allegory, though in such a manner, that the judicious reader may, without much straining, make his applications; as often as he shall think fit. Therefore, if you please, from hence forward, instead of the term *ass*, we shall make use of *gifted*, or *enlightened teacher*; and the word *rider*, we will exchange for that of *fanatic auditory*, or any o-

ther denomination of the like import. Having settled this weighty point, the great subject of inquiry before us is, to examine, by what methods this *teacher* arrives at his *gifts*, or *spirit*, or *light*; and by what intercourse between him and his assembly it is cultivated and supported.

In all my writings I have had constant regard to this great end, not to suit and apply them to particular occasions and circumstances of time, of place, or of person; but to calculate them for universal nature, and mankind in general. And of such catholic use I esteem this present disquisition: for I do not remember any other temper of body, or quality of mind, wherein all nations and ages of the world have so unanimously agreed, as that of a *fanatic* strain, or tincture of *enthusiasm*; which, improved by certain persons or societies of men, and by them practised upon the rest, has been able to produce revolutions of the greatest figure in history; as will soon appear to those who know any thing of Arabia, Persia, India, or China, of Morocco and Peru. Farther, it has possessed as great a power in the kingdom of knowledge, where it is hard to assign one art or science, which has not annexed to it some *fanatic* branch: such are the *philosopher's stone*, the *grand elixir**, the *planetary worlds*, the *squaring of the circle*, the *summum bonum*, *Utopian commonwealths*, with some others of less or subordinate note; which all serve for nothing else, but to employ or amuse this grain of *enthusiasm*, dealt into every composition.

But if this plant has found a root in the fields of *Empire* and of *Knowledge*, it has fixed deeper, and spread yet farther upon *holy ground*: wherein, though it hath passed under the general name of *enthusiasm*, and perhaps arisen from the same original; yet hath it produced certain branches of a very different nature, however often mistaken for each other. The word, in its universal acceptance, may be defined, *A lifting up of the soul, or its faculties, above matter*. This description will hold good in general: but I am only to understand it as applied to *religion*; wherein there are three general ways

* Some writers hold them for the same, others not.

of ejaculating the soul, or transporting it beyond the sphere of matter. The first is, the immediate act of God, and is called *prophecy* or *inspiration*. The second is, the immediate act of the devil, and is termed *possession*. The third is, the product of natural causes, the effect of strong imagination, spleen, violent anger, fear, grief, pain, and the like. These three have been abundantly treated on by authors, and therefore shall not employ my inquiry. But the fourth method of *religious enthusiasm*, or lanching out of the soul, as it is purely an effect of *artifice* and *mechanic operation*, has been sparingly handled, or not at all, by any writer; because, though it is an art of great antiquity, yet, having been confined to few persons, it long wanted those advancements and refinements which it afterwards met with, since it has grown so epidemic, and fallen into so many cultivating hands.

It is therefore upon this *mechanical operation of the spirit* that I mean to treat, as it is at present performed by our *British workmen*. I shall deliver to the reader the result of many judicious observations upon the matter; tracing, as near as I can, the whole course and method of this *trade*; producing parallel instances, and relating certain discoveries that have luckily fallen in my way.

I have said, that there is one branch of *religious enthusiasm*, which is purely an effect of nature; whereas the part I mean to handle, is wholly an effect of art, which, however, is inclined to work upon certain natures and constitutions, more than others. Besides, there is many an operation, which, in its original, was purely an artifice; but, through a long succession of ages, hath grown to be natural. Hippocrates tells us, that among our ancestors the Scythians, there was a nation called *Longheads**, which at first began by a custom among midwives and nurses of moulding, and squeezing, and bracing up the heads of infants; by which means, nature, shut out at one passage, was forced to seek another, and, finding room above, shot upwards in the form of a sugar-loaf; and being diverted that way, for

* Macrocephali.

some generations, at last found it out of herself, needing no assistance from the nurse's hand. This was the original of the Scythian *Longheads*; and thus did custom, from being a second nature, proceed to be a first. To all which there is something very analogous among us of this nation, who are the undoubted posterity of that refined people. For, in the age of our fathers, there arose a generation of men in this island, called *Round heads**, whose race is now spread over three kingdoms; yet, in its beginning, was merely an operation of art, produced by a pair of scissars, a squeeze of the face, and a black cap. These heads, thus formed into a perfect sphere in all assemblies, were most exposed to the view of the female sort; which did influence their conceptions so effectually, that Nature at last took the hint, and did it of herself; so that a *Round-head* has been ever since as familiar a sight among us, as a *Long-head* among the Scythians.

Upon these examples, and others easy to produce, I desire the curious reader to distinguish, first, between an effect grown from *art* into *nature*, and one that is natural from its beginning; secondly, between an effect wholly natural, and one which has only a natural foundation, but where the superstructure is entirely artificial. For the first and the last of these, I understand to come within the districts of my subject. And having obtained these allowances, they will serve to remove any objections that may be raised hereafter against what I shall advance.

The practitioners of this famous art proceed in general upon the following fundamental, That *the corruption of the senses is the generation of the spirit*; because the senses in men are so many avenues to the fort of *reason*, which in this operation is wholly blocked up. All endeavours must be therefore used, either to divert, bind up, stupify, fluster, and amuse the *senses*, or else

* The Fanatics, in the time of Charles I. ignorantly applying the text, *Ye know that it is a shame for men to have long hair*, cut theirs very short. It is said, that the Queen, once seeing Pym, a celebrated patriot, thus cropped, inquired who that *round-headed* man was; and that from this incident, the distinction became general, and the party were called *Round-heads*. Hawkes.

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to juggle them out of their stations ; and while they are either absent, or otherwise employed, or engaged in a civil war against each other, the *spirit* enters, and performs its part.

Now, the usual methods of managing the senses upon such conjunctures, are what I shall be very particular in delivering, as far as it is lawful for me to do ; but having had the honour to be initiated into the mysteries of every society, I desire to be excused from divulging any rites, wherein the *profane* must have no part.

But here, before I can proceed farther, a very dangerous objection must, if possible, be removed. For it is positively denied by certain critics, that the *spirit* can by any means be introduced into an assembly of modern saints ; the disparity being so great, in many material circumstances, between the primitive way of inspiration, and that which is practised in the present age. This they pretend to prove from the 2d chapter of the *Acts*, where, comparing both, it appears, first, that *the apostles were gathered together with one accord in one place* ; by which is meant an universal agreement in opinion and form of worship ; a harmony, say they, so far from being found between any two conventicles among us, that it is in vain to expect it between any two heads in the same. Secondly, The *spirit* instructed the apostles in the gift of speaking several languages ; a knowledge so remote from our dealers in this art, that they neither understand propriety of words, or phrases, in their own. Lastly, say these objectors, The modern artist do utterly exclude all approaches of the *spirit*, and bar up its ancient way of entering, by covering themselves so close, and so industriously a-top. For they will needs have it as a point clearly gained, that the *cloven tongues* never sat upon the apostles heads, while their hats were on.

Now, the force of these objections seems to consist in the different acceptation of the word *spirit* ; which if it be understood for a supernatural assistance, approaching from without, the objectors have reason, and their assertions may be allowed : but the *spirit* we treat of here, proceeding entirely from within, the argument

ment of these adversaries is wholly eluded. And, upon the same account, our modern artificers find it an expedient of absolute necessity, to cover their heads as close as they can, in order to prevent perspiration; than which nothing is observed to be a greater spender of mechanic light, as we may perhaps farther shew in convenient place.

To proceed therefore upon the *phenomenon* of *spiritual mechanism*, it is here to be noted, that in forming and working up the *spirit*, the assembly has a considerable share, as well as the preacher. The method of this *arcanum* is as follows. They violently strain their eyeballs inward, half closing the lids; then, as they sit, they are in a perpetual motion of *see-saw*, making long hums at proper periods, and continuing the sound at equal height; chusing their time in those intermissions, while the preacher is at ebb. Neither is this practice in any part of it so singular and improbable, as not to be traced, in distant regions, from reading and observation. For, first, the Jauguis *, or enlightened saints of India, see all their visions by help of an acquired straining and pressure of the eyes. Secondly, the art of *see-saw* on a beam, and swinging by session upon a cord, in order to raise artificial ecstasies, hath been derived to us from our Scythian ancestors †, where it is practised at this day among the women. Lastly, the whole proceeding, as I have here related it, is performed by the natives of Ireland, with a considerable improvement; and it is granted, that this noble nation hath of all others admitted fewer corruptions, and degenerated least from the purity of the old Tartars. Now, it is usual for a knot of Irish, men and women, to abstract themselves from matter, bind up all their senses, grow visionary and spiritual, by influence of a short pipe of tobacco handed round the company; each preserving the smoke in his mouth, till it comes again to his turn to take in fresh. At the same time there is a concert of a continued gentle hum, repeated and renewed by instinct, as occasion requires; and they move their bodies

* Bernier, mem. de Mogol.

† Guagnini Hist. Sarmat.

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up and down to a degree, that sometimes their heads and points lie parallel to the horizon. Mean while, you may observe their eyes turned up in the posture of one who endeavours to keep himself awake; by which, and many other symptoms among them, it manifestly appears, that the reasoning faculties are all suspended and superseded; that imagination hath usurped the seat, scattering a thousand deliriums over the brain. Returning from this digression, I shall describe the methods by which the *spirit* approaches. The eyes being disposed according to art, at first you can see nothing; but, after a short pause, a small glimmering light begins to appear, and dance before you. Then, by frequently moving your body up and down, you perceive the vapours to ascend very fast, till you are perfectly dosed, and flustered like one who drinks too much in a morning. Mean while, the preacher is also at work; he begins a loud hum, which pierces you quite through: this is immediately returned by the audience; and you find yourself prompted to imitate them, by a mere spontaneous impulse, without knowing what you do. The *interstitia* are duly filled up by the preacher, to prevent too long a pause, under which the *spirit* would soon faint and grow languid.

This is all I am allowed to discover about the progress of the *spirit*, with relation to that part which is borne by the *assembly*; but in the methods of the preacher, to which I now proceed, I shall be more large and particular.

S E C T. II.

YOU will read it very gravely remarked in the books of those illustrious and right eloquent penmen, the modern travellers, that the fundamental difference in point of religion between the wild Indians and us, lies in this; that we worship *God*, and they worship the *devil*. But there are certain critics, who will by no means admit of this distinction; rather believing, that all nations whatsoever adore the *true God*, because they seem to intend their devotions to some invisible power,
of

of greatest *goodness*, and *ability* to help them; which perhaps will take in the brightest attributes ascribed to the Divinity. Others again inform us, that those idolaters adore two *principles*; the *principle of good*, and that of *evil*: which indeed I am apt to look upon as the most universal notion that mankind, by the mere light of nature, ever entertained of things invisible. How this idea hath been managed by the Indians and us, and with what advantage to the understandings of either, may well deserve to be examined. To me the difference appears little more than this, that they are put oftener upon their knees by their *fears*, and we by our *desires*; that the former set them a *praying*, and us a *curfing*. What I applaud them for, is their discretion in limiting their devotions and their deities to their several districts; nor ever suffering the liturgy of the *white* god, to cross or to interfere with that of the *black*. Not so with us; who, pretending, by the lines and measures of our reason, to extend the dominion of one invisible power, and contract that of the other, have discovered a gross ignorance in the natures of good and evil, and most horribly confounded the frontiers of both. After men have lifted up the throne of their Divinity to the *cælum empyræum*, adorned with all such qualities and accomplishments as themselves seem most to value and possess; after they have sunk their *principle of evil* to the lowest centre, bound him with chains, loaded him with curses, furnished him with viler dispositions than any *rake-hell* of the town, accoutred him with tail, and horns, and huge claws, and saucer eyes; I laugh aloud to see these reasoners at the same time engaged in wise dispute about certain walks and purlieus, whether they are in the verge of God or the devil; seriously debating, whether such and such influences come into mens minds from above or below, whether certain passions and affections are guided by the evil spirit or the good:

*Dum fas atque nefas exiguo sine libidinum
Discernunt avidi—*

Thus do men establish a fellowship of *Christ* with *Belial*, and such is the analogy they make between *clowen tongues* and *clowen feet*. Of the like nature is the disquisition.

sition before us. It hath continued these hundred years an even debate, whether the deportment and the cant of our English enthusiastic preachers were *possession* or *inspiration*; and a world of argument has been drained on either side, perhaps to little purpose. For I think it is in *life* as in *tragedy*, where it is held a conviction of great defect, both in order and invention, to interpose the assistance of preternatural power, without an absolute and last necessity. However, it is a sketch of human vanity, for every individual to imagine the whole universe is interested in his meanest concern. If he hath got cleanly over a kennel, some angel unseen descended on purpose to help him by the hand; if he hath knocked his head against a post, it was the devil, for his sins, let loose from hell on purpose to buffet him. Who, that sees a little poultry mortal droning, and dreaming, and drivelling to a multitude, can think it agreeable to common good sense, that either heaven or hell should be put to the trouble of influence or inspection upon what he is about? Therefore I am resolved immediately to weed this error out of mankind, by making it clear, that this mystery of vending spiritual gifts is nothing but a *trade*, acquired by as much instruction, and mastered by equal practice and application, as others are. This will best appear by describing and deducing the whole process of the operation, as variously as it hath fallen under my knowledge or experience.

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Here the whole scheme of spiritual mechanism was deduced and explained, with an appearance of great reading and observation; but it was thought neither safe nor convenient to print it,

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Here it may not be amiss to add a few words upon the laudable practice of wearing *quilted caps*; which is not a matter of mere custom, humour, or fashion, as some would pretend, but an institution of great sagaci-

ty and use. These, when moistened with sweat, stop all perspiration; and, by reverberating the heat, prevent the spirit from evaporating any way but at the mouth; even as a skilful housewife, that covers her still with a wet clout for the same reason, and finds the same effect. For it is the opinion of choice *virtuosi*, that the brain is only a croud of little animals, but with teeth and claws extremely sharp, and therefore cling together in the contexture we behold, like the picture of *Hobbes's Leviathan*, or like bees in perpendicular swarm upon a tree, or like a carrion corrupted into vermin, still preserving the shape and figure of the mother animal: That all invention is formed by the morsure of two or more of these animals, upon certain capillary nerves, which proceed from thence; whereof three branches spread into the tongue, and two into the right hand. They hold also, that these animals are of a constitution extremely cold; that their food is the air we attract, their excrement phlegm; and that what we vulgarly call rheums, and colds, and distillations, is nothing else but an epidemical looseness, to which that little commonwealth is very subject, from the climate it lies under: Farther, that nothing less than a violent heat can disintangle these creatures from their hamated station of life, or give them vigour and humour to imprint the marks of their little teeth: That if the morsure be hexagonal, it produces poetry; the circular gives eloquence; if the bite hath been conical, the person whose nerve is so affected, shall be disposed to write upon politics; and so of the rest.

I shall now discourse briefly, by what kind of practices the voice is best governed, towards the composition and improvement of the *spirit*; for without a competent skill in tuning and toning each word, and syllable, and letter, to their due cadence, the whole operation is incomplete, misses entirely of its effect on the hearers, and puts the workman himself to continual pains for new supplies without success. For it is to be understood, that, in the language of the spirit, *cant* and *droning* supply the place of *sense* and *reason*, in the language of men; because, in spiritual harangues, the disposition of the words according to the art of grammar hath not the least

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least use, but the skill and influence wholly lie in the choice and cadence of the syllables; even as a discreet *composer*, who, in setting a song, changes the words and order so often, that he is forced to make it *nonsense*, before he can make it *music*. For this reason it hath been held by some, that the art of canting is ever in greatest perfection, when managed by *ignorance*; which is thought to be enigmatically meant by Plutarch, when he tells us, that the best musical instruments were made from the bones of an *ass*. And the profounder critics upon that passage are of opinion, the word, in its genuine signification, means no other than a *jaw-bone*; though some rather think it to have been the *os sacrum*. But in so nice a case I shall not take upon me to decide; the curious are at liberty to *pick* from it whatever they please.

The first ingredient towards the art of canting, is a competent share of *inward light*; that is to say, a large memory, plentifully fraught with theological polysyllables, and mysterious texts from holy writ, applied and digested by those methods and mechanical operations already related; the bearers of this *light* resembling *lanterns*, compact of leaves from old Geneva Bibles: which invention, Sir Humphrey Edwin, during his mayoralty, of happy memory, highly approved and advanced; affirming the scripture to be now fulfilled, where it says, *Thy word is a lantern to my feet, and a light to my paths*.

Now, the art of *canting* consists in skilfully adapting the voice to whatever words the spirit delivers, that each may strike the ears of the audience with its most significant cadence. The force or energy of this eloquence is not to be found, as among ancient orators, in the disposition of words to a sentence, or the turning of long periods; but, agreeable to the modern refinements in music, is taken up wholly in dwelling and dilating upon syllables and letters. Thus, it is frequent for a single *vowel* to draw sighs from a multitude; and for a whole assembly of saints, to sob to the music of one solitary *liquid*. But these are trifles, when even sounds inarticulate are observed to produce as forcible effects. A master-workman shall *blow his nose so powerfully*, as to

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pierce the hearts of his people, who are disposed to receive the *excrements* of his brain, with the same reverence as the *issue* of it. Hawking, spitting, and belching, the defects of other mens rhetoric, are the flowers, and figures, and ornaments of his. For, the *spirit* being the same in all, it is of no import through what vehicle it is conveyed.

It is a point of too much difficulty, to draw the principles of this famous art within the compass of certain adequate rules. However, perhaps I may one day oblige the world with my critical essay upon the art of *canting*, *philosophically*, *physically*, and *musically* considered.

But, among all improvements of the *spirit* wherein the voice hath borne a part, there is none to be compared with that of *conveying the sound through the nose*, which, under the denomination of *snuffling**, hath passed with so great applause in the world. The originals of this institution are very dark; but having been initiated into the mystery of it, and leave being given me to publish it to the world, I shall deliver as direct a relation as I can.

This art, like many other famous inventions, owed its birth, or at least improvement and perfection, to an effect of chance; but was established upon solid reasons, and hath flourished in this island ever since, with great lustre. All agree, that it first appeared upon the decay and discouragement of *bagpipes*; which, having long suffered under the mortal hatred of the *brethren*, tottered for a time, and at last fell with *monarchy*. The story is thus related.

As yet *snuffling* was not; when the following adventure happened to a *Banbury saint*. Upon a certain day, while he was far engaged among the tabernacles of the *wicked*, he felt the outward man put into odd commotions, and strangely pricked forward by the inward: An effect very usual among the modern inspired. For some think, that the *spirit* is apt to feed on the *flesh*, like hungry wines upon raw beef. Others rather believe, there is a perpetual game at *leap-frog* between both;

* The *snuffling* of men, who have lost their noses by lewd courses, is said to have given rise to that tone, which our Dissenters did too much affect. W. Wotton.

and

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and sometimes the *flesh* is uppermost, and sometimes the *spirit*: adding, that the former, while it is in the state of a *rider*, wears huge Rippon spurs, and, when it comes to the turn of being *bearer*, is wonderfully headstrong and hard-mouthed. However it came about, the *saint* felt his *vessel* full extended in every part, (a very natural effect of strong *inspiration*); and the place and time falling out so unluckily, that he could not have the convenience of evacuating upwards, by repetition, prayer, or lecture, he was forced to open an inferior vent. In short, he wrestled with the flesh so long, that he at length subdued it, coming off with honourable wounds all *before*. The surgeon had now cured the parts primarily affected; but the disease, driven from its post, flew up into his head: and as a skilful general, valiantly attacked in his trenches, and beaten from the field, by flying marches withdraws to the capital city, breaking down the bridges to prevent pursuit; so the disease, repelled from its first station, fled before the *rod* of Hermes, to the upper region, there fortifying itself; but, finding the foe making attacks at the *nose*, broke down the *bridge*, and retired to the head quarters. Now, the naturalists observe, that there is in human noses an *idiosyncrasy*, by virtue of which, the more the passage is obstructed, the more our speech delights to go through, as the music of a flageolet is made by the *stops*. By this method, the twang of the nose becomes perfectly to resemble the *snuffle* of a bagpipe, and is found to be equally attractive of British ears; whereof the saint had sudden experience, by practising his new faculty with wonderful success in the operation of the *spirit*: for, in a short time, no doctrine passed for sound and orthodox, unless it were delivered through the nose. Straight, every pastor copied after this original; and those who could not otherwise arrive to a perfection, spirited by a noble zeal, made use of the same experiment to acquire it. So that, I think, it may be truly affirmed, the *saints* owe their empire to the *snuffing* of one *animal*, as Darius* did his to the *neighing* of another; and both stratagems were performed by the same art;

* Herodot.

for we read, how the *Persian beast* acquired his faculty by *covering a mare* the day before.

I should now have done, if I were not convinced, that whatever I have yet advanced upon this subject, is liable to great exception. For, allowing all I have said to be true, it may still be justly objected, That there is, in the commonwealth of *artificial enthusiasm*, some real foundation for art to work upon in the temper and complexion of individuals, which other mortals seem to want. Observe but the gesture, the motion, and the countenance of some choice professors, though in their most familiar actions, you will find them of a different race from the rest of human creatures. Remark your commonest pretender to a light *within*, how dark, and dirty, and gloomy he is *without*: as lanterns, which the more light they bear in their bodies, cast out so much the more soot, and smoke, and fuliginous matter to adhere to the sides. Listen but to their ordinary talk, and look on the mouth that delivers it; you will imagine you are hearing some ancient oracle, and your understanding will be *equally* informed. Upon these, and the like reasons, certain objectors pretend to put it beyond all doubt, that there must be a sort of preternatural *spirit* possessing the heads of the modern saints; and some will have it to be the *heat* of zeal, working upon the *veils* of ignorance, as other *spirits* are produced from *lees* by the force of fire. Some again think, that when our earthly tabernacles are disordered and desolate, shaken and out of repair, the spirit delights to dwell within them; as houses are said to be haunted, when they are forsaken and gone to decay.

To set this matter in as fair a light as possible, I shall here very briefly deduce the history of *Fanaticism* from the most early ages to the present. And if we are able to fix upon any one material or fundamental point, wherein the chief professors have universally agreed, I think we may reasonably lay hold on that, and assign it for the great seed or principle of the *spirit*.

The most early traces we meet with of *Fanatics* in ancient story, are among the *Ægyptians*, who instituted those rites known in Greece by the names of *Orgia*, *Panegyres*, and *Dionysia*; whether introduced there by Orpheus

Orpheus or Melampus, we shall not dispute at present, nor, in all likelihood, at any time for the future. These feasts were celebrated to the honour of *Osiris*, whom the Græcians called *Dionysius*, and is the same with *Bacchus* *. Which has betrayed some superficial readers to imagine, that the whole business was nothing more than a set of roaring, scouring companions, overcharged with wine. But this is a scandalous mistake, foisted on the world by a sort of modern authors, who have too *literal* an understanding; and, because antiquity is to be traced *backwards*, do therefore, like Jews, begin their books at the wrong end, as if learning were a sort of *conjuring*. These are the men who pretend to understand a book by scouting through the *index*; as if a traveller should go about to describe a *palace*, when he had seen nothing but the *privy*; or like certain fortune-tellers in Northern America, who have a way of reading a man's destiny by peeping into his *breech*. For, at the time of instituting these mysteries, † there was not one vine in all *Ægypt*, the natives drinking nothing but *ale*; which liquor seems to have been far more ancient than wine, and has the honour of owing its invention and progress, not only to the *Ægyptian* *Osiris* ‡, but to the Græcian *Bacchus*; who, in their famous expedition, carried the receipt of it along with them, and gave it to the nations they visited or subdued. Besides, *Bacchus* himself was very seldom or never drunk: for it is recorded of him, that he was the first inventor of the *mitre* ||; which he wore continually on his head, (as the whole company of *Bacchanals* did), to prevent vapours and the *headach* after hard drinking. And for this reason, say some, the *scarlet whore*, when she makes the kings of the earth drunk with her cup of abomination, is always sober herself, though she never balks the glass in her turn, being, it seems, kept upon her legs by the virtue of her *triple mitre*. Now, these feasts were instituted in imitation of the famous expedition *Osiris* made through the world, and of the company that attended him, whereof the *Bacchanalian* ceremonies ** were so

* Diod. Sic. l. 1. Plut. de *Iside et Osiride*.

† Herod. l. 2. ‡ Diod. Sic. l. 1. & 3.

** See the particulars in Diod. Sic. l. 1. & 3.

|| Id. l. 4.

many types and symbols. From which account it is manifest, that the Fanatic rites of these Bacchanals cannot be imputed to intoxications by wine, but must needs have had a deeper foundation. What this was, we may gather large hints from certain circumstances in the course of their mysteries. For, in the first place, there was in their processions, an entire *mixture and confusion of sexes*; they affected to ramble about hills and deserts: their garlands were of *ivy* and *vine*, emblems of cleaving and clinging; or of *fir*, the parent of *turpentine*. It is added, that they imitated *satyrs*, were attended by *goats*, and rode upon *asses*, all companions of great skill and practice in affairs of gallantry. They bore for their ensigns, certain curious figures, perched upon long poles, made into the shape and size of the *virga genitalis*, with its *appurtenances*; which were so many shadows and emblems of the whole mystery, as well as trophies set up by the female conquerors. Lastly, in a certain town of Attica, the whole solemnity, stripped of all its types *, was performed *in puris naturalibus*; the votaries not flying in covies, but sorted into couples. The same may be farther conjectured from the death of Orpheus, one of the institutors of these mysteries; who was torn in pieces by women, because he refused to *communicate his orgies* † to them; which others explained, by telling us, he had *castrated* himself upon grief, for the loss of his wife.

Omitting many others of less note, the next *Fanatics* we meet with of any eminence, were the numerous sects of *heretics*, appearing in the five first centuries of the *Christian æra*, from Simon Magus and his followers, to those of Eutyches. I have collected their systems from infinite reading; and comparing them with those of their successors in the several ages since, I find there are certain bounds set even to the irregularity of human thought, and those a great deal narrower than is commonly apprehended. For as they all frequently interfere, even in their wildest ravings; so there is one fundamental point, wherein they are sure to meet, as lines

* Dionysia Brauronia.

† Vid. Photium in excerptis à Conone.

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in a centre, and that is, the *community of women*. Great were their solitudes in this matter; and they never failed of certain articles in their schemes of worship, on purpose to establish it.

The last *Fanatics* of note, were those which started up in Germany, a little after the *reformation* of Luther; springing, as *mushrooms* do at the *end of a harvest*. Such were John of Leyden, David George, Adam Neuster, and many others; whose visions and revelations always terminated in *leading about half a dozen sisters apiece*, and making that practice a fundamental part of their system. For human life is a continual navigation; and if we expect our *vessels* to pass with safety, through the waves and tempests of this fluctuating world; it is necessary to make a good provision of the *flesh*, as seamen lay in store of *beef* for a long voyage.

Now, from this brief survey of some principal sects among the *Fanatics* in all ages, (having omitted the *Mahometans* and others, who might also help to confirm the argument I am about); to which I might add several among ourselves, such as the *family of love*, *sweet singers of Israel*, and the like; and from reflecting upon that fundamental point in their doctrines, about *women*, wherein they have so unanimously agreed; I am apt to imagine, that the seed or principle which has ever put men upon *visions* in things *invisible*, is of a corporeal nature. For the profounder chymists inform us, that the strongest *spirits* may be extracted from *human flesh*. Besides, the spinal marrow, being nothing else but a continuation of the brain, must needs create a very free communication between the superior faculties and those below: and thus the *thorn in the flesh*, serves for a *spur* to the *spirit*. I think it is agreed among physicians, that nothing affects the head so much, as a tentiginous humour, repelled and elated to the upper region, found by daily practice to run frequently up into madness. A very eminent member of the faculty assured me, that when the Quakers first appeared, he seldom was without some female patients among them, for the *furor*—Persons of a visionary devotion, either men or women, are, in their complexion, of all others, the most amorous. For *zeal* is frequently kindled from the same spark
with

with other fires, and from inflaming brotherly love, will proceed to raise that of a gallant. If we inspect into the usual process of modern courtship, we shall find it to consist in a devout turn of the eyes, called *ogling*; an artificial form of canting and whining, by rote, every interval, for want of other matter, made up with a shrug, or a hum; a sigh or a groan; the style compact of insignificant words, incoherences, and repetition. These I take to be the most accomplished rules of address to a mistress; and where are these performed with more dexterity, than by the *saints*? Nay, to bring this argument yet closer, I have been informed by certain sanguine brethren of the first class, that in the height and *orgasms* of their spiritual exercise, it has been frequent with them * * * * *; immediately after which, they found the *spirit* to relax and flag of a sudden with the nerves, and they were forced to hasten to a conclusion. This may be farther strengthened, by observing with wonder, how unaccountably all females are attracted by visionary or enthusiastic preachers, though never so contemptible in their *outward mien*; which is usually supposed to be done upon considerations purely spiritual, without any carnal regards at all. But I have reason to think, the sex hath certain characteristics, by which they form a truer judgment of human abilities and performances, than we ourselves can possibly do of each other. Let that be as it will, thus much is certain, that however spiritual intrigues begin, they generally conclude like all others; they may branch upwards towards heaven, but the root is in the earth. Too intense a contemplation is not the business of flesh and blood; it must, by the necessary course of things, in a little time, let go its hold, and fall into *matter*. Lovers for the sake of celestial converse, are but another sort of Platonics, who pretend to see stars and heaven in ladies eyes, and to look or think no lower; but the same *pit* is provided for both. And they seem a perfect moral to the story of that philosopher, who, while his thoughts and eyes were fixed upon the *constellations*, found himself seduced by his *lower parts* into a *ditch*.

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I had somewhat more to say upon this part of the subject; but the post is just going, which forces me in great haste to conclude,

*Pray burn this
letter as soon
as it comes to
your hands.*

S I R,

Yours, &c.

An

AN ARGUMENT to prove that the ABOLISHING of CHRISTIANITY in ENGLAND, may, as things now stand, be attended with some inconveniencies, and perhaps not produce those many good effects proposed thereby *.

Written in the year 1708.

I Am very sensible, what a weakness and presumption it is, to reason against the general humour and disposition of the world. I remember it was with great justice, and a due regard to the freedom, both of the public and the press, forbidden, upon severe penalties, to write, or discourse, or lay wagers against the *union*, even before it was confirmed by parliament; because that was looked upon as a design to oppose the current of the people; which, besides the folly of it, is a manifest breach of the fundamental law, that makes this majority of opinion the voice of God. In like manner, and for the very same reasons, it may perhaps be neither safe nor prudent to argue against the abolish-

* *The argument against abolishing Christianity*, is carried on with the highest wit and humour. Graver divines threaten their readers with future punishments: Swift artfully exhibits a picture of present shame. He judged rightly in imagining, that a small treatise written with a spirit of mirth and freedom, must be more efficacious, than long sermons, or laborious lessons of morality. He endeavours to laugh us into religion; well knowing, that we are often laughed out of it. *Orrery*.

The argument, &c. is the most delicate, refined, complete, unvaried piece of irony, from the beginning to the end, that ever was written since the creation of the world. And without dispute, if in the works of man there can be supposed any such thing as real perfection, we must allow it to consist in those amazing productions of wit and humour, which in all probability can never be excelled by any effort of genius, and beyond which it is impossible to frame any critical or distinct idea of the human faculties.—With what egregious contempt and ridicule doth he, in this piece, expose the absurdity of those wretches, who are the patrons and abettors of vice and irreligion? *Swift*.

ing

ing of Christianity, at a juncture when all parties appear so unanimously determined upon the point ; as we cannot but allow from their actions, their discourses, and their writings. However, I know not how, whether from the affectation of singularity, or the perverseness of human nature ; but so it unhappily falls out, that I cannot be entirely of this opinion. Nay, though I were sure an order were issued for my immediate prosecution by the Attorney-General, I should still confess, that, in the present posture of our affairs at home or abroad, I do not yet see the absolute necessity of extirpating the Christian religion from among us.

This perhaps may appear too great a paradox, even for our wise and paradoxical age to endure : therefore I shall handle it with all tenderness, and with the utmost deference to that great and profound majority, which is of another sentiment.

And yet the curious may please to observe, how much the genius of a nation is liable to alter in half an age. I have heard it affirmed for certain, by some very old people, that the contrary opinion was, even in their memories, as much in vogue as the other is now ; and that a project for the abolishing of Christianity would then have appeared as singular, and been thought as absurd, as it would be at this time to write or discourse in its defence.

Therefore I freely own, that all appearances are against me. The system of the gospel, after the fate of other systems, is generally antiquated and exploded ; and the mass or body of the common people, among whom it seems to have had its latest credit, are now grown as much ashamed of it as their betters ; opinions, like fashions, always descending from those of quality to the middle sort, and thence to the vulgar, where at length they are dropped, and vanish.

But here I would not be mistaken ; and must therefore be so bold as to borrow a distinction from the writers on the other side, when they make a difference between nominal and real *Trinitarians*. I hope no reader imagines me so weak to stand up in the defence of real Christianity, such as used in primitive times (if we may believe the authors of those ages) to have an in-

fluence upon mens belief and actions. To offer at the restoring of that, would indeed be a wild project: it would be to dig up foundations; to destroy at one blow all the wit, and half the learning of the kingdom; to break the entire frame and constitution of things; to ruin trade, extinguish arts and sciences, with the professors of them; in short, to turn our courts, exchanges, and shops into deserts: and would be full as absurd as the proposal of Horace, where he advises the Romans, all in a body, to leave their city, and seek a new seat in some remote part of the world, by way of cure for the corruption of their manners.

Therefore I think this caution was in itself altogether unnecessary, (which I have inserted only to prevent all possibility of cavilling); since every candid reader will easily understand my discourse to be intended only in defence of nominal Christianity; the other having been for some time wholly laid aside by general consent, as utterly inconsistent with our present schemes of wealth and power.

But why we should therefore cast off the name and title of Christians, although the general opinion and resolution be so violent for it, I confess I cannot (with submission) apprehend, nor is the consequence necessary. However, since the undertakers propose such wonderful advantages to the nation by this project, and advance many plausible objections against the system of Christianity; I shall briefly consider the strength of both, fairly allow them their greatest weight, and offer such answers as I think most reasonable. After which I will beg leave to shew, what inconveniencies may possibly happen by such an innovation, in the present posture of our affairs.

First, One great advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity is, That it would very much enlarge and establish liberty of conscience, that great bulwark of our nation, and of the Protestant religion; which is still too much limited by priestcraft, notwithstanding all the good intentions of the legislature; as we have lately found by a severe instance. For it is confidently reported, that two young gentlemen, of real hopes, bright wit, and profound judgment, who, upon a thorough

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rough examination of causes and effects, and by the mere force of natural abilities, without the least tincture of learning, having made a discovery, that there was no God, and generously communicating their thoughts for the good of the public, were some time ago, by an unparalleled severity, and upon I know not what obsolete law, broke *only for blasphemy*. And, as it hath been wisely observed, if persecution once begins, no man alive knows how far it may reach, or where it will end.

In answer to all which, with deference to wiser judgments, I think this rather shews the necessity of a nominal religion among us. Great wits love to be free with the highest objects; and, if they cannot be allowed a God to revile or renounce, they will *speakevil of dignities*, abuse the government, and reflect upon the ministry; which, I am sure, few will deny to be of much more pernicious consequence; according to the saying of Tiberius, *Deorum offensa diis cura*. As to the particular fact related, I think it is not fair to argue from one instance; perhaps another cannot be produced: yet (to the comfort of all those who may be apprehensive of persecution) blasphemy, we know, is freely spoken a million of times in every coffeehouse and tavern, or wherever else *good company* meet. It must be allowed indeed, that to break an English free-born officer only for blasphemy, was, to speak the gentlest of such an action, a very high strain of absolute power. Little can be said in excuse for the General. Perhaps he was afraid it might give offence to the allies, among whom, for aught we know, it may be the custom of the country to believe a God. But if he argued, as some have done, upon a mistaken principle, that an officer who is guilty of speaking blasphemy, may, some time or other, proceed so far as to raise a mutiny; the consequence is by no means to be admitted: for surely the commander of an English army is like to be but ill obeyed, whose soldiers fear and reverence him as little as they do a Deity.

It is further objected against the gospel-system, That it obliges men to the belief of things too difficult for freethinkers, and such who have shaken off the preju-

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dices that usually cling to a confined education. To which I answer, That men should be cautious how they raise objections, which reflect upon the wisdom of the nation. Is not every body freely allowed to believe whatever he pleaseth, and to publish his belief to the world whenever he thinks fit, especially if it serves to strengthen the party which is in the right? Would any indifferent foreigner, who should read the trumpery lately written by Asgil, Tindal, Toland, Coward *, and forty more, imagine the gospel to be our rule of faith, and confirmed by parliaments? Does any man either believe, or say he believes, or desire to have it thought that he says he believes one syllable of the matter? And is any man worse received upon that score; or does he find his want of *nominal* faith a disadvantage to him, in the pursuit of any civil or military employment? What if there be an old dormant statute or two against him? Are they not now obsolete, to a degree, that Empson and Dudley themselves, if they were now alive, would find it impossible to put them in execution?

It is likewise urged, That there are, by computation, in this kingdom, above ten thousand parsons; whose revenues added to those of my Lords the Bishops, would suffice to maintain, at least, two hundred young gentlemen of wit and pleasure, and free-thinking; enemies to priestcraft, narrow principles, pedantry, and prejudices; who might be an ornament to the court and town: and then again, so great a number of able [bodied] divines might be a recruit to our fleet and armies. This indeed appears to be a consideration of some weight. But then, on the other side, several things deserve to be considered likewise: As, first, whether it may not be thought necessary, that in certain tracts of country, like what we call parishes, there should be *one* man, at least, of abilities to read and write. Then it seems a wrong computation, that the revenues of the church

* Asgil wrote an argument to prove, that man may be translated from hence into eternal life, without passing through death.

Toland published some deistical books.

Tindal's writings were blasphemous and atheistical.

Coward asserted the mortality of the soul, and alledged the feat of it to be in the blood. *Howe's*.

throughout

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throughout this island, would be large enough to maintain two hundred young gentlemen, or even half that number, after the present refined way of living; that is, to allow each of them such a rent, as, in the modern form of speech, would make them easy. But still there is in this project a greater mischief behind; and we ought to beware of the woman's folly, who killed the hen that every morning laid her a golden egg. For, pray, what will become of the race of men in the next age, if we had nothing to trust to, beside the scrophulous consumptive productions furnished by our men of wit and pleasure; when, having squandered away their vigour, health, and estates, they are forced, by some disagreeable marriage, to piece up their broken fortunes, and entail rottenness and politeness on their posterity? Now, here are ten thousand persons reduced, by the wise regulations of Henry VIII. to the necessity of a low diet, and moderate exercise, who are the only great restorers of our breed; without which the nation would, in an age or two, become one great hospital.

Another advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity is, the clear gain of one day in seven, which is now entirely lost, and consequently the kingdom one seventh less considerable in trade, business, and pleasure; besides the loss to the public of so many stately structures now in the hands of the clergy; which might be converted into play-houses, market-houses, exchanges, common dormitories, and other public edifices.

I hope I shall be forgiven a hard word, if I call this a perfect cavil. I readily own there hath been an old custom, time out of mind, for people to assemble in the churches every Sunday; and that shops are still frequently shut, in order, as it is conceived, to preserve the memory of that ancient practice. But how this can prove a hindrance to business or pleasure, is hard to imagine. What if the men of pleasure are forced, one day in the week, to game at home, instead of the *chocolatehouse*? Are not the *taverns* and *coffeehouses* open? Can there be a more convenient season for taking a dose of physic? Are fewer claps got upon Sundays than other days? Is not that the chief day for traders to sum up the accounts of the week; and for lawyers to

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prepare their briefs? But I would fain know, how it can be pretended, that the churches are misapplied? Where are more appointments and rendezvouses of gallantry? where more care to appear in the foremost box, with greater advantage of dress? where more meetings for business? where more bargains driven of all sorts? and where so many conveniencies or incitements to sleep?

There is one advantage, greater than any of the foregoing, proposed by the abolishing of Christianity; That it will utterly extinguish parties among us, by removing those factious distinctions of *High and Low Church*, of *Whig and Tory*, *Presbyterian and Church of England*; which are now so many grievous clogs upon public proceedings, and are apt to dispose men to prefer the gratifying themselves, or depressing their adversaries, before the most important interest of the state.

I confess, if it were certain, that so great an advantage would redound to the nation by this expedient, I would submit, and be silent. But will any man say, that if the words *swearing, drinking, cheating, lying, stealing*, were, by act of parliament, ejected out of the English tongue and dictionaries, we should all awake next morning chaste and temperate, honest and just, and lovers of truth? Is this a fair consequence? Or, if the physicians would forbid us to pronounce the words *pox, gout, rheumatism*, and *stone*, would that expedient serve, like so many *talismans*, to destroy the diseases themselves? Are party and faction rooted in mens hearts no deeper than phrases borrowed from religion, or founded upon no firmer principles? And is our language so poor, that we cannot find other terms to express them? Are envy, pride, avarice, and ambition, such ill nomenclators, that they cannot furnish appellations for their owners? Will not *Heydukes* and *Mamalukes*, *Mandarines* and *Patskarws*, or any other words formed at pleasure, serve to distinguish those who are in the ministry, from others who would be in it if they could? What, for instance, is easier than to vary the form of speech; and, instead of the word *church*, make it a question in politics, whether the *monument* be in danger? Because religion was nearest at hand to furnish a few convenient phrases, is our invention so barren,

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barren, we can find no other? Suppose, for argument's sake, that the *Tories* favoured Margarita, the *Whigs* Mrs Tofts, and the *Trimmers* Valentini*; would not *Margaritians*, *Toftians*, and *Valentinians*, be very tolerable marks of distinction? The *Prasini* and *Veniti*, two most virulent factions in Italy, began (if I remember right) by a distinction of colours in ribbands: and we might contend, with as good a grace, about the dignity of the *blue* and the *green*; which would serve as properly to divide the court, the parliament, and the kingdom between them, as any terms of art whatsoever borrowed from religion. And therefore I think there is little force in this objection against Christianity, or prospect of so great an advantage as is proposed in the abolishing of it.

It is again objected, as a very absurd ridiculous custom, That a set of men should be suffered, much less employed and hired, to bawl one day in seven, against the lawfulness of those methods most in use towards the pursuit of greatness, riches, and pleasure, which are the constant practice of all men alive on the other six. But this objection is, I think, a little unworthy so refined an age as ours. Let us argue this matter calmly. I appeal to the breast of any polite freethinker, whether, in the pursuit of gratifying a predominant passion, he hath not always felt a wonderful incitement, by reflecting it was a thing forbidden: and therefore we see, in order to cultivate this taste, the wisdom of the nation hath taken special care, that the ladies should be furnished with prohibited silks, and the men with prohibited wine. And indeed it were to be wished, that some other prohibitions were promoted, in order to improve the pleasures of the town; which, for want of such expedients, begin already, as I am told, to flag and grow languid, giving way daily to cruel inroads from the spleen.

It is likewise proposed, as a great advantage to the public, That if we once discard the system of the gospel, all religion will of course be banished for ever; and consequently, along with it, those grievous prejudices of

* Italian singers then in vogue. Marguarita was afterwards married to Dr Pepusche,

education ; which, under the names of *virtue*, *conscience*, *honour*, *justice*, and the like, are so apt to disturb the peace of human minds ; and the notions whereof are so hard to be eradicated by right reason or freethinking, sometimes during the whole course of our lives.

Here, first, I observe how difficult it is to get rid of a phrase, which the world is once grown fond of, though the occasion that first produced it be entirely taken away. For several years past, if a man had but an ill-favoured nose, the deep-thinkers of the age would, some way or other, contrive to impute the cause to the prejudice of his education. From this fountain are said to be derived all our foolish notions of justice, piety, love of our country ; all our opinions of God, or a future state, heaven, hell, and the like : and there might formerly, perhaps, have been some pretence for this charge. But so effectual care hath been since taken to remove those prejudices, by an entire change in the methods of education, that (with honour I mention it to our polite innovators) the young gentlemen who are now on the scene, seem to have not the least tincture left of those infusions, or string of those weeds ; and, by consequence, the reason for abolishing nominal Christianity upon that pretext, is wholly ceased.

For the rest, it may perhaps admit a controversy, whether the banishing all notions of religion whatsoever would be convenient for the vulgar. Not that I am, in the least, of opinion with those who hold religion to have been the invention of politicians, to keep the lower part of the world in awe, by the fear of invisible powers ; unless mankind were then very different from what it is now : for I look upon the mass or body of our people here in England to be as free thinkers, that is to say, as stanch unbelievers, as any of the highest rank. But I conceive some scattered notions about a superior power to be of singular use for the common people, as furnishing excellent materials to keep children quiet when they grow peevish, and providing topics of amusement in a tedious winter-night.

Lastly, It is proposed, as a singular advantage, That the abolishing of Christianity will very much contribute to the uniting of *Protestants*, by enlarging the terms of communion,

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communion, so as to take in all sorts of *dissenters*; who are now shut out of the pale upon account of a few ceremonies, which all sides confess to be things indifferent: That this alone will effectually answer the great ends of a scheme for comprehension, by opening a large noble gate, at which all bodies may enter; whereas the chaffering with *dissenters*, and dodging about this or the other ceremony, is but like opening a few wickets, and leaving them at jar, by which no more than one can get in at a time, and that not without stooping, and sideling, and squeezing his body.

To all this I answer, That there is one darling inclination of mankind, which usually affects to be a retainer to religion, though she be neither its parent, its godmother, or its friend; I mean the spirit of opposition, that lived long before Christianity, and can easily subsist without it. Let us, for instance, examine wherein the opposition of sectaries among us consists. We shall find Christianity to have no share in it all. Does the gospel any where prescribe a starched squeezed countenance, a stiff formal gait, a singularity of manners and habit, or any affected modes of speech, different from the reasonable part of mankind? Yet, if Christianity did not lend its name to stand in the gap, and to employ or divert these humours, they must of necessity be spent in contraventions to the laws of the land, and disturbance of the public peace. There is a portion of enthusiasm assigned to every nation, which, if it hath not proper objects to work on, will burst out, and set all in a flame. If the quiet of a state can be bought by only flinging men a few ceremonies to devour, it is a purchase no wise man would refuse. Let the mastiffs amuse themselves about a sheep's skin stuffed with hay, provided it will keep them from worrying the flock. The institution of convents abroad seems in one point a strain of great wisdom; there being few irregularities in human passions, that may not have recourse to vent themselves in some of those orders; which are so many retreats for the speculative, the melancholy, the proud, the silent, the politic, and the morose, to spend themselves, and evaporate the noxious particles: for each of whom we in this island are forced to provide a several

ral sect of religion, to keep them quiet. And whenever Christianity shall be abolished, the legislature must find some other expedient to employ and entertain them. For what imports it how large a gate you open, if there will be always left a number, who place a pride and a merit in refusing to enter?

Having thus considered the most important objections against Christianity, and the chief advantages proposed by the abolishing thereof; I shall now, with equal deference and submission to wiser judgments as before, proceed to mention a few inconveniencies that may happen, if the gospel should be repealed; which perhaps the projectors may not have sufficiently considered.

And, first, I am very sensible how much the gentlemen of wit and pleasure are apt to murmur, and be choked at the sight of so many daggled-tail parsons, who happened to fall in their way, and offend their eyes. But at the same time these wise reformers do not consider, what an advantage and felicity it is, for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and improve their talents, and divert their spleen from falling on each other, or on themselves; especially when all this may be done without the least imaginable danger to their persons.

And to urge another argument of a parallel nature: If Christianity were once abolished, how could the freethinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning, be able to find another subject so calculated in all points whereon to display their abilities? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of, from those whose genius, by continual practice, hath been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and would therefore never be able to shine or distinguish themselves upon any other subject? We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us; and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only topic we have left? Who would ever have suspected Algil for a wit, or Toland for a philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand to provide them with materials? What other subject through all art or nature could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furnished him
with

with readers ? It is the wise choice of the subject that alone adorns and distinguishes the writer. For had an hundred such pens as these been employed on the side of religion, they would have immediately sunk into silence and oblivion.

Nor do I think it wholly groundless, or my fears altogether imaginary, that the abolishing of Christianity may perhaps bring the church in danger, or at least put the senate to the trouble of another securing vote. I desire I may not be mistaken ; I am far from presuming to affirm, or think, that the church is in danger at present, or as things now stand ; but we know not how soon it may be so, when the Christian religion is repealed. As plausible as this project seems, there may be a dangerous design lurking under it. Nothing can be more notorious, than that the *Atheists*, *Deists*, *Socinians*, *Antitrinitarians*, and other subdivisions of freethinkers, are persons of little zeal for the present ecclesiastical establishment. Their declared opinion is for repealing the sacramental test ; they are very indifferent with regard to ceremonies ; nor do they hold the *jus divinum* of Episcopacy. Therefore this may be intended as one politic step towards altering the constitution of the church established, and setting up *Presbytery* in the stead ; which I leave to be further considered by those at the helm.

In the last place, I think nothing can be more plain, than that, by this expedient, we shall run into the evil we chiefly pretend to avoid ; and that the abolishment of the *Christian* religion, will be the readiest course we can take to introduce Popery. And I am the more inclined to this opinion, because we know it hath been the constant practice of the *Jesuits*, to send over emissaries, with instructions to personate themselves members of the several prevailing sects among us. So it is recorded, that they have at sundry times appeared in the guise of *Presbyterians*, *Anabaptists*, *Independents*, and *Quakers*, according as any of these were most in credit : so, since the fashion hath been taken up of exploding religion, the *Popish* missionaries have not been wanting to mix with the freethinkers ; among whom Toland, the great oracle of the *Anti-christians*, is an Irish priest, the son of an Irish priest ; and the most learned and ingenious

nious author of a book called the *rights of the Christian church*, was, in a proper juncture, reconciled to the Romish faith; whose true son, as appears by a hundred passages in his treatise, he still continues. Perhaps I could add some others to the number: but the fact is beyond dispute. And the reasoning they proceed by is right: for supposing Christianity to be extinguished, the people will never be at ease till they find out some other method of worship; which will as infallibly produce superstition, as superstition will end in *Popery*.

And therefore, if, notwithstanding all I have said, it still be thought necessary to have a bill brought in for repealing Christianity, I would humbly offer an amendment, that instead of the word *Christianity*, may be put *religion* in general; which, I conceive, will much better answer all the good ends proposed by the projectors of it. For as long as we leave in being a God and his providence, with all the necessary consequences which curious and inquisitive men will be apt to draw from such premises; we do not strike at the root of the evil, though we should ever so effectually annihilate the present scheme of the gospel. For of what use is freedom of thought, if it will not produce freedom of action; which is the sole end, how remote soever in appearance, of all objections against Christianity? and therefore the freethinkers consider it as a sort of edifice, wherein all the parts have such a mutual dependence on each other, that, if you happen to pull out one single nail, the whole fabric must fall to the ground. This was happily expressed by him, who had heard of a text brought for proof of the Trinity, which in an ancient manuscript was differently read; he thereupon immediately took the hint, and, by a sudden deduction of a long *forites**, most logically concluded, Why, if it be as you say, I may safely whore and drink on, and defy the parson. From which, and many the like instances, easy to be produced, I think nothing can be more manifest, than that the quarrel is not against any particular points of hard digestion in

* A *forites* differs from a syllogism, in that it takes only the minor proposition. An example of this figure may be seen, vol. 5. in John Bull, part 2. chap. 17. near the end. *Hawkes*.

the Christian system ; but against religion in general ; which, by laying restraints on human nature, is supposed the great enemy to the freedom of thought and action.

Upon the whole, if it shall still be thought for the benefit of church and state, that Christianity be abolished ; I conceive, however, it may be more convenient to defer the execution to a time of peace ; and not venture in this conjuncture to disoblige our allies ; who, as it falls out, are all Christians ; and many of them, by the prejudices of their education, so bigotted, as to place a sort of pride in the appellation. If, upon being rejected by them, we are to trust to an alliance with the Turk, we shall find ourselves much deceived : for as he is too remote, and generally engaged in war with the Persian Emperor, so his people would be more scandalized at our infidelity, than our Christian neighbours. For the Turks are not only strict observers of religious worship ; but, what is worse, believe a God ; which is more than is required of us, even while we preserve the name of Christians.

To conclude : Whatever some may think of the great advantages to trade by this favourite scheme, I do very much apprehend, that in six months time after the act is passed for the extirpation of the gospel, the Bank and East-India stock may fall, at least, one *per cent.* And since that is fifty times more than ever the wisdom of our age thought fit to venture for the *preservation* of Christianity, there is no reason we should be at so great a loss merely for the sake of *destroying* it.

A Project for the ADVANCEMENT of
RELIGION and the REFORMATION
of MANNERS *.

By a PERSON of QUALITY.

Written in the year 1709.

To the Countess of BERKLEY †.

MADAM,

MY intention in prefixing your Ladyship's name, is not, after the common form, to desire your protection of the following papers; which I take to be a very unreasonable request; since, by being inscribed to your Ladyship, though without your knowledge, and from a concealed hand, you cannot recom-

* The author appears in earnest throughout this whole treatise; and the dedication, or introduction, is in a strain of serious panegyric, which the Lady to whom it is addressed, undoubtedly deserved. But as the pamphlet is of the satirical kind, I am apt to imagine, that the Dean put a violence upon himself, in chusing to appear candidly serious, rather than to smile under his usual mask of gravity. Methinks, upon these occasions, I perceive him writing in shackles. *Orrery.*

In the *Project*, &c. Dr. Swift appears in the character of a great inspired prophet. *He crieth aloud, he spareth not, he lifteth up his voice like a trumpet*, Is. lviii. 1. He rebuketh all ranks of men for their depravities and corruptions, their profaneness, their blasphemy and irreligion. His discourse he addresseth unto his sovereign, and, beyond all contradiction, proveth it to be an important duty incumbent on all princes, to encourage and to enforce morals and religion, by exerting their utmost authority. He then applieth himself to the legislature, conjuring them to forward so noble a design, and to provide remedies against that torrent of iniquity, which, if not vigorously opposed, would certainly increase, and never stop in its career, until it subverted the constitution. And, finally, he declares, in the prophetic style and spirit, that a reformation of manners, and turning unto God, are the best natural as well as religious means, to bring the war to an happy conclusion. *Swift.*

† This excellent Lady, was Elisabeth, the daughter of Baptist Noel, Viscount Campden, and sister to Edward Earl of Gainborough. *Hawkes.*

mend

mend them without some suspicion of partiality. My real design is, I confess, the very same I have often detected in most dedications; that of publishing your praises to the world; not upon the subject of your noble birth, for I know others as noble; or of the greatness of your fortune, for I know others far greater; or of that beautiful race, (the images of their parents), which calls you mother; for even this may perhaps have been equalled in some other age or country. Besides, none of these advantages do derive any accomplishments to the owners, but serve, at best, only to adorn what they really possess. What I intend, is your piety, truth, good sense, and good nature, affability, and charity; wherein I wish your Ladyship had many equals, or any superiors; and I wish I could say, I knew them too, for then your Ladyship might have had a chance to escape this address. In the mean time, I think it highly necessary, for the interest of virtue and religion, that the whole kingdom should be informed in some parts of your character: for instance, That the easiest and politest conversation, joined with the truest piety, may be observed in your Ladyship, in as great perfection as they were ever seen apart in any other persons: That, by your prudence and management under several disadvantages, you have preserved the lustre of that most noble family into which you are grafted, and which the unmeasurable profusion of ancestors, for many generations, had too much eclipsed: Then how happily you perform every office of life, to which Providence hath called you; in the education of those two incomparable daughters, whose conduct is so universally admired; in every duty of a prudent, complying, affectionate wife; in that care which descends to the meanest of your domestics; and, lastly, in that endless bounty to the poor, and discretion where to distribute it. I insist on my opinion, that it is of importance for the public, to know this, and a great deal more of your Ladyship; yet whoever goes about to inform them, shall, instead of finding credit, perhaps be censured for a flatterer. To avoid so usual a reproach, I declare this to be no dedication, but merely an introduction to a proposal for the advancement of religion and morals, by tracing, however imperfectly, some few linea-

ments in the character of a Lady, who hath spent all her life in the practice and promotion of both.

AMong all the schemes offered to the public in this projecting age, I have observed, with some displeasure, that there have never been any for the improvement of religion and morals: which, besides the piety of the design from the consequence of such a reformation in a future life, would be the best natural means for advancing the public felicity of the state, as well as the present happiness of every individual. For as much as faith and morality are declined among us, I am altogether confident, they might, in a short time, and with no very great trouble, be raised to as high a perfection as numbers are capable of receiving. Indeed the method is so easy and obvious, and some present opportunities so good, that, in order to have this project reduced to practice, there seems to want nothing more than to put those in mind, who, by their honour, duty, and interest, are chiefly concerned.

But because it is idle to propose remedies before we are assured of the disease, or to be in fear till we are convinced of the danger; I shall first shew in general, that the nation is extremely corrupted in religion and morals; and then I will offer a short scheme for the reformation of both.

As to the first, I know it is reckoned but a form of speech, when divines complain of the wickedness of the age. However, I believe, upon a fair comparison with other times and countries, it would be found an undoubted truth.

For, first, to deliver nothing but plain matter of fact, without exaggeration or satire, I suppose it will be granted, that hardly one in an hundred among our people of quality or gentry appears to act by any principle of religion; that great numbers of them do entirely discard it, and are ready to own their disbelief of all revelation in ordinary discourse. Nor is the case much better among the vulgar, especially in great towns, where the profaneness and ignorance of handicraftsmen, small traders, servants, and the like, are to a degree very hard to be imagined greater. Then it is observed abroad, that no race of mortals hath so little sense of religion, as the English

lish soldiers. To confirm which, I have been often told by great officers of the army, that, in the whole compass of their acquaintance, they could not recollect three of their profession, who seemed to regard or believe one syllable of the gospel. And the same at least may be affirmed of the fleet. The consequences of all which upon the actions of men, are equally manifest. They never go about, as in former times, to hide or palliate their vices, but expose them freely to view, like any other common occurrences of life, without the least reproach from the world or themselves. For instance, any man will tell you, he intends to be drunk this evening, or was so last night, with as little ceremony or scruple, as he would tell you the time of the day. He will let you know he is going to a wench, or that he has got a clap, with as much indifferency, as he would a piece of public news. He will swear, curse, or blaspheme, without the least passion or provocation. And though all regard for reputation is not quite laid aside in the other sex, it is however at so low an ebb, that very few among them seem to think virtue and conduct of any necessity for preserving it. If this be not so, how comes it to pass, that women of tainted reputations find the same countenance and reception in all public places, with those of the nicest virtue, who pay and receive visits from them without any manner of scruple? Which proceeding, as it is not very old among us, so I take it to be of most pernicious consequence. It looks like a sort of compounding between virtue and vice; as if a woman were allowed to be vitious, provided she be not a profligate; as if there were a certain point where gallantry ends, and infamy begins; or that an hundred criminal amours were not as pardonable as half a score.

Besides those corruptions already mentioned, it would be endless to enumerate such as arise from the excess of play or gaming; the cheats, the quarrels, the oaths, and blasphemies among the men; among the women, the neglect of household-affairs, the unlimited freedoms, the indecent passion; and, lastly, the known inlet to all lewdness, when after an ill run the *person* must answer the defects of the *purse*: the rule on such occasions hold-

ing true in play, as it does in law, *Quod non habet in crumena, luat in corpore.*

But all these are trifles in comparison, if we step into other scenes, and consider the fraud and cozenage of trading men and shopkeepers; that insatiable gulf of injustice and oppression, the *law*; the open traffic for all civil and military employments, (I wish it rested there *), without the least regard to merit or qualifications; the corrupt management of men in office; the many detestable abuses in chusing those who represent the people; with the management of interests and factions among the representatives: to which I must be bold to add, the ignorance of some of the lower clergy; the mean servile temper of others; the pert pragmatistical demeanour of several young stagers in divinity, upon their first producing themselves into the world; with many other circumstances needless, or rather invidious to mention; which falling in with the corruptions already related, have, however unjustly, almost rendered the whole order contemptible.

This is a short view of the general depravities among us, without entering into particulars, which would be an endless labour. Now, as universal and deep-rooted as these appear to be, I am utterly deceived, if an effectual remedy might not be applied to most of them; neither am I at present upon a wild speculative project, but such a one as may be easily put in execution.

For, while the prerogative of giving all employments continues in the crown, either immediately, or by subordination, it is in the power of the *prince* to make piety and virtue become the fashion of the age, if at the same time he would make them necessary qualifications for favour and preferment.

It is clear from present experience, that the bare example of the best prince will not have any mighty influence, where the age is very corrupt. For when was there ever a better prince on the throne than the present Queen? I do not talk of her talent for government, her love of the people, or any other qualities that are pure-

* Perhaps the author intended to intimate that it extended to ecclesiastical. *Hawke/*

ly regal ; but her piety, charity, temperance, conjugal love, and whatever other virtues do best adorn a private life ; wherein, without question or flattery, she hath no superior : yet neither will it be satire, or peevish invective, to affirm, that infidelity and vice are not much diminished since her coming to the crown ; nor will, in probability, till more effectual remedies be provided.

Thus human nature seems to lie under the disadvantage, that the example alone of a vicious prince will in time corrupt an age, but the example of a good one will not be sufficient to reform it without further endeavours. Princes must therefore supply this defect by a vigorous exercise of that authority which the law has left them, by making it every man's interest and honour to cultivate religion and virtue, by rendering vice a disgrace, and the certain ruin to preferment or pretensions : all which they should first attempt in their own courts and families. For instance, might not the Queen's domestics of the middle and lower sort be obliged, upon penalty of suspension or loss of their employments, to a constant weekly attendance on the service of the church ; to a decent behaviour in it ; to receive the sacrament four times a-year ; to avoid swearing, and irreligious profane discourses ; and to the appearance at least of temperance and chastity ? Might not the care of all this be committed to the strict inspection of proper officers ? Might not those of higher rank, and nearer access to her Majesty, receive her own commands to the same purpose, and be countenanced or disfavoured according as they obey ? Might not the Queen lay her injunctions on the bishops, and other great men of undoubted piety, to make diligent inquiry, and give her notice, if any person about her should happen to be of libertine principles or morals ? Might not all those who enter upon any office in her Majesty's family, be obliged to take an oath parallel with that against simony, which is administered to the clergy ? It is not to be doubted, but that, if these or the like proceedings were duly observed, morality and religion would soon become fashionable court-virtues, and be taken up as the only methods to get or keep employments there ;
which

which alone would have mighty influence upon many of the nobility and principal gentry.

But if the like methods were pursued as far as possible with regard to those who are in the great employments of state, it is hard to conceive how general a reformation they might in time produce among us. For if piety and virtue were once reckoned qualifications necessary to preferment, every man thus endowed, when put into great stations, would readily imitate the Queen's example in the distribution of all offices in his disposal; especially if any apparent transgression through favour or partiality would be imputed to him for a misdemeanor, by which he must certainly forfeit his favour and station. And there being such great numbers in employment, scattered through every town and county in this kingdom, if all these were exemplary in the conduct of their lives, things would soon take a new face, and religion receive a mighty encouragement. Nor would the public weal be less advanced; since of nine offices in ten that are ill executed, the defect is not in capacity or understanding, but in common honesty. I know no employment, for which piety disqualifies any man: and if it did, I doubt the objection would not be very seasonably offered at present; because it is perhaps too just a reflection, that, in the disposal of places, the question, whether a person be *fit* for what he is recommended to? is generally the last that is thought on or regarded.

I have often imagined, that something parallel to the office of censors anciently in Rome, would be of mighty use among us, and could be easily limited from running into any exorbitances. The Romans understood liberty at least as well as we, were as jealous of it, and upon every occasion as bold asserters: yet I do not remember to have read any great complaints of the abuses in that office among them; but many admirable effects of it are left upon record. There are several pernicious vices frequent and notorious among us, that escape or elude the punishment of any law we have yet invented, or have had no law at all against them; such as atheism, drunkenness, fraud, avarice, and several others; which, by this institution, wisely regulated,

gulated, might be much reformed. Suppose, for instance, that itinerary commissioners were appointed to inspect, every where throughout the kingdom, into the conduct (at least) of men in office, with respect to their morals and religion, as well as their abilities; to receive the complaints and informations that should be offered against them, and make their report here upon oath to the court or the ministry, who should reward or punish accordingly. I avoid entering into the particulars of this or any other scheme; which coming from a private hand, might be liable to many defects, but would soon be digested by the wisdom of the nation. And, surely, six thousand pounds a-year would not be ill laid out among as many commissioners duly qualified, who in three divisions should be personally obliged to take their yearly circuits for that purpose.

But this is beside my present design; which was only to shew what degree of reformation is in the power of the Queen, without the interposition of the legislature; and which her Majesty is, without question, obliged in conscience to endeavour by her authority, as much as she doth by her practice.

It will be easily granted, that the example of this great town hath a mighty influence over the whole kingdom; and it is as manifest, that the town is equally influenced by the court, and the ministry, and those who, by their employments or their hopes, depend upon them. Now, if under so excellent a princess as the present Queen, we would suppose a family strictly regulated, as I have above proposed; a ministry where every single person was of distinguished piety; if we should suppose all great offices of state and law filled after the same manner, and with such as were equally diligent in chusing persons, who, in their several subordinations, would be obliged to follow the examples of their superiors, under the penalty of loss of favour and place; will not every body grant, that the empire of vice and irreligion would be soon destroyed in this great metropolis, and receive a terrible blow through the whole island, which hath so great an intercourse with it, and so much affects to follow its fashions?

For, if religion were once understood to be the necessary

fary step to favour and preferment, can it be imagined that any man would openly offend against it, who had the least regard for his reputation or his fortune? There is no quality so contrary to any nature, which men cannot affect, and put on upon occasion, in order to serve an interest, or gratify a prevailing passion. The proudest man will personate humility, the morosest learn to flatter, the laziest will be sedulous and active, where he is in pursuit of what he hath much at heart: how ready therefore would most men be to step into the paths of virtue and piety, if they infallibly led to favour and fortune!

If swearing and profaneness, scandalous and avowed lewdness, excessive gaming and intemperance, were a little discountenanced in the army, I cannot readily see what ill consequences could be apprehended. If gentlemen of that profession were at least obliged to some external decorum in their conduct; or even if a profligate life and character were not a means of advancement, and the appearance of piety a most infallible hindrance, it is impossible the corruptions there should be so universal and exorbitant. I have been assured by several great officers, that no troops abroad are so ill disciplined as the English; which cannot well be otherwise, while the common soldiers have perpetually before their eyes, the vitious example of their leaders; and it is hardly possible for those to commit any crime, whereof these are not infinitely more guilty, and with less temptation.

It is commonly charged upon the gentlemen of the army, that the beastly vice of drinking to excess hath been lately, from their example, restored among us; which for some years before was almost dropt in England. But, whoever the introducers were, they have succeeded to a miracle; many of the young nobility and gentry are already become great proficient, and are under no manner of concern to hide their talent, but are got beyond all sense of shame, or fear of reproach.

This might soon be remedied, if the Queen would think fit to declare, that no young person of quality whatsoever, who was notoriously addicted to that or any other vice, should be capable of her favour, or e-

ven admitted into her presence; with positive command to her ministers, and others in great office, to treat them in the same manner: after which, all men who had any regard for their reputation, or any prospect of preferment, would avoid their commerce. This would quickly make that vice so scandalous, that those who could not subdue, would at least endeavour to disguise it.

By the like methods a stop might be put to that ruinous practice of deep gaming: and the reason why it prevails so much, is, because a treatment *directly opposite* in every point is made use of to promote it; by which means the laws enacted against this abuse are wholly eluded.

It cannot be denied, that the want of strict discipline in the universities hath been of pernicious consequence to the youth of this nation, who are there almost left entirely to their own management, especially those among them of better quality and fortune; who, because they are not under a necessity of making learning their maintenance, are easily allowed to pass their time, and take their degrees with little or no improvement. Than which there cannot well be a greater absurdity. For if no advancement of knowledge can be had from those places, the time there spent is at best utterly lost, because every ornamental part of education is better taught elsewhere. And as for keeping youths out of harm's way, I doubt, where so many of them are got together, at full liberty of doing what they please, it will not answer the end. But whatever abuses, corruptions, or deviations from statutes have crept into the universities through neglect, or length of time, they might in a great degree be reformed, by strict injunctions from court (upon each particular) to the visitors and heads of houses; besides the peculiar authority the Queen may have in several colleges, whereof her predecessors were the founders. And among other regulations, it would be very convenient to prevent the excess of drinking, with that scurvy custom among the lads, and parent of the former vice, the taking of tobacco, where it is not absolutely necessary in point of health.

From the universities the young nobility, and others
of

of great fortunes, are sent for early up to town, for fear of contracting any airs of pedantry by a college-education. Many of the younger gentry retire to the inns of court, where they are wholly left to their own discretion. And the consequence of this remissness in education appears by observing, that nine in ten of those who rise in the church or the court, the law or the army, are younger brothers, or new men, whose narrow fortunes have forced them upon industry and application.

As for the inns of court, unless we suppose them to be much degenerated, they must needs be the worst instituted seminaries in any Christian country; but whether they may be corrected without interposition of the legislature, I have not skill enough to determine. However, it is certain, that all wise nations have agreed in the necessity of a strict education; which consisted, among other things, in the observance of moral duties, especially justice, temperance, and chastity, as well as the knowledge of arts, and bodily exercises. But all these among us are laughed out of doors.

Without the least intention to offend the clergy, I cannot but think, that, through a mistaken notion and practice, they prevent themselves from doing much service, which otherwise might lie in their power, to religion and virtue: I mean, by affecting so much to converse with each other, and caring so little to mingle with the laity. They have their particular clubs, and particular coffeehouses, where they generally appear in clusters. A single divine dares hardly shew his person among numbers of fine gentlemen; or if he happens to fall into such company, he is silent and suspicious, in continual apprehension that some pert man of pleasure should break an unmannerly jest, and render him ridiculous. Now, I take this behaviour of the clergy to be just as reasonable, as if the physicians should agree to spend their time in visiting one another, or their several apothecaries, and leave their patients to shift for themselves. In my humble opinion, the clergy's business lies entirely among the laity: neither is there perhaps a more effectual way to forward the salvation of mens souls, than for spiritual persons to make themselves as agreeable

agreeable as they can in the conversations of the world; for which a learned education gives them great advantage, if they would please to improve and apply it. It so happens, that the *men of pleasure*, who never go to church, nor use themselves to read books of devotion, form their ideas of the clergy, from a few poor strollers they often observe in the streets, or sneaking out of some person of quality's house, where they are hired by the lady at ten shillings a-month: while those of better figure and parts do seldom appear to correct these notions. And let some reasoners think what they please, it is certain, that men must be brought to esteem and love the clergy, before they can be persuaded to be in love with religion. No man values the best medicine, if administered by a physician, whose person he hates or despises. If the clergy were as forward to appear in all companies, as other gentlemen, and would a little study the arts of conversation, to make themselves agreeable, they might be welcome to every party, where there was the least regard for politeness or good sense; and consequently prevent a thousand vicious or profane discourses, as well as actions: neither would men of understanding complain, that a clergyman was a constraint upon the company, because they could not speak blasphemy or obscene jests before him. While the people are so jealous of the clergy's ambition, as to abhor all thoughts of the return of ecclesiastic discipline among them, I do not see any other method left for men of that function to take, in order to reform the world, than by using all honest arts to make themselves acceptable to the laity. This, no doubt, is part of that wisdom of the serpent, which the author of Christianity directs; and is the very method used by St Paul, who *became all things to all men, to the Jews a Jew, and a Greek to the Greeks.*

How to remedy these inconveniencies, may be a matter of some difficulty; since the clergy seem to be of an opinion, that this humour of sequestering themselves is a part of their duty; nay, as I remember, they have been told so by some of their bishops in their pastoral letters, particularly by *one* * among them of great merit

* Supposed to be Dr Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury.

and distinction ; who yet, in his own practice, hath all his lifetime taken a course directly contrary. But I am deceived, if an awkward shame, and fear of ill usage from the laity, have not a greater share in this mistaken conduct, than their own inclinations. However, if the outward profession of religion and virtue were once in practice and countenance at court, as well as among all men in office, or who have any hopes or dependence for preferment, a good treatment of the clergy would be the necessary consequence of such a reformation ; and they would soon be wise enough to see their own duty and interest, in qualifying themselves for lay conversation, when once they were out of fear of being choked by ribaldry or profaneness.

There is one further circumstance upon this occasion, which I know not whether it will be very orthodox to mention. The clergy are the only set of men among us, who constantly wear a distinct habit from others : the consequence of which (not in reason, but in fact) is this, that as long as any scandalous persons appear in that dress, it will continue, in some degree, a general mark of contempt. Whoever happens to see a *scoundrel in a gown*, reeling home at midnight, (a sight neither frequent nor miraculous), is apt to entertain an ill idea of the whole order, and at the same time to be extremely comforted in his own vices. Some remedy might be put to this, if those straggling gentlemen, who come up to town to *seek their fortunes*, were fairly dismissed to the West Indies ; where there is work enough, and where some better provision should be made for them, than I doubt there is at present. Or, what if no person were allowed to wear the habit, who had not some preferment in the church, or at least some temporal fortune sufficient to keep him out of contempt ? though, in my opinion, it were infinitely better, if all the clergy (except the bishops) were permitted to appear like other men of the graver sort, unless at those seasons when they are doing the business of their function.

There is one abuse in this town, which wonderfully contributes to the promotion of vice ; that such men are often put into the commission of the peace, whose
interest

interest it is, that virtue should be utterly banished from among us ; who maintain, or at least enrich themselves by encouraging the grossest immoralities ; to whom all the *barrows* of the *ward* pay contribution for shelter and protection from the laws. Thus these worthy magistrates, instead of lessening enormities, are the occasion of just twice as much debauchery as there would be without them. For those infamous women are forced upon doubling their work and industry, to answer double charges, of paying the justice, and supporting themselves ; like thieves who escape the gallows, and are let out to steal, in order to discharge the gaoler's fees.

It is not to be questioned, but the Queen and ministry might easily redress this abominable grievance, by enlarging the number of justices of the peace, by endeavouring to chuse men of virtuous principles, by admitting none who have not considerable fortunes ; perhaps, by receiving into the number some of the most eminent clergy : then, by forcing all of them, upon severe penalties, to act when there is occasion, and not permitting any who are offered to refuse the commission. But in these two last cases, which are very material, I doubt there will be need of the legislature.

The reformation of the stage is entirely in the power of the Queen ; and in the consequences it hath upon the minds of younger people, doth very well deserve the strictest care. Besides the indecent and profane passages ; besides the perpetual turning into ridicule the very function of the priesthood, with other irregularities, in most modern comedies, which have been often objected to them ; it is worth observing, the distributive justice of the authors, which is constantly applied to the punishment of virtue, and the reward of vice ; directly opposite to the rules of their best critics, as well as to the practice of dramatic poets in all other ages and countries. For example, a country-'squire, who is represented with no other vice but that of being a clown, and having the provincial accent upon his tongue, which is neither a fault, nor in his power to remedy, must be condemned to marry a cast wench, or a cracked chambermaid. On the other side, a rake-hell of the

town, whose character is set off with no other accomplishment but excessive prodigality, profaneness, intemperance, and lust, is rewarded with a lady of great fortune to repair his own, which his vices had almost ruined. And as, in a tragedy, the hero is represented to have obtained many victories, in order to raise his character in the minds of the spectators; so the hero of a comedy is represented to have been victorious in all his intrigues, for the same reason. I do not remember, that our English poets ever suffered a criminal amour to succeed upon the stage, till the reign of King Charles II. Ever since that time, the alderman is made a cuckold, the deluded virgin is debauched, and adultery and fornication are supposed to be committed behind the scenes, as part of the action. These, and many more corruptions of the theatre, peculiar to our age and nation, need continue no longer, than while the court is content to connive at or neglect them. Surely a pension would not be ill employed on some men of wit, learning, and virtue, who might have power to strike out every offensive or unbecoming passage from plays already written, as well as those that may be offered to the stage for the future. By which, and other wise regulations, the theatre might become a very innocent and useful diversion, instead of being a scandal and reproach to our religion and country.

The proposals I have hitherto made for the advancement of religion and morality, are such as come within reach of the administration; such as a pious active prince, with a steady resolution, might soon bring to effect. Neither am I aware of any objections to be raised against what I have advanced; unless it should be thought, that the making religion a necessary step to interest and favour might increase hypocrisy among us: and I readily believe it would. But if one in twenty should be brought over to true piety, by this or the like methods, and the other nineteen be only hypocrites, the advantage would still be great. Besides, hypocrisy is much more eligible, than open infidelity and vice: it wears the livery of religion; it acknowledges her authority, and is cautious of giving scandal. Nay, a long continued disguise is too great a constraint upon human

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human nature, especially an English disposition. Men would leave off their vices out of mere weariness, rather than undergo the toil and hazard, and perhaps the expence, of practising them perpetually in private. And I believe it is often with religion as it is with love; which, by much dissembling, at last grows real.

All other projects to this great end have proved hitherto ineffectual. Laws against immorality have not been executed; and proclamations occasionally issued out to enforce them, are wholly unregarded, as things of form. Religious societies, though begun with excellent intention, and by persons of true piety, are said, I know not whether truly or no, to have dwindled into factious clubs, and grown a trade to enrich little knavish informers of the meanest rank, such as common constables, and broken shopkeepers.

And that some effectual attempt should be made toward such a reformation, is perhaps more necessary than people commonly apprehend; because the ruin of a state is generally preceded by an universal degeneracy of manners, and contempt of religion; which is entirely our case at present.

Diis te minorem quod geris, imperas. Hor.

Neither is this a matter to be deferred, till a more convenient time of peace and leisure. A reformation in mens faith and morals, is the best natural, as well as religious means, to bring the war to a good conclusion: because, if men in truth performed their duty for conscience sake, affairs would not suffer through fraud, falsehood, and neglect, as they now perpetually do. And if they believed a God, and his providence, and acted accordingly, they might reasonably hope for his divine assistance in so just a cause as ours.

Nor could the majesty of the English crown appear, upon any occasion, in a greater lustre, either to foreigners or subjects, than by an administration, which producing such great effects, would discover so much power. And power being the natural appetite of princes, a limited monarch cannot so well gratify it in any thing, as a strict execution of the laws.

Besides, all parties would be obliged to close with so

good a work as this, for their own reputation. Neither is any expedient more likely to unite them. For the most violent partymen I have ever observed, are such as, in the conduct of their lives, have discovered least sense of religion and morality; and when all such are laid aside, at least those among them who shall be found incorrigible, it will be a matter perhaps of no great difficulty to reconcile the rest.

The many corruptions at present in every branch of business, are almost inconceivable. I have heard it computed by skilful persons, that of six millions raised every year for the service of the public, one third, at least, is sunk and intercepted through the several classes and subordinations of artful men in office, before the remainder is applied to the proper use. This is an accidental ill effect of our freedom. And while such men are in trust, who have no check from within, nor any views but towards their interest, there is no other fence against them, but the certainty of being hanged upon the first discovery, by the arbitrary will of an unlimited monarch, or his *vizier*. Among us the only danger to be apprehended, is the loss of an employment; and that danger is to be eluded a thousand ways. Besides, when fraud is great, it furnishes weapons to defend it self: and, at worst, if the crimes be so flagrant, that a man is laid aside out of perfect shame, (which rarely happens), he retires loaded with the spoils of the nation; *et fruitur diis iratis*. I could name a commission, where several persons, out of a salary of five hundred pounds, without other visible revenues, have always lived at the rate of two thousand, and laid out forty or fifty thousand upon purchases of land or annuities. An hundred other instances of the same kind might easily be produced. What remedy therefore can be found against such grievances in a constitution like ours, but to bring religion into countenance, and encourage those, who, from the hope of future reward, and dread of future punishment, will be moved to act with justice and integrity?

This is not to be accomplished any other way, than by introducing religion as much as possible to be the turn and fashion of the age; which only lies in the power of

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of the administration; the prince with utmost strictness regulating the court, the ministry, and other persons in great employment; and these, by their example and authority, reforming all who have dependence on them.

It is certain, that a reformation successfully carried on in this great town, would, in time, spread itself over the whole kingdom; since most of the considerable youth pass here that season of their lives, wherein the strongest impressions are made, in order to improve their education, or advance their fortune; and those among them who return into their several countries, are sure to be followed and imitated, as the greatest patterns of wit and good breeding.

And if things were once in this train; that is, if virtue and religion were established as the necessary titles to reputation and preferment; and if vice and infidelity were not only loaden with infamy, but made the infallible ruin of all mens pretensions; our duty, by becoming our interest, would take root in our natures, and mix with the very genius of our people; so that it would not be easy for the example of one wicked prince to bring us back to our former corruptions.

I have confined myself (as it is before observed) to those methods for the advancement of piety, which are in the power of a prince limited like ours, by a strict execution of the laws already in force. And this is enough for a project that comes without any name or recommendation; I doubt a great deal more, than will be suddenly reduced into practice. Though, if any disposition should appear towards so good a work, it is certain, that the assistance of the legislative power would be necessary to make it more complete. I will instance only a few particulars.

In order to reform the vices of this town, which, as we have said, hath so mighty an influence on the whole kingdom, it would be very instrumental to have a law made, that all taverns and alehouses should be obliged to dismiss their company by twelve at night, and shut up their doors; and that no woman should be suffered to enter any tavern or alehouse upon any pretence whatsoever. It is easy to conceive, what a number of ill consequences such a law would prevent; the mischiefs

chiefs of quarrels, and lewdness, and thefts, and midnight-brawls, the diseases of intemperance and venery, and a thousand other evils needless to mention. Nor would it be amiss, if the masters of those public houses were obliged, upon the severest penalties, to give only a proportioned quantity of drink to every company; and when he found his guests disordered with excess, to refuse them any more.

I believe there is hardly a nation in Christendom, where all kind of fraud is practised in so unmeasurable a degree as with us. The lawyer, the tradesman, the mechanic, have found so many arts to deceive in their several callings, that they far outgrow the common prudence of mankind, which is in no sort able to fence against them. Neither could the legislature in any thing more consult the public good, than by providing some effectual remedy against this evil; which in several cases deserves greater punishment, than many crimes that are capital among us. The vintner, who, by mixing poison with his wines, destroys more lives than any malignant disease; the lawyer, who persuades you to a purchase, which he knows is mortgaged for more than the worth, to the ruin of you and your family; the banker or scrivener, who takes all your fortune to dispose of, when he has beforehand resolved to break the following day, do surely deserve the gallows much better than the wretch who is carried there for stealing a horse.

It cannot easily be answered to God or man, why a law is not made for limiting the press; at least so far as to prevent the publishing of such pernicious books, as, under pretence of *free-thinking*, endeavour to overthrow those tenets in religion, which have been held inviolable almost in all ages, by every sect that pretends to be Christian; and cannot therefore, with any colour of reason, be called *points in controversy*, or *matters of speculation*, as some would pretend. The doctrine of the *Trinity*, the *divinity of Christ*, the *immortality of the soul*, and even the truth of all *revelation*, are daily exploded and denied in books openly printed; though it is to be supposed, neither party * avow such principles,

* Neither Whig nor Tory. *Hawkes.*

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or own the supporting of them to be any way necessary to their service.

It would be endless to set down every corruption or defect which requires a remedy from the legislative power. Senates are like to have little regard for any proposals that come from without doors; though, under a due sense of my own inabilities, I am fully convinced, that the unbiassed thoughts of an honest and wise man, employed on the good of his country, may be better digested, than the results of a multitude, where faction and interest too often prevail; as a single guide may direct the way, better than five hundred who *have contrary views, or look askint, or shut their eyes.*

I shall therefore mention but one more particular, which I think the parliament ought to take under consideration; whether it be not a shame to our country, and a scandal to Christianity, that in many towns, where there is a prodigious increase in the number of houses and inhabitants, so little care shall be taken for the building of churches, that five parts in six of the people are absolutely hindered from hearing divine service? particularly here in London *, where a single minister, with one or two sorry curates, hath the care sometimes of above twenty thousand souls incumbent on him: A neglect of religion so ignominious, in my opinion, that it can hardly be equalled in any civilized age or country.

But, to leave these airy imaginations of introducing new laws for the amendment of mankind; what I principally insist on, is a due execution of the old, which lies wholly in the crown, and in the authority derived from thence. I return therefore to my former assertion, That if stations of power, trust, profit, and honour, were constantly made the rewards of virtue and piety, such an administration must needs have a mighty influence on the faith and morals of the whole kingdom: and men of great abilities would *then* endeavour to excel in the duties of a religious life, in order to qualify them-

* This paragraph is known to have given the first hint to certain Bishops, particularly to Bishop Atterbury, in the Earl of Oxford's ministry, to procure a fund for building fifty new churches in London.

selves for public service. I may possibly be wrong in some of the means I prescribe towards this end: but that is no material objection against the design itself. Let those who are at the helm contrive it better, which perhaps they may easily do. Every body will agree, that the disease is manifest, as well as dangerous; that some remedy is necessary, and that none yet applied hath been effectual; which is a sufficient excuse for any man who wishes well to his country, to offer his thoughts, when he can have no other end in view but the public good. The present Queen is a princess of as many and great virtues as ever filled a throne: how would it brighten her character to the present and after ages, if she would exert her utmost authority to instil some share of those virtues into her people, which they are too degenerate to learn only from her example? and, be it spoke with all the veneration possible for so excellent a sovereign, her best endeavours in this weighty affair are a most important part of her duty, as well as of her interest, and her honour.

But it must be confessed, that, as things are now, every man thinks he has laid in a sufficient stock of merit, and may pretend to any employment, provided he hath been loud and frequent in declaring himself hearty for the government. It is true, he is a *man of pleasure*, and a *freethinker*; that is, in other words, he is profligate in his morals, and a despiser of religion; but in point of party, he is one to be *confided* in; he is an assertor of liberty and property; he rattles it out against *Papery* and *arbitrary power*, and *priestcraft* and *high-church*. It is enough: he is a person fully qualified for any employment in the court or the navy, the law or the revenue; where he will be sure to leave no arts untried of bribery, fraud, injustice, or oppression, that he can practise with any hope of impunity. No wonder such men are true to a government, where liberty runs high, where property, *however attained*, is so well secured, and where the administration is at least so gentle: it is impossible they could chuse any other constitution, without changing to their loss.

Fidelity to a present establishment is indeed the principal means to defend it from a foreign enemy; but
without

without other qualifications, will not prevent corruptions from within ; and states are more often ruined by these than the other.

To conclude : Whether the proposals I have offered towards a reformation, be such as are most prudent and convenient, may probably be a question : but it is none at all, whether some reformation be absolutely necessary ; because the nature of things is such, that if abuses be not remedied, they will certainly increase, nor ever stop till they end in a subversion of a commonwealth. As there must always of necessity be some corruptions, so, in a well-instituted state, the executive power will be always contending against them, by *reducing things* (as Machiavel speaks) *to their first principles*, never letting abuses grow inveterate, or multiply so far that it will be hard to find remedies, and perhaps impossible to apply them. As he that would keep his house in repair, must attend every little breach or flaw, and supply it immediately, else time alone will bring all to ruin ; how much more the common accidents of storms and rain ? He must live in perpetual danger of his house falling about his ears ; and will find it cheaper to throw it quite down, and build it again from the ground, perhaps upon a new foundation, or at least in a new form, which may neither be so safe, nor so convenient as the old.

The

The SENTIMENTS of a CHURCH-OF-ENGLAND MAN with respect to RELIGION and GOVERNMENT *.

Written in the year 1708.

Whoever hath examined the conduct and proceedings of both *parties* for some years past, whether in or out of power, cannot well conceive it possible to go far towards the extremes of either, without offering some violence to his integrity or understanding. A wise and a good man may indeed be sometimes induced to comply with a number, whose opinion he generally approves, though it be perhaps against his own. But this liberty should be made use of upon very few occasions, and those of small import-

* This piece is adapted to that particular period in which it was written. The style of the whole pamphlet is nervous, and, except in some few places, impartial. The state of Holland is justly, and, at the same time, concisely delineated. This tract is very well worth one's reading and attention: and it confirms an observation which will perpetually occur, that Swift excels in whatever style or manner he assumes. When he is in earnest, his strength of reason carries with it conviction; when in jest, every competitor in the race of wit is left behind him. *Orrery*.

This piece seemeth to have been one of Swift's projects for uniting of parties, and written with a design to check that rage and violence, which subsisted in those times between the contending factions of *Whig* and *Tory*; and perhaps to recommend, in the place of that abominable rancour and malice, which had broken all the laws of charity and hospitality among human kind, those candid salutary principles, with respect to religion and government, which, if rightly comprehended and vigorously pursued, might certainly preserve the whole constitution, both of *church* and *state*, for ten thousand generations. *Swift*.

This appears to be an apology for the Tories, and a justification of them against the misrepresentations of the Whigs, who were then in the ministry, and used every artifice to perpetuate their power. Mr Harley, afterwards Lord Oxford, had, by the influence of the Duke of Marlborough and Lord-Treasurer Godolphin, been lately removed from his post of Principal Secretary of State; and Mr St John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, resigned his place of Secretary at War, and Sir Simon Harcourt that of Attorney-General. *Hawks*.

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ance, and then only with a view of bringing over his own side another time *to* something of greater and more public moment. But to sacrifice the innocence of a friend, the good of our country, or our own conscience, to the humour or passion, or interest of a party, plainly shews, that either our heads or our hearts are not as they should be. Yet this very practice is the very fundamental law of each faction among us; as may be obvious to any, who will impartially, and without engagement, be at the pains to examine their actions: which however is not so easy a task; for it seems a principle in human nature, to incline one way more than another, even in matters where we are wholly unconcerned. And it is a common observation, that in reading a history of facts done a thousand years ago, or standing by at play among those who are perfect strangers to us, we are apt to find our hopes and wishes engaged on a sudden in favour of one side more than another. No wonder then that we are all so ready to interest ourselves in the course of public affairs, where the most inconsiderable have some *real* share, and, by the wonderful importance which every man is of to himself, a very great *imaginary* one.

And indeed, when the two parties that divide the whole commonwealth, come once to a rupture, without any hopes left of forming a third with better principles, to balance the others, it seems every man's duty to chuse one of the two sides, though he cannot entirely approve of either; and all pretences to neutrality are justly exploded by both, being too stale and obvious; only intending the safety and ease of a few individuals, while the public is imbroiled. This was the opinion and practice of the latter Cato, whom I esteem to have been the wisest and best of all the Romans*. But before things proceed to open violence, the truest service a private man may hope to do his country, is by unbiasing his mind as much as possible, and then endeavouring to moderate between the rival powers; which must needs be owned a fair proceeding with the world; because it is of all others the least consistent with

* One of the sextumvirate in Gulliver, part 3. chap. 7. vol. 4.

the common design of making a fortune by the *merit* of an *opinion*.

I have gone as far as I am able in qualifying myself to be such a moderator. I believe I am no *bigot* in religion, and I am sure I am none in government. I converse in full freedom with many considerable men of both parties; and if not in equal number, it is purely accidental and personal, as happening to be near the court, and to have made acquaintance there, more under one ministry than another. Then, I am not under the necessity of declaring myself by the prospect of an employment. And, lastly, if all this be not sufficient, I industriously conceal my name, which wholly exempts me from any hopes and fears in delivering my opinion.

In consequence of this free use of my reason, I cannot possibly think so well or so ill of either party, as they would endeavour to persuade the world of each other, and of themselves. For instance, I do not charge it upon the body of the *Whigs* or the *Tories*, that their several principles lead them to introduce Presbytery, and the religion of the church of Rome, or a commonwealth, and arbitrary power. For why should any party be accused of a principle, which they solemnly disown and protest against? But to this they have a mutual answer ready: they both assure us, that their adversaries are not to be believed; that they disown their principles out of fear, which are manifest enough, when we examine their practices. To prove this, they will produce instances, on one side, either of avowed Presbyterians, or persons of libertine and atheistical tenets; and on the other, of professed Papists, or such as are openly in the interest of the abdicated family. Now, it is very natural for all subordinate sects and denominations in a state, to side with some general party, and to chuse that which they find to agree with themselves in some general principle. Thus, at the *restoration*, the Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Independents, and other sects, did all, with very good reason, unite and folder up their several schemes to join against the *church*; who, without regard to their distinctions, treated them all as equal adversaries. Thus our present dissenters do very naturally close in with the *Whigs*, who profess *moderation*, declare they

they abhor all thoughts of *persecution*, and think it hard, that those who differ only in a few *ceremonies* and *speculations*, should be denied the privilege and profit of serving their country in the highest employments of state. Thus, the Atheists, libertines, despisers of religion and revelation in general; that is to say, all those who usually pass under the name of *Freethinkers*, do properly join with the same body; because *they* likewise preach up *moderation*, and are not so over-nice to distinguish between an unlimited liberty of conscience, and an unlimited freedom of opinion. Then, on the other side, the professed firmness of the Tories for Episcopacy, as an apostolical institution; their aversion to those sects who lie under the reproach of having once destroyed their constitution, and who, they imagine, by too indiscreet a zeal for reformation, have defaced the primitive model of the church; next, their veneration for monarchical government in the common course of succession, and their hatred to republican schemes: these, I say, are principles which not only the nonjuring zealots profess, but even Papists themselves fall readily in with. And every extreme here mentioned, flings a general scandal upon the whole body it pretends to adhere to.

But surely no man whatsoever ought, in justice or good manners, to be charged with principles he actually disowns, unless his practices do openly, and without the least room for doubt, contradict his profession; not upon small surmises, or because he has the misfortune to have ill men sometimes agree with him in a few general sentiments. However, though the extremes of *Whig* and *Tory* seem, with little justice, to have drawn religion into their controversies, wherein they have small concern; yet they both have borrowed one leading principle from the abuse of it; which is, to have built their several systems of political faith, not upon inquiries after truth, but upon opposition to each other; upon injurious appellations, charging their adversaries with horrid opinions, and then reproaching them for the want of charity; *et neuter falso*.

In order to remove these prejudices, I have thought nothing could be more effectual, than to describe the sentiments of a *church-of-England man* with respect to

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religion and government. This I shall endeavour to do in such a *manner*, as may not be liable to the least objection from either party, and which I am confident would be assented to by great numbers in both, if they were not misled to those mutual misrepresentations, by such motives as they would be ashamed to own.

I shall begin with *religion*.

And here, though it makes an odd sound, yet it is necessary to say, that whoever professeth himself a member of the church of England, ought to believe a God, and his providence, together with revealed religion, and the divinity of *Christ*. For besides those many thousands, who (to speak in the phrase of divines) do practically deny all this by the immorality of their lives, there is no small number, who, in their conversation and writings, directly, or by consequence, endeavour to overthrow it: yet all these place themselves in the list of the national church, though at the same time (as it is highly reasonable) they are great sticklers for liberty of conscience.

To enter upon particulars: A *church-of-England man* has a true veneration for the scheme established among us of ecclesiastic government; and though he will not determine whether Episcopacy be of divine right, he is sure it is most agreeable to primitive institution; fittest of all others for preserving order and purity, and, under its present regulations, best calculated for our civil state: he should therefore think the abolishment of that order among us, would prove a mighty scandal and corruption to our faith, and manifestly dangerous to our monarchy; nay, he would defend it by arms against all the powers on earth, except our own legislature; in which case he would submit as to a general calamity, a dearth or a pestilence.

As to rites and ceremonies, and forms of prayer, he allows there might be some useful alterations; and more, which in the prospect of uniting Christians might be very supportable, as things declared in their own nature indifferent; to which he therefore would readily comply, if the *clergy*, or (though this be not so fair a method) if the *legislature* should direct: yet at the same time

time he cannot altogether blame the former for their unwillingness to consent to any alteration ; which, beside the trouble, and perhaps disgrace, would certainly never produce the good effects intended by it. The only condition that could make it prudent and just for the clergy to comply in altering the ceremonial, or any other indifferent part, would be a firm resolution in the legislature to interpose, by some strict and effectual laws, to prevent the rising and spreading of new sects, how plausible soever, for the future ; else there must never be an end : and it would be to act like a man, who should pull down and change the ornaments of his house, in compliance to every one who was disposed to find fault as he passed by ; which, besides the perpetual trouble and expence, would very much damage, and perhaps in time destroy the building. Sects in a state seem only tolerated with any reason, because they are already spread ; and because it would not be agreeable with so mild a government, or so pure a religion as ours, to use violent methods against great numbers of *mistaken* people, while they do not manifestly endanger the constitution of either. But the greatest advocates for general liberty of conscience will allow, that they ought to be checked in their beginnings, if they will allow them to be an evil at all, or, which is the same thing, if they will only grant, it were better for the peace of the state, that there should be none. But while the clergy consider the natural temper of mankind in general, or of our own country in particular, what assurances can they have, that any compliances they shall make, will remove the evil of dissension, while the liberty still continues of professing whatever new opinions we please ? Or how can it be imagined, that the body of dissenting teachers, who must be all undone by such a revolution, will not cast about for some new objections to with-hold their flocks, and draw in fresh profelytes by some further innovations or refinements ?

Upon these reasons he is for tolerating such different forms in religious worship as are already admitted ; but by no means for leaving it in the power of those who are tolerated, to advance their own models upon the ruin of what is already established ; which it is natural

for all sects to desire, and which they cannot be justified by any consistent principles, if they do not endeavour ; and yet which they cannot succeed in, without the utmost danger to the public peace.

To prevent these inconveniencies, he thinks it highly just, that all rewards of trust, profit, or dignity, which the state leaves in the disposal of the administration, should be given only to those whose principles direct them to preserve the constitution in all its parts. In the late affair of *occasional conformity*, the general argument of those who were against it, was not, to deny it an evil in itself, but that the remedy proposed was violent, untimely, and improper ; which is the Bishop of Salisbury's * opinion, in the speech he made and published against the bill. But however just their fears or complaints might have been upon that score, he thinks it a little too gross and precipitate, to employ their writers already in arguments for repealing the sacramental test, upon no wiser a maxim, than that no man should, on the account of conscience, be deprived the liberty of serving his country ; a topic which may be equally applied to admit *Papists, Atheists, Mahometans, Heathens, and Jews*. If the church wants members of its own to employ in the service of the public, or be so unhappily contrived, as to exclude from its communion such persons who are likeliest to have great abilities, it is time it should be altered, and reduced into some more perfect, or at least more popular form : but in the mean while it is not altogether improbable, that when those who dislike the constitution, are so very zealous in their offers for the service of their country, they are not wholly unmindful of their party, or of themselves.

The Dutch, whose practice is so often quoted to prove and celebrate the great advantages of a general liberty of conscience, have yet a national religion professed by all who bear office among them. But why should they be a precedent for us, either in religion or government ? Our country differs from theirs, as well in situation, soil, and productions of nature, as in the genius and complexion of inhabitants. They are a commonwealth founded on a sudden, by a desperate at-

* Dr Burnet.

tempt, in a desperate condition ; not formed or digested into a regular system by mature thought and reason, but huddled up under the pressure of sudden exigencies ; calculated for no long duration, and hitherto subsisting by accident in the midst of contending powers, who cannot yet agree about sharing it amongst them. These difficulties do indeed preserve them from any great corruptions, which their crazy constitution would extremely subject them to in a long peace. That confluence of people in a persecuting age to a place of refuge nearest at hand, put them upon the necessity of trade, to which they wisely gave all ease and encouragement. And if we could think fit to imitate them in this last particular, there would need no more to invite foreigners among us ; who seem to think no farther than how to secure their property and conscience, without projecting any share in that government which gives them protection, or calling it *persecution*, if it be denied them. But I speak it for the honour of our administration, that although our sects are not so numerous as those in Holland, which I presume is not our *fault*, and I hope is not our *misfortune*, we much excel them, and all *Christianity* besides, in our indulgence to tender consciences *. One single compliance with the national form of receiving the sacrament, is all we require to qualify any sectary among us for the greatest employments in the state ; after which he is at liberty to rejoin his own assemblies for the rest of his life. Besides, I will suppose any of the numerous sects in Holland to have so far prevailed, as to have raised a civil war, destroyed their government and religion, and put their *administrators* to death ; after which I will suppose the people to have recovered all again, and to have settled on their old foundation. Then I would put a query, whether that sect which was the unhappy instrument of all this confusion, could reasonably expect to be intrusted for the future with the greatest employments, or indeed to be hardly tolerated among them ?

To go on with the sentiments of a *church-of-England*

* When this was written, there was no law against occasional conformity.

man: He does not see how that mighty passion for the church, which some men pretend, can well consist with those indignities and that contempt they bestow on the persons of the clergy. It is a strange mark whereby to distinguish *high-churchmen*, that they are such who imagine the clergy can never be too *low*. He thinks the maxim these gentlemen are so fond of, that they are for an humble clergy, is a very good one: and so is he, and for an humble laity too; since humility is a virtue that perhaps equally befits and adorns every station of life.

But then, if the scribblers on the other side freely speak the sentiments of their party, a divine of the church of England cannot look for much better quarter from thence. You shall observe nothing more frequent in their weekly papers, than a way of affecting to confound the terms of *clergy* and *high church*, of applying both indifferently, and then loading the latter with all the calumny they can invent. They will tell you, they honour a clergyman; but talk at the same time, as if there were not three in the kingdom who could fall in with their definition. After the like manner they insult the *universities*, as poisoned fountains, and corrupters of youth.

Now, it seems clear to me, that the *Whigs* might easily have procured and maintained a majority among the clergy, and perhaps in the universities, if they had not too much encouraged or connived at this intemperance of speech and virulence of pen, in the worst and most prostitute of their party: among whom there hath been, for some years past, such a perpetual clamour against the ambition, the implacable temper, and the covetousness of the *priesthood*; such a cant of *high church*, and persecution; and being *priest-ridden*; so many reproaches about *narrow principles*, or *terms of communion*; then such scandalous reflections on the *universities*, for infecting the youth of the nation with arbitrary and *Jacobite* principles, that it was natural for those who had the care of religion and education, to apprehend some general design of altering the constitution of both. And all this was the more extraordinary, because it could not easily be forgot, that whatever opposition was
made

made to the usurpations of *King James*, proceeded altogether from the church of England, and chiefly from the *clergy*, and one of the *universities*. For if it were of any use to recal matters of fact, what is more notorious than that prince's applying himself first to the church of England; and, upon their refusal to fall in with his measures, making the like advances to the *disfenters* of all kinds? who readily, and almost universally complied with him, affecting, in their numerous addresses and pamphlets, the style of *our brethren the Roman Catholics*; whose interests they put on the same foot with their own: and some of Cromwell's officers took posts in the army raised against the Prince of Orange. These proceedings of theirs they can only extenuate by urging the provocations they had met from the church in King Charles's reign; which, though perhaps excusable upon the score of human infirmity, are not by any means a plea of merit equal to the constancy and sufferings of the bishops and clergy, or of the head and fellows of Magdalen-college, that furnished the Prince of Orange's declaration with such powerful arguments to justify and promote the *revolution*.

Therefore a *church-of-England man* abhors the humour of the age, in delighting to fling scandals upon the clergy in general; which, besides the disgrace to the *reformation*, and to religion itself, cast an ignominy upon the kingdom, that it doth not deserve. We have no better materials to compound the priesthood of, than the mass of mankind, which corrupted as it is, those who receive orders must have some vices to leave behind them when they enter into the church; and if a few do still adhere, it is no wonder, but rather a great one, that they are no worse. Therefore he cannot think *ambition*, or *love of power*, more justly laid to their charge, than to other men; because that would be to make religion itself, or at least the best constitution of *church-government*, answerable for the errors and depravity of human nature.

Within these last two hundred years, all sorts of temporal power have been wrested from the clergy, and much of their ecclesiastic: the reason or justice of which proceeding I shall not examine; but that the remedies
were

were a little too violent, with respect to their *possessions*, the legislature hath lately confessed by the remission of their *first fruits*. Neither do the common libellers deny this; who, in their invectives, only tax the church with an insatiable desire of power and wealth, (equally common to all bodies of men, as well as individuals), but thank God, that the laws have deprived them of both. However, it is worth observing the justice of parties. The sects among us are apt to complain, and think it hard usage, to be reproached now, after fifty years, for overturning the state, for the murder of a King, and the indignity of an usurpation; yet these very men, and their partisans, are continually reproaching the clergy, and laying to their charge the pride, the avarice, the luxury, the ignorance, and superstition of *Papish* times, for a thousand years past.

He thinks it a scandal to government, that such an unlimited liberty should be allowed of publishing books against those doctrines in religion, wherein all Christians have agreed; much more to connive at such tracts as reject all revelation, and by their consequences often deny the very being of a God. Surely it is not a sufficient atonement for the writers, that they profess much loyalty to the present government, and sprinkle up and down some arguments in favour of the *dissenters*; that they dispute as strenuously as they can, for liberty of conscience, and inveigh largely against all ecclesiastics under the name of *high-church*; and, in short, under the shelter of some popular principles in politics and religion, undermine the foundations of all piety and virtue.

As he doth not reckon every *schism* of that damnable nature which some would represent, so he is very far from closing with the new opinion of those who would make it no crime at all; and argue at a wild rate, that God almighty is delighted with the variety of faith and worship, as he is with the varieties of nature. To such absurdities are men carried by the affectation of *free-thinking*, and removing the prejudices of education; under which head they have for some time begun to list *moralis* and religion. It is certain, that before the rebellion in 1642, though the number of *Puritans* (as they were then called)

called) were as great as it is with us, and though they affected to follow pastors of that denomination; yet those pastors had episcopal ordination, possessed preferments in the church, and were sometimes promoted to bishoprics themselves. But a breach in the general form of worship was, in those days, reckoned so dangerous and sinful in itself, and so offensive to *Roman Catholics* at home and abroad, that it was too unpopular to be attempted: neither, I believe, was the expedient then found out, of maintaining separate pastors out of private purses.

When a *schism* is once spread in a nation, there grows at length a dispute, which are the schismatics. Without entering on the arguments used by both sides among us to fix the guilt on each other, it is certain, that, in the sense of the law, the *schism* lies on that side which opposeth itself to the religion of the state. I leave it among the *divines* to dilate upon the danger of *schism* as a spiritual evil; but I would consider it only as a temporal one. And I think it clear, that any great separation from the established worship, though to a new one that is more pure and perfect, may be an occasion of endangering the public peace; because it will compose a body always in reserve, prepared to follow any discontented heads, upon the plausible pretences of advancing *true religion*, and opposing error, superstition, or idolatry. For this reason Plato lays it down as a maxim, That *men ought to worship the gods according to the laws of the country*; and he introduces Socrates, in his last discourse, utterly disowning the crime laid to his charge, of *teaching new divinities*, or methods of worship. Thus the poor *Hugonots* of France were engaged in a civil war by the specious pretences of some, who, under the guise of religion, sacrificed so many thousand lives to their own ambition and revenge. Thus was the whole body of *Puritans* in England drawn to be instruments or abettors of all manner of villany, by the artifices of a *few men*, whose designs from the first were levelled to destroy the constitution both of religion and government *. And thus, even in Holland itself,

* Lord Clarendon's history.

where

where it is pretended that the variety of sects live so amicably together, and in such perfect obedience to the magistrate, it is notorious, how a turbulent party joining with the *Arminians*, did, in the memory of our fathers, attempt to destroy the liberty of that republic. So that, upon the whole, where sects are tolerated in a state, it is fit they should enjoy a full liberty of conscience, and every other privilege of free-born subjects, *to which no power is annexed.* And to preserve their obedience upon all emergencies, a government cannot give them too much ease, nor trust them with too little power.

The *clergy* are usually charged with a *persecuting spirit*, which they are said to discover by an implacable hatred to all *dissenters*: and this appears to be more unreasonable, because they suffer less in their interests by a *toleration*, than any of the *conforming laity*; for while the *church* remains in its present form, no dissenter can possibly have any share in its dignities, revenues, or power; whereas, by once receiving the sacrament, he is rendered capable of the highest employments in the state. And it is very possible, that a narrow education, together with a mixture of human infirmity, may help to beget among some of the *clergy in possession* such an aversion and contempt for all *innovators*, as *physicians* are apt to have for *empirics*; or *lawyers* for *pettifoggers*, or *merchants* for *pedlars*: but since the number of sectaries doth not concern the clergy, either in point of interest or conscience, (it being an evil not in their power to remedy), it is more fair and reasonable to suppose their dislike proceeds from the dangers they apprehend to the peace of the commonwealth, in the ruin whereof they must expect to be the first and greatest sufferers.

To conclude this *section*, it must be observed, that there is a very good word, which hath of late suffered much by both parties; I mean *moderation*; which the one side very justly disowns, and the other as unjustly pretends to. Beside what passes every day in conversation, any man who reads the papers published by Mr Lesley, and others of his stamp, must needs conclude, that if this author could make the nation see his adversaries under the colours he paints them in, we have nothing else
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to do, but rise as one man, and destroy such wretches from the face of the earth. On the other side, how shall we excuse the advocates for *moderation*? among whom I could appeal to a hundred papers of universal approbation, by the cause they were writ for, which lay such principles to the whole body of the *Tories*, as, if they were true, and believed, our next business should, in prudence, be, to erect gibbets in every parish, and hang them out of the way. But I suppose it is presumed, the common people understand *raillery*, or at least *rhetoric*; and will not take *hyperboles* in too literal a sense; which however in some junctures might prove a desperate experiment. And this is *moderation*, in the *modern* sense of the word; to which, speaking impartially, the bigots of both parties are *equally* intitled.

S E C T. II.

The sentiments of a church-of-England man, with respect to government.

WE look upon it as a very just reproach, though we cannot agree where to fix it, that there should be so much violence and hatred in religious matters among men who agree in all fundamentals, and only differ in some ceremonies, or, at most, mere speculative points. Yet is not this frequently the case between contending parties in a state? For instance, do not the generality of *Whigs* and *Tories* among us profess to agree in the same *fundamentals*, their loyalty to the Queen, their abjuration of the *pretender*, the settlement of the crown in the Protestant line, and a revolution-principle? their affection to the church established, with toleration of dissenters? Nay, sometimes they go farther, and pass over into each other's principles; the *Whigs* become great asserters of the prerogative, and the *Tories*, of the people's liberty; these crying down almost the whole set of bishops, and those defending them: so that the differences fairly stated, would be much of a sort with those in religion among us, and amount to little more than, *who should take place, or go*

in and out first, or kiss the Queen's hand; and what are these but a few court-ceremonies? or, who should be in the ministry; and what is that to the body of the nation, but a mere speculative point? Yet I think it must be allowed, that no religious sects ever carried their mutual aversions to greater heights than our state-parties have done, who, the more to inflame their passions, have mixed religious and civil animosities together; borrowing one of their appellations from the church, with the addition of high and low, how little soever their disputes relate to the term, as it is generally understood.

I now proceed to deliver the sentiments of a *church-of-England man*, with respect to government.

He doth not think the church of England so narrowly calculated, that it cannot fall in with any regular species of government; nor doth he think any one regular species of government more acceptable to God than another. The three generally received in the *schools* have, all of them, their several perfections, and are subject to their several depravations. However, few states are ruined by any defect in their institution, but generally by the corruption of manners, against which the best institution is no longer a security, and without which a very ill one may subsist and flourish; whereof there are two pregnant instances now in Europe. The first is, the *aristocracy* of Venice; which, founded upon the wisest maxims, and digested by a great length of time, hath in our age admitted so many abuses, through the degeneracy of the nobles, that the period of its duration seems to approach. The other is the united republics of the *States-General*, where a vein of temperance, industry, parsimony, and a public spirit, running through the whole body of the people, hath preserved an infant commonwealth, of an untimely birth and sickly constitution, for above an hundred years, through so many dangers and difficulties, as a much more healthy one could never have struggled against without those advantages.

Where security of person and property are preserved by laws, which none but the *whole* can repeal, there the great ends of government are provided for, whether the administration be in the hands of *one* or of *many*. Where
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preferment. And I believe, there may be truth enough in this accusation to convince us, that human frailty will too often interpose itself among persons of the holiest function. However, it may be offered in excuse for the clergy, that in the best societies there are some ill members, which a corrupted court and ministry will industriously find out and introduce. Besides, it is manifest, that the greater number of those who held and preached this doctrine, were misguided by equivocal terms, and by perfect ignorance in the principles of government, which they had not made any part of their study. The question originally put, and as I remember to have heard it disputed in public schools, was this, *Whether, under any pretence whatever, it may be lawful to resist the supreme magistrate?* which was held in the negative; and this is certainly the right opinion. But many of the clergy, and other learned men, deceived by a dubious expression, mistook the object to which *passive obedience* was due. By the *supreme magistrate* is properly understood the *legislative* power, which in all governments must be absolute and unlimited. But the word *magistrate* seeming to denote a *single person*, and to express the *executive* power, it came to pass, that the obedience due to the *legislature* was, for want of knowing or considering this easy distinction, misapplied to the *administration*. Neither is it any wonder, that the clergy, or other well-meaning people, should fall into this error, which deceived *Hobbes* himself so far, as to be the foundation of all the political mistakes in his books; where he perpetually confounds the *executive* with the *legislative* power; though all well-instituted states have ever placed them in different hands; as may be obvious to those who know any thing of Athens, Sparta, Thebes, and other republics of Greece, as well as the greater ones of Carthage and Rome.

Besides, it is to be considered, that when these doctrines began to be preached among us, the kingdom had not quite worn out the memory of that horrid *rebellion*, under the consequences of which it had groaned almost twenty years. And a *weak prince*, in conjunction with a succession of most prostitute ministers, began again to dispose the people to new attempts, which
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it was, no doubt, the clergy's duty to endeavour to prevent ; though some of them, for want of knowledge in temporal affairs, and others, perhaps, from a worse principle, proceeded upon a topic, that, strictly followed, would enslave all mankind.

Among other theological arguments made use of in those times in praise of monarchy, and justification of absolute obedience to a prince, there seemed to be one of a singular nature. It was urged, That *heaven* was governed by a *monarch*, who had none to controul his power, but was absolutely obeyed : then it followed, that earthly governments were the more perfect, the nearer they imitated the government in heaven. All which I look upon as the strongest argument against *despotic* power that ever was offered ; since no reason can possibly be assigned, why it is best for the world, that God almighty hath such a power, which doth not directly prove that no mortal man should ever have the like.

But though a *church-of-England man* thinks every species of government equally *lawful*, he does not think them equally *expedient* ; or for every country indifferently. There may be something in the climate, naturally disposing men towards one sort of obedience ; as it is manifest all over *Asia*, where we never read of any commonwealth, except some small ones on the western coasts established by the Greeks. There may be a great deal in the situation of a country, and in the present *genius* of the people. It hath been observed, that the temperate climates usually run into moderate governments, and the extremes into despotic power. It is a remark of Hobbes, that the youth of England are corrupted in their principles of government, by reading the authors of Greece and Rome, who writ under commonwealths. But it might have been more fairly offered for the honour of liberty, that while the rest of the known world was over-run with the arbitrary government of single persons, *arts* and *sciences* took their rise, and flourished, only in those few small territories where the people were *free*. And though *learning* may continue after *liberty* is lost, as it did in Rome, for a while, upon the foundations laid under the common-

wealth, and the particular patronage of some emperors, yet it hardly ever began under a *tyranny* in any nation: because *slavery* is, of all things, the greatest clog and obstacle to *speculation*. And, indeed, arbitrary power is but the first natural step from *anarchy*, or the *savage life*; the adjusting *power* and *freedom* being an effect and consequence of maturer thinking: and this is no where so duly regulated as in a limited monarchy; because I believe it may pass for a maxim in state, That *the administration cannot be placed in too few hands*, nor the *legislature in too many*. Now, in this material point the constitution of the English government far exceeds all others at this time on the earth; to which the present establishment of the *church* doth so happily agree, that, I think, whoever is an enemy to *either*, must of necessity be so to *both*.

He thinks, as our monarchy is constituted, an *hereditary* right is much to be preferred before *election*; because the government here, especially by some late amendments, is so regularly disposed in all its parts, that it almost *executes* itself: and therefore, upon the death of a prince among us, the administration goes on without any rub or interruption. For the same reasons, we have less to apprehend from the *weakness* or *fury* of our monarchs, who have such wise councils to guide the first, and laws to restrain the other. And therefore this hereditary right should be kept so sacred, as never to break the succession, unless where the preserving it may endanger the constitution; which is not from any intrinsic merit or unalienable right in a *particular family*, but to avoid the consequences that usually attend the ambition of competitors, to which elective kingdoms are exposed; and which is the only obstacle to hinder them from arriving at the greatest perfection that government can possibly reach. Hence appears the absurdity of that distinction between a king *de facto* and one *de jure*, with respect to us. For every *limited* monarch is a king *de jure*; because he governs by the consent of the *whole*, which is authority sufficient to abolish all precedent right. If a king come in by *conquest*, he is no longer a *limited* monarch; if he afterwards consent to limitations, he becomes immediately king *de jure*, for the same reason.

The

The great advocates for *succession*, who affirm it ought not to be violated upon any regard or consideration whatsoever, do insist much upon one argument, that seems to carry little weight. They would have it, that a *crown* is a prince's birthright, and ought at least to be as well secured to him and his posterity, as the inheritance of any private man; in short, that he has the same title to his kingdom, which every individual has to his property. Now, the consequence of this doctrine must be, that as a man may find several ways to waste, mispend, or abuse his patrimony, without being answerable to the laws; so a king may in like manner do what he will with *his own*; that is, he may squander and misapply his revenues, and even alienate the crown, without being called to an account by his subjects. They allow such a prince to be guilty indeed of much folly and wickedness; but for these he is *answerable to God*, as every private man must be that is guilty of mismanagement in his own concerns. Now, the folly of this reasoning will best appear, by applying it in a parallel case. Should any man argue, that a physician is supposed to understand his own art best; that the law protects and encourages his profession; and therefore, although he should manifestly prescribe *poison* to all his patients, whereof they should immediately die, he cannot be justly punished, but is answerable only to God: or should the same be offered in behalf of a divine, who would preach against religion and moral duties: in either of these two cases, every body would find out the sophistry, and presently answer, That although common men are not exactly skilled in the composition or application of medicines, or in prescribing the limits of duty; yet the difference between *poisons* and *remedies* is easily known by their effects; and common reason soon distinguishes between *virtue* and *vice*: and it must be necessary to forbid both these the further practice of their professions, because their crimes are not purely personal to the physician or the divine, but destructive to the public. All which is infinitely stronger in respect to a prince, in whose good or ill conduct the happiness or misery of a whole nation is included; whereas

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whereas it is of small consequence to the public, farther than example, how any private person manageth his property.

But granting that the right of a lineal successor to a crown were upon the same foot with the property of a subject; still it may at any time be transferred by the legislative power, as other properties frequently are. The supreme power in a state can *do no wrong*; because whatever that doth, is the action of all: and when the *lawyers* apply this maxim to the *king*, they must understand it only in that sense, as he is administrator of the supreme power; otherwise it is not universally true, but may be controuled in several instances, easy to produce.

And these are the topics we must proceed upon to justify our exclusion of the young *pretender* in France; that of his suspected birth being merely popular, and therefore not made use of, as I remember, since the revolution, in any speech, vote, or proclamation, where there was occasion to mention him.

As to the *abdication* of King James, which the advocates on that side look upon to have been forcible and unjust, and consequently void in itself, I think a man may observe every article of the English church, without being in much pain about it. It is not unlikely, that all doors were laid open for his departure, and perhaps not without the privity of the Prince of Orange; as reasonably concluding, that the kingdom might better be settled in his absence. But to affirm he had any cause to apprehend the same treatment with his *father*, is an improbable scandal flung upon the nation by a few bigotted French scribblers, or the invidious assertion of a ruined party at home in the bitterness of their souls; not one material circumstance agreeing with those in 1648; and the greatest part of the nation having preserved the utmost horror for that ignominious *murder*. But whether his removal were caused by his own *fears*, or other mens *artifices*, it is manifest to me, that, supposing the throne to be vacant, which was the foot the nation went upon, the body of the people was thereupon left at liberty to chuse what form of government they pleased, by themselves, or their representatives.

The

The only difficulty of any weight against the proceedings at the revolution, is an obvious objection, to which the writers upon that subject have not yet given a direct or sufficient answer; as if they were in pain at some consequences, which they apprehend those of the contrary opinion might draw from it. I will repeat this objection, as it was offered me some time ago, with all its advantages, by a very pious, learned, and worthy gentleman of the nonjuring party *.

The force of his argument turned upon this, That the laws made by the supreme power cannot otherwise than by the supreme power be annulled: That this consisting in England of a King, Lords, and Commons, whereof each have a negative voice, no two of them can repeal or enact a law without consent of the third; much less may any one of them be entirely excluded from its part of the legislature by a *vote* of the other two: That all these maxims were openly violated at the revolution; where an assembly of the *nobles* and *people*, not summoned by the King's writ, (which was an essential part of the constitution), and consequently no lawful meeting, did, merely upon their own authority, declare the King to have abdicated, the throne vacant; and gave the crown by a vote to a *nephew*, when there were three children to inherit; though, by the fundamental laws of the realm, the next heir is immediately to succeed. Neither doth it appear, how a prince's *abdication* can make any other sort of vacancy in the throne, than would be caused by his death; since he cannot abdicate for his children, (who claim their right of succession by act of parliament), otherwise than by his own consent, in form, to a bill from the two houses.

And this is the difficulty that seems chiefly to stick with the most reasonable of those who, from a mere scruple of conscience, refuse to join with us upon the revolution-principle; but for the rest are, I believe, as far from loving arbitrary government as any others can

* Mr Nelson, author of the feasts and fasts of the church of England.

be, who are born under a free constitution, and are allowed to have the least share of common good sense.

In this objection there are two questions included. First, Whether, upon the foot of our constitution, as it stood in the reign of the late King James, a king of England may be deposed? The second is, Whether the people of England, convened by their own authority, after the king had withdrawn himself in the manner he did, had power to alter the succession?

As for the first, it is a point I shall not presume to determine; and shall therefore only say, that, to any man who holds the negative, I would demand the liberty of putting the case as strongly as I please. I will suppose a prince limited by laws like ours, yet running into a thousand caprices of cruelty, like Nero or Caligula; I will suppose him to murder his mother and his wife; to commit incest, to ravish matrons, to blow up the senate, and burn his metropolis; openly to renounce God and Christ, and worship the devil: these, and the like exorbitancies, are in the power of a single person to commit, without the advice of a ministry, or assistance of an army. And if such a king as I have described, cannot be deposed but by his own consent in parliament, I do not well see how he can be *resisted*; or what can be meant by a *limited* monarchy; or what signifies the people's consent in making and repealing laws, if the person who administers, hath no tie but conscience, and is answerable to none but God. I desire no stronger proof that an opinion must be false, than to find very great absurdities annexed to it; and there cannot be greater than in the present case: for it is not a bare speculation, that kings may run into such enormities as are above mentioned; the practice may be proved by examples, not only drawn from the first Cæsars, or latter Emperors, but many modern princes of Europe; such as, Peter the Cruel, Philip II. of Spain, John Basilovits of Muscovy; and, in our own nation, King John, Richard III. and Henry VIII. But there cannot be equal absurdities supposed in maintaining the contrary opinion; because it is certain, that princes have it in their power to keep a majority on their side by any tolerable administration, till provoked by continual oppressions;

pressions; no man indeed can then answer where the madness of the people will stop.

As to the second part of the objection, Whether the people of England, convened by their own authority, upon King James's precipitate departure, had power to alter the succession?

In answer to this, I think it is manifest from the practice of the wisest nations, and who seem to have had the truest notions of freedom, that when a prince was laid aside for male-administration, the *nobles* and *people*, if they thought it necessary for the public weal, did resume the administration of the supreme power, (the power itself having been always in them), and did not only alter the succession, but often the very form of government too; because they believed there was no natural right in one man to govern another, but that all was by institution, force, or consent. Thus, the cities of Greece, when they drove out their tyrannical kings, either chose others from a new family, or abolished the kingly government, and became free states. Thus the Romans, upon the expulsion of Tarquin, found it inconvenient for them to be subject any longer to the pride, the lust, the cruelty and arbitrary will of single persons; and therefore, by general consent, entirely altered the whole frame of their government. Nor do I find the proceedings of either, in this point, to have been condemned by any historian of the succeeding ages.

But a great deal hath been already said by other writers upon this invidious and beaten subject; therefore I shall let it fall; though the point is commonly mistaken, especially by the *lawyers*; who, of all others, seem least to understand the nature of government in general; like under-workmen, who are expert enough at making a single wheel in a clock, but are utterly ignorant how to adjust the several parts, or regulate the movements.

To return, therefore, from this digression: It is a *church-of-England man's* opinion, that the freedom of a nation consists in an absolute *unlimited legislative power*, wherein the whole body of the people are fairly represented, and in an *executive duly limited*; because on this side likewise there may be dangerous degrees, and a very ill extreme. For when two parties in a state are
pretty

pretty equal in *power, pretensions, merit, and virtue*, (for these two last are, with relation to parties and a court, quite different things), it hath been the opinion of the best writers upon government, that a prince ought not in any sort to be under the guidance or influence of either; because he declines, by this means, from his office of presiding over the *whole*, to be the head of a *party*; which, besides the indignity, renders him answerable for all public mismanagements, and the consequences of them: and in whatever state this happens, there must either be a weakness in the prince or ministry, or else the former is too much restrained by the nobles, or those who represent the people.

To conclude: A *church-of-England man* may, with prudence and a good conscience, approve the professed principles of one party more than the other, according as he thinks they best promote the good of church and state; but he will never be swayed by passion or interest to advance an opinion, merely because it is *that* of the party he most approves; which one single principle he looks upon as the root of all our civil animosities. To enter into a party, as into an order of *friars*, with so resigned an obedience to superiors, is very unsuitable both with the civil and religious liberties we so zealously assert. Thus the understandings of a whole senate are often enslaved by three or four leaders on each side; who, instead of intending the public weal, have their hearts wholly set upon ways and means how to get or to keep employments. But, to speak more at large, how has this spirit of faction mingled itself with the mass of the people, changed their nature and manners, and the very genius of the nation? broke all the laws of charity, neighbourhood, alliance, and hospitality, destroyed all ties of friendship, and divided families against themselves? And no wonder it should be so, when, in order to find out the character of a person, instead of inquiring whether he be a man of virtue, honour, piety, wit, good sense, or learning; the modern question is only, Whether he be a *Whig* or a *Tory*? under which terms all good and ill qualities are included.

Now, because it is a point of difficulty to chuse an exact middle between two ill extremes, it may be worth inquiring,

inquiring, in the present case, which of these a wise and good man would rather seem to avoid. Taking therefore their own good and ill characters, with due abatements and allowances for partiality and passion, I should think, that, in order to preserve the constitution entire in church and state, whoever hath a true value for both, would be sure to avoid the extremes of *Whig* for the sake of the former, and the extremes of *Tory* on account of the latter.

I have now said all that I could think convenient upon so nice a subject, and find I have the ambition common with other reasoners, to wish at least that both parties may think me *in the right*; which would be of some use to those who have any virtue left, but are blindly drawn into the extravagancies of either, upon false representations, to serve the ambition or malice of designing men, without any prospect of their own. But if that is not to be hoped for, my next wish should be, that both might think me *in the wrong*; which I would understand as an ample justification of myself, and a sure ground to believe, that I have proceeded at least with impartiality, and perhaps with truth.

POSTHUMOUS SERMONS*.

S E R M O N I.

On the TRINITY.

I Epistle general of ST JOHN V. 7.

For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one.

THIS day being set apart to acknowledge our belief in the eternal *Trinity*, I thought it might be proper to employ my present discourse entirely upon that subject; and I hope to handle it in such a manner, that the most ignorant among you may return home better informed of your duty in this great point, than probably you are at present.

It must be confessed, that by the weakness and indiscretion of busy (or, at best, of well-meaning) people, as well as by the malice of those who are enemies to all revealed religion, and are not content to possess their own infidelity in silence, without communicating it to the disturbance of mankind; I say, by these means, it

* These sermons are curious, and curious for such reasons as would make other works despicable. They were written in a careless hurrying manner; and were the offspring of necessity, not of choice: so that one will see the original force of the Dean's genius more in these compositions, than were the legitimate sons of duty, than in other pieces that were the natural sons of love. They were held in such low esteem in his own thoughts, that, some years before he died, he gave away the whole collection to Dr Sheridan, with the utmost indifference: "Here," says he, "are a bundle of my old sermons. You may have them if you please. They may be of use to you, they have never been of any to me." The parcel given to Dr Sheridan consisted, as I have heard, of about thirty-five sermons. Three or four only are published; and those I have read over with attention. *Errery.*

must

must be confessed, that the doctrine of the Trinity hath suffered very much, and made Christianity suffer along with it. For these two things must be granted: First, That men of wicked lives would be very glad there were no truth in Christianity at all; and, secondly, If they can pick out any one single article in the Christian religion which appears not agreeable to their own corrupted reason, or to the arguments of those bad people who follow the trade of seducing others, they presently conclude, that the truth of the whole gospel must sink along with that one article. Which is just as wise, as if a man should say, because he dislikes one law of his country, he will therefore observe no law at all; and yet that one law may be very reasonable in itself, although he does not allow it, or does not know the reason of the lawgivers.

Thus it hath happened with the great doctrine of the *Trinity*; which word is indeed not in scripture, but was a term of art invented in the earlier times, to express the doctrine by a single word, for the sake of brevity and convenience. The doctrine then as delivered in holy scripture, though not exactly in the same words, is very short, and amounts only to this: That the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, are each of them God, and yet there is but one God. For as to the word *person*, when we say there are three persons; and as to those other explanations in the Athanasian creed, this day read to you, (whether compiled by Athanasius or no), they were taken up three hundred years after Christ, to expound this doctrine; and I will tell you upon what occasion. About that time there sprang up a heresy of people called *Arians*, from one *Arius* the leader of them. These denied our Saviour to be God, although they allowed all the rest of the gospel, (wherein they were more sincere than their followers among us). Thus the Christian world was divided into two parts, till at length, by the zeal and courage of St Athanasius, the *Arians* were condemned in a general council, and a creed formed upon the true faith, as St Athanasius hath settled it. This creed is now read at certain times in our churches; which although it is useful for edification to those who understand it, yet since it contains some nice

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and philosophical points, which few people can comprehend, the bulk of mankind is obliged to believe no more than the scripture-doctrine, as I have delivered it; because that creed was intended only as an answer to the Arians in their own way, who were very subtle disputers.

But this heresy having revived in the world about an hundred years ago, and continued ever since; not out of a zeal to truth, but to give a loole to wickedness, by throwing off all religion; several divines, in order to answer the cavils of those adversaries to truth and morality, began to find out farther explanations of this doctrine of the Trinity by rules of philosophy; which have multiplied controversies to such a degree, as to beget scruples that have perplexed the minds of many sober Christians, who otherwise could never have entertained them.

I must therefore be so bold to affirm, that the method taken by many of those learned men to defend the doctrine of the Trinity, hath been founded upon a mistake.

It must be allowed, that every man is bound to follow the rules and directions of that measure of reason which God hath given him. And indeed he cannot do otherwise, if he will be sincere, or act like a man. For instance, if I should be commanded by an angel from heaven to believe it is midnight at noon-day; yet I could not believe him. So if I were directly told in scripture, that *three are one*, and *one is three*, I could not conceive or believe it, in the natural common sense of that expression; but must suppose, that something dark or mystical was meant, which it pleased God to conceal from me, and from all the world. Thus, in the text, *There are three that bear record, &c.* Am I capable of knowing and defining, what union and what distinction there may be in the divine nature, which possibly may be hid from the angels themselves? Again, I see it plainly declared in scripture, that there is but one God; and yet I find our Saviour claiming the prerogative of God, in knowing mens thoughts; in saying, *He and his Father are one*; and, *Before Abraham was, I am.* I read, that the disciples worshipped him; that Thomas said to him,
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My Lord and my God; and St John, chap. i. *In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.* I read likewise, that the Holy Ghost bestowed the gift of tongues, and the power of working miracles; which, if rightly considered, is as great a miracle as any, that a number of illiterate men should of a sudden be qualified to speak all the languages then known in the world; such as could be done by the inspiration of God alone *. From these several texts it is plain, that God commands us to believe there is an union, and there is a distinction; but what that union, or what that distinction is, all mankind are equally ignorant, and must continue so, at least till the day of judgment, without some new revelation.

But because I cannot conceive the nature of this union and distinction in the divine nature, am I therefore to reject them as absurd and impossible, as I would if any one told me, that three men are one, and one man is three? We are told, that a man and his wife are one flesh: this I can comprehend the meaning of; yet, literally taken, it is a thing impossible. But the apostle tells us, *We see but in part, and we know but in part*; and yet we would comprehend all the secret ways and workings of God.

Therefore I shall again repeat the doctrine of the Trinity, as it is positively affirmed in scripture: That God is there expressed in three different names, as Fa-

* In defending the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, perhaps it is always best to insist upon the positive evidence, as the Dean has done in this sermon: for in every question, he who undertakes to obviate objections, must necessarily be foiled by him who puts them. By the human intellect, little more than the surface of things can be known; and therefore speculative objections, which would puzzle an able philosopher, may be easily raised even against those truths which admit of practical demonstration. It was once objected to a philosopher, who was explaining the laws of motion, That there could be no such thing; for that a body must move either in the place in which it is, or in the place in which it is *not*; but both being impossible, there could be no motion. This objection the philosopher immediately removed, by walking cross the room. And if none were to triumph in the strength of popular objections against Christianity, but those who could otherwise shew the fallacy of this against motion, the number of *moral philosophers* among us would probably be very few. *Hawkes.*

ther, as Son, and as Holy Ghost; that each of these is God, and that there is but one God. But this union and distinction are a mystery utterly unknown to mankind.

This is enough for any good Christian to believe on this great article, without ever inquiring any farther. And this can be contrary to no man's reason, although the knowledge of it is hid from him.

But there is another difficulty, of great importance among those who quarrel with the doctrine of the Trinity, as well as with several other articles of Christianity; which is, That our religion abounds in mysteries; and these they are so bold to revile as cant, imposture, and priestcraft. It is impossible for us to determine, for what reasons God thought fit to communicate some things to us in part, and leave some part a mystery: but so it is in fact, and so the holy scriptures tell us in several places. For instance, the resurrection and change of our bodies are called mysteries by St Paul; our Saviour's incarnation is another: the kingdom of God is called a mystery by our Saviour, to be only known to his disciples; so is faith, and the word of God, by St Paul. I omit many others. So that to declare against all mysteries without distinction or exception, is to declare against the whole tenor of the New Testament.

There are two conditions that may bring a mystery under suspicion. First, When it is not taught and commanded in holy writ; or, secondly, When the mystery turns to the advantage of those who preach it to others. Now, as to the first, it can never be said, that we preach mysteries without warrant from holy scripture; although I confess this of the *Trinity* may have sometimes been explained by human invention, which might perhaps better have been spared. As to the second, it will not be possible to charge the Protestant priesthood with proposing any temporal advantage to themselves by broaching, or multiplying, or preaching of mysteries. Does this mystery of the *Trinity*, for instance, and the descent of the Holy Ghost, bring the least profit or power to the preachers? No; it is as great a mystery to themselves, as it is to the meanest of their

their hearers ; and may be rather a cause of humiliation, by putting their understanding in that point upon a level with the most ignorant of their flock. It is true indeed, the Roman church hath very much enriched herself by trading in mysteries, for which they have not the least authority from scripture, and which were fitted only to advance their own temporal wealth and grandeur ; such as *transubstantiation, worshipping of images, indulgences for sins, purgatory, and masses for the dead* ; with many more. But it is the perpetual talent of those who have ill-will to our church, or a contempt for all religion, taken up by the wickedness of their lives, to charge us with the errors and corruptions of Popery, which all Protestants have thrown off near two hundred years : whereas those mysteries held by us have no prospect of power, pomp, or wealth ; but have been ever maintained by the universal body of true believers from the days of the apostles, and will be so to the resurrection ; neither will the gates of hell prevail against them.

It may be thought perhaps a strange thing, that God should require us to believe mysteries, while the reason or manner of what we are to believe is above our comprehension, and wholly concealed from us. Neither doth it appear at first sight, that the believing or not believing them doth concern either the glory of God, or contribute to the goodness or wickedness of our lives. But this is a great and dangerous mistake. We see what a mighty weight is laid upon faith both in the Old and New Testament. In the former we read, how the faith of Abraham is praised, who could believe that God would raise from him a great nation, at the very same time that he was commanded to sacrifice his only son, and despaired of any other issue : and this was to him a great mystery. Our Saviour is perpetually preaching faith to his disciples, or reproaching them with the want of it ; and St Paul produceth numerous examples of the wonders done by faith. And all this is highly reasonable : for faith is an entire dependence upon the truth, the power, the justice, and the mercy of God ; which dependence will certainly incline us to obey him in all things. So that the great excellency of faith consists in the consequence it hath upon our actions : as,
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if we depend upon the truth and wisdom of a man, we shall certainly be more disposed to follow his advice. Therefore let no man think, that he can lead as good a moral life without faith, as with it; for this reason, because he who has no faith, cannot, by the strength of his own reason or endeavours, so easily resist temptations, as the other, who depends upon God's assistance in the overcoming his frailties, and is sure to be rewarded for ever in heaven, for his victory over them. *Faith*, says the apostle, *is the evidence of things not seen*. He means, that faith is a virtue, by which any thing commanded us by God to believe, appears evident and certain to us, although we do not see, nor can conceive it; because by faith we entirely depend upon the truth and power of God.

It is an old and true distinction, that things may be above our reason, without being contrary to it. Of this kind are the power, the nature, and the universal presence of God, with innumerable other points. How little do those who quarrel with mysteries, know of the commonest actions of nature? The growth of an animal, of a plant, or of the smallest seed, is a mystery to the wisest among men. If an ignorant person were told, that a loadstone would draw iron at a distance, he might say, it was a thing contrary to his reason, and could not believe before he saw it with his eyes.

The manner whereby the soul and body are united, and how they are distinguished, is wholly unaccountable to us. We see but one part, and yet we know we consist of two; and this is a mystery we cannot comprehend, any more than that of the *Trinity*.

From what hath been said, it is manifest, that God did never command us to believe, nor his ministers to preach, any doctrine which is contrary to the reason he hath pleased to endue us with; but, for his own wise ends has, thought fit to conceal from us the nature of the thing he commands; thereby to try our faith and obedience, and increase our dependence upon him.

It is highly probable, that if God should please to reveal unto us this great mystery of the *Trinity*, or some other mysteries in our holy religion, we should not be able to understand them, unless he would at the same time

time think fit to bestow on us some new powers or faculties of the mind, which we want at present, and are reserved till the day of resurrection to life eternal. *For now, as the apostle says, we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.*

Thus, we see, the matter is brought to this issue; we must either believe what God directly commands us in holy scripture, or we must wholly reject the scripture, and the Christian religion, which we pretend to profess. But this, I hope, is too desperate a step for any of us to make.

I have already observed, that those who preach up the belief of the *Trinity*, or of any other mystery, cannot propose any temporal advantage to themselves by so doing. But this is not the case of those who oppose these doctrines. Do *they* lead better moral lives than a good Christian? Are *they* more just in their dealings? more chaste, or temperate, or charitable? Nothing at all of this; but, on the contrary, their intent is to overthrow all religion, that they may gratify their vices, without any reproach from the world, or their own conscience; and are zealous to bring over as many others as they can to their own opinions; because it is some kind of imaginary comfort, to have a multitude on their side.

There is no miracle mentioned in holy writ, which, if it were strictly examined, is not as much contrary to common reason, and as much a mystery, as this doctrine of the *Trinity*; and therefore we may with equal justice deny the truth of them all. For instance, it is against the laws of nature, that a human body should be able to walk upon the water, as St Peter is recorded to have done; or that a dead carcase should be raised from the grave after three days, when it began to corrupt; which those who understand anatomy, will pronounce to be impossible by the common rules of nature and reason. Yet these miracles, and many others, are positively affirmed in the gospel; and these we must believe, or give up our holy religion to Atheists and Infidels.

I shall now make a few inferences and observations upon what hath been said.

First,

First, It would be well, if people would not lay so much weight on their own reason in matters of religion, as to think every thing impossible and absurd which they cannot conceive. How often do we contradict the right rules of reason in the whole course of our lives? *Reason* itself is true and just; but the *reason* of every particular man is weak and wavering, perpetually swayed and turned by his interests, his passions, and his vices. Let any man but consider, when he hath a controversy with another, though his cause be ever so unjust, though the whole world be against him, how blinded he is, by the love of himself, to believe that right is wrong, and wrong is right, when it makes for his own advantage. Where is then the right use of his reason, which he so much boasts of, and which he would blasphemously set up to controul the commands of the Almighty?

Secondly, When men are tempted to deny the mysteries of religion, let them examine and search into their own hearts, whether they have not some favourite sin, which is of their party in this dispute, and which is equally contrary to other commands of God in the gospel. For why do men love darkness rather than light? The scripture tells us, *Because their deeds are evil*; and there can be no other reason assigned. Therefore when men are curious and inquisitive to discover some weak sides in Christianity, and inclined to favour every thing that is offered to its disadvantage, it is plain they wish it were not true: and those wishes can proceed from nothing but an evil conscience; because, if there be truth in our religion, their condition must be miserable*.

And therefore, *thirdly*, men should consider, that raising difficulties concerning the mysteries in religion, cannot make them more wise, learned, or virtuous; better neighbours, or friends, or more serviceable to

* It is an high encomium on reformed Christianity, and a strong argument of its superior excellence, that a corrupt life always inclines men to wish it were not true. It does not appear, that Mahometans and Papists with their religion to be false in proportion as their lives are immoral; and it is said of Dryden, that not being able to fortify himself in infidelity, he died a Papist. *Hawkes*.

their country; but, whatever they pretend, will destroy their inward peace of mind, by perpetual doubts and fears arising in their breasts. And God forbid we should ever see the times so bad, when dangerous opinions in religion will be a means to get favour and preferment; although, even in such a case, it would be an ill traffic, to gain the world, and lose our own souls. So that, upon the whole, it will be impossible to find any real use towards a virtuous or happy life, by denying the mysteries of the gospel.

Fourthly, Those strong unbelievers who expect that all mysteries should be squared and fitted to their own reason, might have somewhat to say for themselves, if they could satisfy the general reason of mankind in their opinions. But herein they are miserably defective, absurd, and ridiculous. They strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel: they can believe, that the world was made by chance; that God doth not concern himself with things below, will neither punish vice nor reward virtue; that religion was invented by cunning men to keep the world in awe; with many other opinions equally false and detestable, against the common light of nature as well as reason; against the universal sentiments of all civilized nations, and offensive to the ears even of a sober Heathen.

Lastly, Since the world abounds with pestilent books particularly written against this doctrine of the *Trinity*, it is fit to inform you, that the authors of them proceed wholly upon a mistake. They would shew how impossible it is, that *three* can be *one*, and *one* can be *three*: whereas the scripture saith no such thing, at least in that manner they would make it; but only that there is some kind of unity and distinction in the divine nature, which mankind cannot possibly comprehend. Thus the whole doctrine is short and plain, and in itself incapable of any controversy; since God himself hath pronounced the fact, but wholly concealed the manner. And therefore many divines, who thought fit to answer those wicked books, have been mistaken too, by answering fools in their folly, and endeavouring to explain a mystery which God intended to keep secret from us. And as I would exhort all men to avoid

void reading those wicked books written against this doctrine, as dangerous and pernicious; so I think they may omit the answers, as unnecessary. This, I confess, will probably affect but few or none among the generality of our congregations, who do not much trouble themselves with books, at least of this kind. However, many who do not read themselves, are seduced by others that do; and thus become unbelievers upon trust, and at second hand; and this is too frequent a case: for which reason I have endeavoured to put this doctrine upon a short and sure foot, levelled to the meanest understanding; by which we may, as the apostle directs, be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh us a reason of the hope that is in us, with meekness and fear.

And thus I have done with my subject; which probably I should not have chosen, if I had not been invited to it by the occasion of this season, appointed on purpose to celebrate the mysteries of the *Trinity*, and the descent of the Holy Ghost, wherein we pray to be kept stedfast in this faith; and what this faith is, I have shewn you in the plainest manner I could. For, upon the whole, it is no more than this: God commands us, by our dependence upon his truth and his holy word, to believe a fact that we do not understand. And this is no more, than what we do every day in the works of nature, upon the credit of men of learning. Without faith we can do no works acceptable to God; for if they proceed from any other principle, they will not advance our salvation; and this faith, as I have explained it, we may acquire, without giving up our senses, or contradicting our reason. May God, of his infinite mercy, inspire us with true faith in every article and mystery of our holy religion, so as to dispose us to do what is pleasing in his sight: and this we pray through Jesus Christ; to whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, the mysterious incomprehensible ONE GOD, be all honour and glory, now and for evermore. *Amen.*

•• This is one of the best sermons in its kind. Dr Swift seems not to have made such a plan his voluntary choice, nor to have built, *suo ex motu*, upon such a basis; but he has completed the superstructure in a most masterly manner. The materials answer the dignity of

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of the edifice ; and the artificer may assume great honour, upon the completion of so noble, so simple, and so useful a pile. The mysterious parts of our religion are apt to have dreadful effects upon weak minds. The general comments upon the sacred writings, and the several sermons upon the most abstruse points of scripture, are too often composed in the gloomy style. Damnation, eternal damnation, is placed with all its horror before our eyes ; and we are so terrified at the prospect, that fear makes us imagine we can comprehend mysteries, which, on this side of the grave, must be for ever denied to our limited understandings. Swift has taken the safest, and the properest method of expounding these *arcana*. He advances every position that can be established upon so incomprehensible a subject. He sustains the belief, avows the doctrine, and adapts the matter of faith as well as possible to the human capacity. His manner of reasoning is masterly, and his arguments are nervous, particularly, where he says, " It is highly probable, that if God should please to reveal unto us this great mystery of the Trinity, or some other mysteries in our holy religion, we should not be able to understand them, unless he would at the same time think fit to bestow on us some new powers or faculties of the mind, which we want at present, and are reserved till the day of resurrection to life eternal." p. 260, 1. Orrery.

S E R M O N II.

ON MUTUAL SUBJECTION.

I St PETER V. 5.

—*Yea, all of you be subject one to another.*

THE apostle having, in many parts of this epistle, given directions to Christians concerning the duty of subjection or obedience to superiors ; in the several instances of the subject to the prince, the child to his parent, the servant to his master, the wife to her husband, and the younger to the elder ; doth here, in the words of my text, sum up the whole, by advancing a point of doctrine, which at first may appear a little extraordinary : *Yea, all of you, saith he, be subject one to another.* For it should seem, that two persons cannot properly be said to be subject to each other, and that subjection is only due from inferiors to those above them:

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yet St Paul hath several passages to the same purpose. For he exhorts the Romans, *in honour to prefer one another* *; and the Philippians, that in *lowliness of mind they should let each esteem other better than themselves* †; and the Ephesians, that they should *submit themselves one to another in the fear of the Lord* ‡. Here we find these two great apostles recommending to all Christians this duty of mutual subjection. For we may observe by St Peter, that having mentioned the several relations which men bear to each other, as governor and subject, master and servant, and the rest which I have already repeated, he makes no exception; but sums up the whole with commanding *all to be subject one to another*. From whence we may conclude, that this subjection due from all men to all men, is something more than the compliment of course, when our betters are pleased to tell us, they are our humble servants, but understand us to be their slaves.

I know very well, that some of those who explain this text, apply it to humility, to the duties of charity, to private exhortations, and to bearing with each other's infirmities; and it is probable the apostle may have had a regard to all these. But however, many learned men agree, that there is something more understood; and so the words in their plain natural meaning must import; as you will observe yourselves, if you read them with the beginning of the verse, which is thus: *Likewise ye younger, submit yourselves unto the elder: yea, all of you be subject one to another*. So that, upon the whole, there must be some kind of subjection due from every man to every man, which cannot be made void by any power, pre-eminence, or authority whatsoever. Now, what sort of subjection this is, and how it ought to be paid, shall be the subject of my present discourse.

As God hath contrived all the works of nature to be useful, and in some manner a support to each other, by which the whole frame of the world under his providence is preserved and kept up; so, among mankind, our particular stations are appointed to each of us by God almighty, wherein we are obliged to act, as far as our power reacheth, towards the good of the whole community.

* Rom. xii. 10. † Philip. ii. 3. ‡ Eph. v. 21.

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And he who doth not perform that part assigned him, towards advancing the benefit of the whole, in proportion to his opportunities and abilities, is not only an useleſs, but a very miſchievous member of the public ; becauſe he takes his ſhare of the profit, and yet leaves his ſhare of the burden to be borne by others, which is the true principal cauſe of moſt miſeries and miſfortunes in life. For a wiſe man who does not aſſiſt with his counſels, a great man with his protection, a rich man with his bounty and charity, and a poor man with his labour, are perfect nuiſances in a commonwealth. Neither is any condition of life more honourable in the ſight of God than another ; otherwiſe he would be a reſpecter of perſons, which he aſſures us he is not : for he hath propoſed the ſame ſalvation to all men, and hath only placed them in different ways or ſtations to work it out. Princes are born with no more advantages of ſtrength or wiſdom than other men ; and, by an unhappy education, are uſually more defective in both, than thouſands of their ſubjects. They depend for every neceſſary of life upon the meanest of their people : beſides, obedience and ſubjection were never enjoined by God to humour the paſſions, luſts, and vanities of thoſe who demand them from us ; but we are commanded to obey our governors, becauſe diſobedience would breed ſeditious in the ſtate. Thus ſervants are directed to obey their maſters, children their parents, and wives their huſbands ; not from any reſpect of perſons in God, but becauſe otherwiſe there would be nothing but confuſion in private families. This matter will be clearly explained, by conſidering the compariſon which St Paul makes between the church of Chriſt and the body of man : for the ſame reſemblance will hold, not only to families and kingdoms, but to the whole corporation of mankind. *The eye, ſaith he, cannot ſay unto the hand, I have no need of thee : nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay, much more, thoſe members of the body which ſeem to be more feeble, are neceſſary. And whether one member ſuffer, all the members ſuffer with it ; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it **. The caſe is directly the ſame

* 1 Cor. xii. 21. 22. 26.

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among mankind. The prince cannot say to the merchant, I have no need of thee; nor the merchant to the labourer, I have no need of thee. Nay, much more, those members which seem to be more feeble, are necessary. For the poor are generally more necessary members of the commonwealth than the rich: which clearly shews, that God never intended such possessions for the sake and service of those to whom he lends them; but because he hath assigned every man his particular station to be useful in life, and this for the reason given by the apostle, *that there may be no schism in the body.*

From hence may partly be gathered the nature of that subjection which we all owe to one another. God almighty hath been pleased to put us into an imperfect state, where we have perpetual occasion of each other's assistance. There is none so low, as not to be in a capacity of assisting the highest; nor so high, as not to want the assistance of the lowest.

It plainly appears from what hath been said, that no one human creature is more worthy than another in the sight of God, farther than according to the goodness or holiness of their lives; and that power, wealth, and the like outward advantages, are so far from being the marks of God's approving or preferring those on whom they are bestowed, that, on the contrary, he is pleased to suffer them to be almost ingrossed by those who have least title to his favour. Now, according to this equality wherein God hath placed all mankind with relation to himself, you will observe, that, in all the relations between man and man, there is a mutual dependence, whereby the one cannot subsist without the other. Thus, no man can be a prince without subjects, nor a master without servants, nor a father without children. And this both explains and confirms the doctrine of the text: for where there is a mutual dependence, there must be a mutual duty, and consequently a mutual subjection. For instance, the subject must obey his prince, because God commands it, human laws require it, and the safety of the public makes it necessary. For the same reasons we must obey all that are in authority, and submit ourselves not only to the good and gentle, but also

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also to the froward, whether they rule according to our liking or no. On the other side, in those countries that pretend to freedom, princes are subject to those laws which their people have chosen; they are bound to protect their subjects in liberty, property, and religion; to receive their petitions, and redress their grievances: so that the best prince is, in the opinion of wise men, only the greatest servant of the nation; not only a servant to the public in general, but in some sort to every man in it. In the like manner, a servant owes obedience, and diligence, and faithfulness, to his master; from whom, at the same time, he hath a just demand for protection, and maintenance, and gentle treatment. Nay, even the poor beggar hath a just demand of an alms from the rich man; who is guilty of fraud, injustice, and oppression, if he does not afford relief according to his abilities.

But this subjection we all owe one another, is no where more necessary, than in the common conversations of life; for without it there could be no society among men. If the learned would not sometimes submit to the ignorant, the wise to the simple, the gentle to the froward, the old to the weaknesses of the young, there would be nothing but everlasting variance in the world. This our Saviour himself confirmed by his own example; for he appeared in the form of a servant, and washed his disciples feet, adding those memorable words, *Ye call me Lord, and Master: and ye say well; for so I am. If I then your Lord and Master wash your feet, how much more ought ye to wash one another's feet?* Under which expression of washing the feet, is included all that subjection, assistance, love, and duty, which every good Christian ought to pay his brother, in whatever station God hath placed him. For the greatest prince and the meanest slave are not by infinite degrees so distant, as our Saviour and those disciples whose feet he vouchsafed to wash.

And although this doctrine of subjecting ourselves to one another, may seem to grate upon the pride and vanity of mankind, and may therefore be hard to be digested by those who value themselves upon their greatness or their wealth; yet it is really no more than

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what most men practise upon other occasions. For if our neighbour, who is our inferior, comes to see us, we rise to receive him, we place him above us, and respect him as if he were better than ourselves; and this is thought both decent and necessary, and is usually called *good manners*. Now, the duty required by the apostle is only, that we should enlarge our minds, and that what we thus practise in the common course of life, we should imitate in all our actions and proceedings whatsoever; since our Saviour tells us, that every man is our neighbour, and since we are so ready, in the point of civility, to yield to others in our own houses, where only we have any title to govern.

Having thus shewn you, what sort of subjection it is which all men owe one to another, and in what manner it ought to be paid, I shall now draw some observations from what hath been said.

And, *first*, A thorough practice of this duty of subjecting ourselves to the wants and infirmities of each other, would utterly extinguish in us the vice of pride.

For if God has pleased to intrust me with a talent, not for my own sake, but for the service of others, and at the same time hath left me full of wants and necessities, which others must supply; I can then have no cause to set any extraordinary value upon myself, or to despise my brother, because he hath not the same talents which were lent to me. His being may probably be as useful to the public as mine; and therefore, by the rules of right reason, I am in no sort preferable to him.

Secondly, It is very manifest from what has been said, that no man ought to look upon the advantages of life, such as riches, honour, power, and the like, as his property, but merely as a trust which God hath deposited with him to be employed for the use of his brethren: and God will certainly punish the breach of that trust, though the laws of man will not, or rather indeed cannot; because the trust was conferred only by God, who has not left it to any power on earth to decide infallibly, whether a man makes a good use of his talents or no, or to punish him where he fails. And therefore God seems to have more particularly taken this matter into his own hands, and will most certainly reward or punish

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punish us in proportion to our good or ill performance in it. Now, although the advantages which one man possesseth more than another, may in some sense be called his property with respect to other men; yet, with respect to God, they are, as I said, only a trust: which will plainly appear from hence: If a man does not use those advantages to the good of the public, or the benefit of his neighbour, it is certain, he doth not deserve them, and consequently that God never intended them for a blessing to him; and, on the other side, whoever does employ his talents as he ought, will find by his own experience, that they were chiefly lent him for the service of others; for to the service of others he will certainly employ them.

Thirdly, If we could all be brought to practise this duty of subjecting ourselves to each other, it would very much contribute to the general happiness of mankind. For this would root out envy and malice from the heart of man; because you cannot envy your neighbour's strength, if he make use of it to defend your life, or carry your burden; you cannot envy his wisdom, if he gives you good counsel; nor his riches, if he supplies you in your wants; nor his greatness, if he employs it to your protection. The miseries of life are not properly owing to the unequal distribution of things; but God almighty, the great King of heaven, is treated like the kings of the earth, who, although perhaps intending well themselves, have often most abominable ministers and stewards; and those generally the vilest, to whom they intrust the most talents. But here is the difference, that the princes of this world see by other mens eyes, but God sees all things; and therefore whenever he permits his blessings to be dealt among those who are unworthy, we may certainly conclude, that he intends them only as a punishment to an evil world, as well as to the owners. It were well, if those would consider this, whose riches serve them only as a spur to avarice, or as an instrument to their lusts; whose wisdom is only of this world, to put false colours upon things, to call good evil, and evil good, against the conviction of their own consciences; and, lastly, who employ their power and favour in acts of oppression

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oppression or injustice, in misrepresenting persons and things, or in countenancing the wicked to the ruin of the innocent.

Fourthly, The practice of this duty of being subject to one another, would make us rest contented in the several stations of life wherein God hath thought fit to place us; because it would, in the best and easiest manner, bring us back as it were to that early state of the gospel, when Christians had all things in common. For if the poor found the rich disposed to supply their wants; if the ignorant found the wise ready to instruct and direct them; or if the weak might always find protection from the mighty; they could none of them, with the least pretence of justice, lament their own condition.

From all that hath been hitherto said, it appears, that great abilities of any sort, when they are employed as God directs, do but make the owners of them greater and more painful servants to their neighbour, and the public. However, we are by no means to conclude from hence, that they are not really blessings, when they are in the hands of good men. For, first, what can be a greater honour, than to be chosen one of the stewards and dispensers of God's bounty to mankind? What is there that can give a generous spirit more pleasure and complacency of mind, than to consider, that he is an instrument of doing much good? that great numbers owe to him, under God, their subsistence, their safety, their health, and the good conduct of their lives? The wickedest man upon earth takes a pleasure in doing good to those he loves; and therefore, surely, a good Christian, who obeys our Saviour's command of loving all men, cannot but take delight in doing good even to his enemies. God, who gives all things to all men, can receive nothing from any; and those among men who do the most good, and receive the fewest returns, do most resemble their Creator: for which reason St Paul delivers it as a saying of our Saviour, that *it is more blessed to give than to receive*. By this rule, what must become of those things which the world values as the greatest blessings, riches, power, and the like, when our Saviour plainly determines, that the best way to make them blessings, is to part with them?

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them? Therefore although the advantages which one man hath over another, may be called blessings, yet they are by no means so in the sense the world usually understands. Thus, for example, great riches are no blessing in themselves; because the poor man, with the common necessities of life, enjoys more health, and has fewer cares, without them. How then do they become blessings? No otherwise, than by being employed in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, rewarding worthy men, and, in short, doing acts of charity and generosity. Thus likewise power is no blessing in itself, because private men bear less envy, and trouble, and anguish, without it. But when it is employed to protect the innocent, to relieve the oppressed, and to punish the oppressor, then it becomes a great blessing. And so, lastly, even great wisdom is, in the opinion of Solomon, not a blessing in itself: for *in much wisdom is much sorrow*; and men of common understandings, if they serve God, and mind their callings, make fewer mistakes in the conduct of life, than those who have better heads. And yet wisdom is a mighty blessing, when it is applied to good purposes, to instruct the ignorant, to be a faithful counsellor either in public or private, to be a director to youth, and to many other ends needless here to mention.

To conclude: God sent us into the world to obey his commands, by doing as much good as our abilities will reach, and as little evil as our many infirmities will permit. Some he hath only trusted with one talent, some with five, and some with ten. No man is without his talent; and he that is faithful or negligent in a little, shall be rewarded or punished, as well as he that hath been so in a great deal.

Consider what hath been said, &c.

* * This sermon is upon mutual subjection, and that duty which is owing from one man to another. A clearer style, or a discourse more properly adapted to a public audience, can scarce be framed. Every paragraph is simple, nervous, and intelligible. The threads of each argument are closely connected, and logically pursued. But in places where the Dean has the least opportunity to introduce political maxims, or to dart an arrow at the conduct of princes, he never fails to indulge himself in his usual manner of thinking; as will appear

appear from the following quotations. "A wise man," says Dr Swift, "who does not assist with his counsels, a great man with his protection, a rich man with his bounty and charity, and a poor man with his labour, are perfect nuisances in a commonwealth. Neither is any condition of life more honourable in the sight of God than another; otherwise he would be a respecter of persons, which he assures us he is not: for he hath proposed the same salvation to all men, and hath only placed them in different ways or stations to work it out. Princes are born with no more advantages of strength or wisdom than other men; and, by an unhappy education, are usually more defective in both, than thousands of their subjects," p. 267. Again, in the same strain, "The best prince is, in the opinion of wise men, only the greatest servant of the nation; not only a servant to the public in general, but in some sort to every man in it," p. 269. But the most extraordinary passage is a covert stroke at the highest order of his brethren the clergy. It runs thus. "The miseries of life are not properly owing to the unequal distribution of things; but God almighty, the great King of heaven, is treated like the kings of the earth; who, although perhaps intending well themselves, have often most abominable ministers and stewards, and those generally the vilest, to whom they intrust the most talents," p. 271. Dark as it is, this paragraph requires no explanation. The author's natural turn of mind breaks forth upon all occasions, and the politician frequently outweighs the divine. If the dictates of such a spirit were capable of forcing their way from the pulpit, what a glorious, what a consistent figure, must Swift have made in the rostrum at Rome, or in one of the portico's at Athens? *Oratory.*

S E R M O N III.

On the TESTIMONY of CONSCIENCE.

2 COR. i. 12. part of it.

— *For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience.*

THere is no word more frequently in the mouths of men, than that of *conscience*; and the meaning of it is in some measure generally understood. However, because it is likewise a word extremely abused by many people, who apply other meanings to it, which God almighty

mighty never intended ; I shall explain it to you in the clearest manner I am able. The word *conscience* properly signifies that knowledge which a man hath within himself, of his own thoughts and actions. And because, if a man judgeth fairly of his own actions, by comparing them with the law of God, his mind will either approve or condemn him, according as he hath done good or evil ; therefore this knowledge or conscience may properly be called both an accuser and a judge. So that whenever our conscience accuseth us, we are certainly guilty : but we are not always innocent, when it doth not accuse us ; for very often, through the hardness of our hearts, or the fondness and favour we bear to ourselves, or through ignorance or neglect, we do not suffer our conscience to take any cognisance of several sins we commit. There is another office likewise belonging to conscience, which is that of being our director and guide ; and the wrong use of this hath been the occasion of more evils under the sun, than almost all other causes put together. For as conscience is nothing else but the knowledge we have of what we are thinking and doing ; so it can guide us no farther than that knowledge reacheth ; and therefore God hath placed conscience in us to be our director only in those actions which scripture and reason plainly tell us to be good or evil. But in cases too difficult or doubtful for us to comprehend or determine, there conscience is not concerned ; because it cannot advise in what it doth not understand, nor decide where it is itself in doubt : but, by God's great mercy, those difficult points are never of absolute necessity to our salvation. There is likewise another evil, that men often say, a thing is against their conscience, when really it is not. For instance, ask any of those who differ from the worship established, why they do not come to church ? they will say, they dislike the ceremonies, the prayers, the habits, and the like ; and therefore it goes against their conscience. But they are mistaken ; their teacher hath put those words into their mouth ; for a man's conscience can go no higher than his knowledge ; and therefore till he has thoroughly examined, by scripture. and the practice of the ancient church, whether those points are blameable

able or no, his conscience cannot possibly direct him to condemn them. Hence have likewise arisen those mistakes about what is usually called *liberty of conscience*; which, properly speaking, is no more than a liberty of knowing our own thoughts; which liberty no one can take from us. But those words have obtained quite different meanings. Liberty of conscience is now-a-days not only understood to be the liberty of believing what men please, but also of endeavouring to propagate that belief as much as they can, and to overthrow the faith which the laws have already established, and to be rewarded by the public for those wicked endeavours: and this is the liberty of conscience which the fanatics are now, openly in the face of the world, endeavouring at with their utmost application. At the same time it cannot but be observed, that those very persons who, under pretence of a public spirit, and tenderness towards their Christian brethren, are so zealous for such a liberty of conscience as this, are of all others the least tender to those who differ from them in the smallest point relating to government; and I wish I could not say, that the majesty of the living God may be offended with more security than the memory of a dead prince. But the wisdom of the world at present seems to agree with that of the Heathen emperor, who said, If the gods were offended, it was their own concern, and they were able to vindicate themselves.

But although conscience hath been abused to those wicked purposes which I have already related, yet a due regard to the directions it plainly gives us, as well as to its accusations, reproaches, and advices, would be of the greatest use to mankind, both for their present welfare and future happiness.

Therefore my discourse at this time shall be directed to prove to you, that there is no solid, firm foundation for virtue, but on a conscience which is guided by religion.

In order to this, I shall first shew you the weakness and uncertainty of two false principles, which many people set up in the place of conscience for a guide to their actions.

The first of these principles is what the world usually calls *moral honesty*. There are some people, who appear very
indifferent

indifferent as to religion, and yet have the repute of being just and fair in their dealings; and these are generally known by the character of good moral men. But now, if you look into the grounds and the motives of such a man's actions, you shall find them to be no other than his own ease and interest. For example, you trust a moral man with your money in the way of trade, you trust another with the defence of your cause at law; and perhaps they both deal justly with you. Why? not from any regard they have for justice, but because their fortune depends upon their credit, and a stain of open public dishonesty must be to their disadvantage. But let it consist with such a man's interest and safety to wrong you, and then it will be impossible you can have any hold upon him; because there is nothing left to give him a check, or to put in the balance against his profit. For if he hath nothing to govern himself by but the opinion of the world, as long as he can conceal his injustice from the world, he thinks he is safe.

Besides, it is found by experience, that those men who set up for morality, without regard to religion, are generally virtuous but in part: they will be just in their dealings between man and man; but if they find themselves disposed to pride, lust, intemperance, or avarice, they do not think their morality concerned to check them in any of these vices; because it is the great rule of such men, that they may lawfully follow the dictates of nature, where-ever their safety, health, and fortune are not injured. So that, upon the whole, there is hardly one vice which a mere moral man may not upon some occasions allow himself to practise.

The other false principle which some men set up in the place of conscience to be their director in life, is what those who pretend to it call *honour*.

This word is often made the sanction of an oath; it is reckoned a great commendation to be a man of strict honour; and it is commonly understood, that a man of honour can never be guilty of a base action. This is usually the style of military men, of persons with titles, and of others who pretend to birth and quality. It is true indeed, that in ancient times it was universally understood, that honour was the reward of

virtue ; but if such honour as is now-a-days going, will not permit a man to do a base action, it must be allowed, there are very few such things as base actions in nature. No man of honour, as that word is usually understood, did ever pretend, that his honour obliged him to be chaste or temperate, to pay his creditors, to be useful to his country, to do good to mankind, to endeavour to be wise or learned, to regard his word, his promise, or his oath : or if he hath any of these virtues, they were never learned in the catechism of honour ; which contains but two precepts ; the punctual payment of debts contracted at play, and the right understanding the several degrees of an affront, in order to revenge it by the death of an adversary.

But suppose this principle of honour, which some men so much boast of, did really produce more virtues than it ever pretended to ; yet, since the very being of that honour depended upon the breath, the opinion, or the fancy of the people, the virtues derived from it could be of no long or certain duration. For example, suppose a man, from a principle of honour, should resolve to be just, or chaste, or temperate, and yet the censuring world should take a humour of refusing him those characters, he would then think the obligation at an end. Or, on the other side, if he thought he could gain honour by the falsest and vilest action, (which is a case that very often happens), he would then make no scruple to perform it. And God knows, it would be an unhappy state, to have the religion, the liberty, or the property of a people lodged in such hands ; which however hath been too often the case.

What I have said upon this principle of honour, may perhaps be thought of small concernment to most of you who are my hearers : however, a caution was not altogether unnecessary ; since there is nothing by which not only the vulgar, but the honest tradesman hath been so much deceived, as this infamous pretence to honour in too many of their betters.

Having thus shewn you the weakness and uncertainty of those principles which some men set up in the place of conscience to direct them in their actions, I shall now endeavour to prove to you, that there is no solid, firm
foundation

foundation of virtue, but in a conscience directed by the principles of religion.

There is no way of judging how far we may depend upon the actions of men, otherwise than by knowing the motives, and grounds, and causes of them; and if the motives of our actions be not resolved and determined into the law of God, they will be precarious and uncertain, and liable to perpetual changes. I will shew you what I mean, by an example. Suppose a man thinks it his duty to obey his parents, because reason tells him so, because he is obliged by gratitude, and because the laws of his country command him to do so: if he stops here, his parents can have no lasting security; for an occasion may happen, wherein it may be extremely his interest to be disobedient, and where the laws of the land can lay no hold upon him: therefore, before such a man can safely be trusted, he must proceed farther, and consider that his reason is the gift of God; that God commanded him to be obedient to the laws, and did moreover, in a particular manner, injoin him to be dutiful to his parents; after which, if he lays due weight upon those considerations, he will probably continue in his duty to the end of his life; because no earthly interest can ever come in competition to balance the danger of offending his Creator, or the happiness of pleasing him. And of all this his conscience will certainly inform him, if he hath any regard to religion.

Secondly, Fear and hope are the two greatest natural motives of all mens actions. But neither of these passions will ever put us in the way of virtue, unless they be directed by conscience. For although virtuous men do sometimes accidentally make their way to preferment, yet the world is so corrupted, that no man can reasonably hope to be rewarded in it, merely upon account of his virtue. And consequently the fear of punishment in this life will preserve men from very few vices; since some of the blackest and basest do often prove the surest steps to favour; such as ingratitude, hypocrisy, treachery, malice, subornation, atheism, and many more, which human laws do little concern themselves about. But when conscience placeth before us the hopes of everlasting happiness, and the fears of e-

verlasting misery, as the reward and punishment of our good or evil actions, our reason can find no way to avoid the force of such an argument, otherwise than by running into infidelity.

Lastly, Conscience will direct us to love God, and to put our whole trust and confidence in him. Our love of God will inspire us with a detestation for sin, as what is of all things most contrary to his divine nature; and if we have an entire confidence in him, *that* will enable us to subdue and despise all the allurements of the world.

It may here be objected, If conscience be so sure a director to us Christians in the conduct of our lives, how comes it to pass, that the ancient Heathens, who had no other lights but those of nature and reason, should so far exceed us in all manner of virtue, as plainly appears by many examples they have left on record?

To which it may be answered: First, those Heathens were extremely strict and exact in the education of their children: whereas, among us, this care is so much laid aside, that the more God has blessed any man with estate or quality, just so much the less in proportion is the care he takes in the education of his children, and particularly of that child which is to inherit his fortune; of which the effects are visible enough among the great ones of the world. Again, those Heathens did, in a particular manner, instil the principle into their children of loving their country; which is so far otherwise now-a-days, that of the several parties among us, there is none of them that seem to have so much as heard whether there be such a virtue in the world; as plainly appears by their practices, and especially when they are placed in those stations where they can only have opportunity of shewing it. Lastly, the most considerable among the Heathens did generally believe rewards and punishments in a life to come; which is the great principle for conscience to work upon: whereas too many of those who would be thought the most considerable among us, do, both by their practices and their discourses, plainly affirm, that they believe nothing at all of the matter.

Wherefore, since it hath manifestly appeared, that a
religious

religious conscience is the only true solid foundation upon which virtue can be built, give me leave, before I conclude, to let you see how necessary such a conscience is to conduct us in every station and condition of our lives.

That a religious conscience is necessary in any station, is confessed even by those who tell us that all religion was invented by cunning men in order to keep the world in awe. For if religion, by the confession of its adversaries, be necessary toward the well-governing of mankind; then every wise man in power will be sure, not only to chuse out for every station under him, such persons as are most likely to be kept in awe by religion, but likewise to carry some appearance of it himself, or else he is a very weak politician. And accordingly, in any country, where great persons affect to be open despisers of religion, their counsels will be found at last to be fully as destructive to the state as to the church.

It was the advice of Jethro to his son-in-law Moses, to *provide able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness*, and to place such over the people; and Moses, who was as wise a statesman at least as any in this age, thought fit to follow that advice. Great abilities without the fear of God are most dangerous instruments, when they are trusted with power. The laws of man have thought fit, that those who are called to any office of trust should be bound by an oath to the faithful discharge of it: but an oath is an appeal to God, and therefore can have no influence except upon those who believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of those that seek him, and a punisher of those who disobey him: and therefore we see the laws themselves are forced to have recourse to conscience in these cases; because their penalties cannot reach the arts of cunning men, who can find ways to be guilty of a thousand injustices, without being discovered, or at least without being punished. And the reason why we find so many frauds, abuses, and corruptions where any trust is conferred, can be no other, than that there is so little conscience and religion left in the world; or at least that men, in their choice of instruments, have private ends in view, which are very different from the service of the public.

public. Besides, it is certain, that men who profess to have no religion, are full as zealous to bring over profelytes as any Papist or Fanatic can be. And therefore, if those who are in station high enough to be of influence or example to others; if those (I say) openly profess a contempt or disbelief of religion, they will be sure to make all their dependents of their own principles; and what security can the public expect from such persons, whenever their interests or their lusts come into competition with their duty? It is very possible for a man who hath the appearance of religion, and is a great pretender to conscience, to be wicked and a hypocrite; but it is impossible for a man who openly declares against religion, to give any reasonable security that he will not be false, and cruel, and corrupt, whenever a temptation offers, which he values more than he does the power wherewith he was trusted. And if such a man doth not betray his cause and his master, it is only because the temptation was not properly offered, or the profit was too small, or the danger too great. And hence it is, that we find so little truth or justice among us, because there are so very few, who, either in the service of the public, or in common dealings with each other, do ever look farther than their own advantage, and how to guard themselves against the laws of the country; which a man may do by favour, by secrecy, or by cunning, though he breaks almost every law of God.

Therefore to conclude: It plainly appears, that unless men are guided by the advice and judgment of conscience founded on religion, they can give no security that they will be either good subjects, faithful servants of the public, or honest in their mutual dealings; since there is no other tie, through which the pride, or lust, or avarice, or ambition of mankind will not certainly break one time or other.

Consider what has been said, &c.

* * In this moral essay, for I can scarce call it a sermon, the author inserts some very striking observations upon such false notions of honour as are too prevalent in the world. [Here the particular passage is quoted, beginning thus, "The other false principle which some men set up in the place of conscience," &c. p. 277. l. 32. and ending]

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ending thus, "in order to revenge it by the death of an adversary," p. 278. l. 14. — But you must be weary of quotations: and in excuse of those already made, I can only offer, that in comments upon original authors, quotations are often the best, and perhaps the only explanations that can fully answer the end proposed. I mean, that the original spirit is so volatile, as not to admit of the least transfusion. In ordinary compositions, the essence may be extracted, and the subtlest parts distilled: but Swift's sermons appeared a chymical preparation of so extraordinary and penetrating a nature, that I was resolved to lend you as much of the ethereal spirit as might be safely conveyed by the post. *Orrery.*

S E R M O N IV.

On BROTHERLY LOVE *.

H E B. xiii. 1.

Let brotherly love continue.

IN the early times of the gospel, the Christians were very much distinguished from all other bodies of men, by the great and constant love they bore to each other; which although it was done in obedience to the frequent injunctions of our Saviour and his apostles, yet, I confess, there seemeth to have been likewise a natural reason, that very much promoted it. For the Christians then were few and scattered, living under persecution by the Heathens round about them, in whose hands was all the civil and military power; and there is nothing so apt to unite the minds and hearts of men, or to beget love and tenderness, as a general distress. The first dissensions between Christians took their beginning from the errors and heresies that arose among them; many of those heresies, sometimes extinguished, and sometimes reviving, or succeeded by others, remain to this day; and having been made instruments to the pride, avarice, or ambition of ill-designing men, by

* This sermon is not in the Dublin edition.

extinguishing

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extinguishing brotherly love, have been the cause of infinite calamities, as well as corruptions of faith and manners, in the Christian world.

The last legacy of Christ was peace and mutual love; but then he foretold, that he came to send a sword upon the earth. The primitive Christians accepted the legacy, and their successors down to the present age have been largely fulfilling his prophecy. But whatever the practice of mankind hath been, or still continues, there is no duty more incumbent upon those who profess the gospel, than that of brotherly love; which whoever could restore in any degree among men, would be an instrument of more good to human society, than ever was, or will be done by all the statesmen and politicians in the world.

It is upon this subject of brotherly love that I intend to discourse at present; and the method I observe shall be as follows.

1. I will inquire into the causes of this great want of brotherly love among us.

2. I will lay open the sad effects and consequences which our animosities and mutual hatred have produced.

3. I will use some motives and exhortations that may persuade you to embrace brotherly love, and continue in it.

- I. I shall inquire into the causes of this great want of brotherly love among us.

This nation of ours hath for an hundred years past been infested by two enemies, the Papists and Fanatics; who each in their turns filled it with blood and slaughter, and for a time destroyed both the church and government. The memory of these events hath put all true Protestants equally upon their guard against both these adversaries; who, by consequence, do equally hate us. The Fanatics revile us, as too nearly approaching to Popery; and the Papists condemn us, as bordering too much on Fanaticism. The Papists, God be praised, are, by the wisdom of our laws, put out of all visible possibility of hurting us; besides, their religion is so generally

ly abhorred, that they have no advocates or abettors among Protestants to assist them. But the Fanatics are to be considered in another light: they have had, of late years, the power, the luck, or the cunning to divide us among ourselves; they have endeavoured to represent all those who have been so bold as to oppose their errors and designs, under the character of persons disaffected to the government; and they have so far succeeded, that now-a-days, if a clergyman happens to preach with any zeal and vehemence against the sin or danger of schism, there will not want too many in his congregation ready enough to censure him, as hot and high-flying, an inflamer of mens minds, an enemy to moderation, and disloyal to his prince. This hath produced a formed and settled division between those who profess the same doctrine and discipline, while they who call themselves moderate, are forced to widen their bottom, by sacrificing their principles and their brethren to the incroachments and insolence of dissenters; who are therefore answerable, as a principal cause of all that hatred and animosity now reigning among us.

Another cause of the great want of brotherly love, is the weakness and folly of too many among you of the lower sort, who are made the tools and instruments of your betters to work their designs, wherein you have no concern. Your numbers make you of use, and cunning men take the advantage by putting words into your mouths which you do not understand; then they fix good or ill characters to those words, as it best serves their purposes: and thus you are taught to love or hate, you know not what or why; you often suspect your best friends and nearest neighbours, even your teacher himself, without any reason, if your leaders once taught you to call him by a name which they tell you signifieth some very bad thing.

A third cause of our great want of brotherly love seemeth to be, that this duty is not so often insisted on from the pulpit, as it ought to be in such times as these: on the contrary, it is to be doubted, whether doctrines are not sometimes delivered by an ungoverned zeal, a desire to be distinguished, or a view of interest, which produce quite different effects; when, upon occasions set
apart

apart to return thanks to God for some public blessing, the time is employed in stirring up one part of the congregation against the other, by representations of things and persons, which God in his mercy forgive those who are guilty of.

The last cause I shall mention of the want of brotherly love, is that unhappy disposition towards politics among the trading people, which hath been industriously instilled into them. In former times, the middle and lower sort of mankind seldom gained or lost by the factions of the kingdom; and therefore were little concerned in them, further than as matter of talk and amusement: but now the meanest dealer will expect to turn the penny by the merits of his party. He can represent his neighbour as a man of dangerous principles; can bring a railing accusation against him, perhaps a criminal one; and so rob him of his livelihood, and find his own account by that much more than if he had disparaged his neighbour's goods, or defamed him as a cheat. For so it happens, that instead of inquiring into the skill or honesty of those kind of people, the manner is now to inquire into their party, and to reject or encourage them accordingly, which proceeding hath made our people in general such able politicians, that all the artifice, flattery, dissimulation, diligence, and dexterity in undermining each other, which the satirical wit of men hath charged upon courts; together with all the rage and violence, cruelty and injustice, which have been ever imputed to public assemblies; are with us (so polite are we grown) to be seen among our meanest traders and artificers in the greatest perfection. All which, as it may be matter of some humiliation to the wise and mighty of this world, so the effects thereof may perhaps in time prove very different from what, I hope in charity, were ever foreseen or intended.

II. I will therefore now, in the second place, lay open some of the sad effects and consequences which our animosities and mutual hatred have produced.

And the first ill consequence is, that our want of brotherly love hath almost driven out all sense of religion from among us; which cannot well be otherwise: for
since

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since our Saviour laid so much weight upon his disciples loving one another, that he gave it among his last instructions; and since the primitive Christians are allowed to have chiefly propagated the faith, by their strict observance of that instruction; it must follow, that, in proportion, as brotherly love declineth, Christianity will do so too. The little religion there is in the world, hath been observed to reside chiefly among the middle and lower sort of people, who are neither tempted to pride and luxury by great riches, nor to desperate courses by extreme poverty: and truly I upon that account have thought it a happiness, that those who are under my immediate care are generally of that condition. But where party hath once made entrance, with all its consequences, of hatred, envy, partiality, and virulence, religion cannot long keep its hold in any state or degree of life whatsoever. For if the great men of the world have been censured in all ages for mingling too little religion with their politics, what a havock of principles must they needs make in unlearned and irregular heads? of which indeed the effects are already too visible and melancholy all over the kingdom.

Another ill consequence from our want of brotherly love is, that it increaseth the insolence of the Fanatics. And this partly ariseth from a mistaken meaning of the word *moderation*; a word which hath been much abused, and handed about for several years past. There are too many people indifferent enough to all religion; there are many others who dislike the clergy, and would have them live in poverty and dependence. Both these sorts are much commended by the Fanatics for moderate men, ready to put an end to our divisions, and to make a general union among Protestants. Many ignorant well-meaning people are deceived by these appearances, strengthened with great pretences to loyalty; and these occasions the Fanatics lay hold on to revile the doctrine and discipline of the church, and even insult and oppress the clergy, where-ever their numbers or favourers will bear them out; insomuch that one wilful refractory Fanatic hath been able to disturb a whole parish for many years together. But the most moderate and favoured divines dare not own, that the word

moderation

moderation with respect to the dissenters can be at all applied to their religion, but is purely personal or prudential. No good man repineth at the liberty of conscience they enjoy; and perhaps a very moderate divine may think better of their loyalty than others do; or, to speak after the manner of men, may think it necessary, that all Protestants should be united against the common enemy; or out of discretion, or other reasons best known to himself, be tender of mentioning them at all. But still the errors of the dissenters are all fixed and determined; and must, upon demand, be acknowledged by all the divines of our church, whether they be called, in party-phrases, high or low, moderate or violent. And further, I believe it would be hard to find many moderate divines, who, if their opinion were asked, whether dissenters should be trusted with power, could according to their consciences answer in the affirmative: from whence it is plain, that all the stir which the Fanatics have made with this word *moderation*, was only meant to increase our divisions, and widen them so far as to make room for themselves to get in between. And this is the only scheme they ever had (except that of destroying root and branch) for the uniting of Protestants, they so much talk of.

I shall mention but one ill consequence more, which attends our want of brotherly love; that it hath put an end to all hospitality and friendship, all good correspondence and commerce between mankind. There are indeed such things as leagues and confederacies among those of the same party; but surely God never intended, that men should be so limited in the choice of their friends: however, so it is in town and country, in every parish and street; the pastor is divided from his flock, the father from his son, and the house often divided against itself. Mens very natures are soured and their passions inflamed, when they meet in party-clubs, and spend their time in nothing else but railing at the opposite side: thus every man alive among us is encompassed with a million of enemies of his own country, among which his oldest acquaintance, and friends, and kindred themselves are often of the number. Neither can people of different parties mix together without constraint, suspicion,

suspicion, and jealousy ; watching every word they speak, for fear of giving offence ; or else falling into rudeness and reproaches, and so leaving themselves open to the malice and corruption of informers, who were never more numerous or expert in their trade. And, as a further addition to this evil, those very few, who, by the goodness and generosity of their nature, do in their own hearts despise this narrow principle, of confining their friendship and esteem, their charity and good offices, to those of their own party, yet dare not discover their good inclinations, for fear of losing their favour and interest. And others, again, whom God had formed with mild and gentle dispositions, think it necessary to put a force upon their own tempers, by acting a noisy, violent, malicious part, as a means to be distinguished. Thus hath party got the better of the very genius and constitution of our people ; so that whoever reads the character of the English in former ages, will hardly believe their present posterity to be of the same nation or climate.

III. I shall now, in the last place, make use of some motives and exhortations, that may persuade you to embrace brotherly love, and to continue in it. Let me apply myself to you of the lower sort, and desire you will consider, when any of you make use of fair and enticing words to draw in customers, whether you do it for their sakes or your own. And then for whose sakes do you think it is, that your leaders are so industrious to put into your heads all that party-rage and virulence ? Is it not to make you the tools and instruments, by which they work out their own designs ? Has this spirit of faction been useful to any of you in your worldly concerns, except to those who have traded in whispering, backbiting, or informing, and wanted skill or honesty to thrive by fairer methods ? It is no business of yours to inquire, who is at the head of armies, or of councils, unless you had power and skill to chuse, neither of which is ever like to be your case : and therefore to fill your heads with fears and hatred of persons and things of which it is impossible you can ever make a right judgment, or to set you at variance with your neighbour, because his thoughts are not the

same as yours, is not only in a very gross manner to cheat you of your time and quiet, but likewise to endanger your souls.

Secondly, In order to restore brotherly love, let me earnestly exhort you to stand firm in your religion, I mean the true religion hitherto established among us; without varying in the least, either to Popery on the one side, or to Fanaticism on the other: and in a particular manner beware of that word, *moderation*; and believe it, that your neighbour is not immediately a villain, a Papist, and a traitor, because the Fanatics and their adherents will not allow him to be a moderate man. Nay, it is very probable, that your teacher himself may be a loyal, pious, and able divine, without the least grain of moderation, as the word is too frequently understood. Therefore, to set you right in this matter, I will lay before you the character of a truly moderate man; and then I will give you the description of such an one who falsely pretendeth to that title.

A man truly moderate is steady in the doctrine and discipline of the church, but with a due Christian charity to all who dissent from it out of a principle of conscience; the freedom of which, he thinketh, ought to be fully allowed, as long as it is not abused; but never trusted with power. He is ready to defend with his life and fortune the Protestant succession, and the Protestant established faith, against all invaders whatsoever. He is for giving the crown its just prerogative, and the people their just liberties. He hateth no man for differing from him in political opinions; nor doth he think it a maxim infallible, That virtue should always attend upon favour, and vice upon disgrace. These are some few lineaments in the character of a truly moderate man. Let us now compare it with the description of one who usually passeth under that title.

A moderate man, in the new meaning of the word, is one to whom all religion is indifferent; who, although he denominates himself of the church, regardeth it no more than a conventicle. He perpetually rail-eth at the body of the clergy, with exceptions only to a very few, who he hopeth, and probably upon false grounds, are as ready to betray their rights and prop-
erties

perties as himself. He thinks the power of the people can never be too great, nor that of the prince too little; and yet this very notion he publisheth, as his best argument to prove him a most loyal subject. Every opinion in government that differeth in the least from his, tends directly to Popery, slavery, and rebellion. Whoever lieth under the frown of power, can in his judgment neither have common sense, common honesty, nor religion. Lastly, his devotion consisteth in drinking gibbets, confusion, and damnation; in profanely idolizing the memory of one dead prince, and ungratefully trampling upon the ashes of another.

By these marks you will easily distinguish a truly moderate man from those who are commonly, but very falsely, so called: and while persons thus qualified are so numerous and so noisy, so full of zeal and industry to gain proselytes, and spread their opinions among the people, it cannot be wondered that there should be so little brotherly love left among us.

Lastly, It would probably contribute to restore some degree of brotherly love, if we would but consider, that the matter of those disputes which inflame us to this degree, doth not in its own nature at all concern the generality of mankind. Indeed, as to those who have been great gainers or losers by the changes of the world, the case is different; and to preach moderation to the first, and patience to the last, would perhaps be to little purpose. But what is that to the bulk of the people, who are not properly concerned in the quarrel, although evil instruments have drawn them into it? For if the reasonable men on both sides were to confer opinions, they would find neither religion, loyalty, nor interest, are at all affected in this dispute. Not religion, because the members of the church on both sides profess to agree in every article: not loyalty to our prince; which is pretended to by one party as much as the other, and therefore can be no subject for debate: not interest, for trade and industry lie open to all; and, what is further, concerneth only those who have expectations from the public. So that the body of the people, if they knew their own good, might yet live amicably together, and leave their betters to quarrel a-

mong themselves, who might also probably soon come to a better temper, if they were less seconded and supported by the poor deluded multitude.

I have now done with my text ; which I confess to have treated in a manner more suited to the present times, than to the nature of the subject in general. That I have not been more particular in explaining the several parts and properties of this great duty of brotherly love, the apostle to the Thessalonians will plead my excuse. *Touching brotherly love, (saith he), ye need not that I write unto you ; for ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another.* So that nothing remains to add, but our prayers to God, that he would please to restore and continue this great duty of brotherly love or charity among us, the very bond of peace and of all virtues.

Nov. 29. 1717.

S E R M O N V.

The difficulty of knowing one's self *.

2 KINGS viii. 13. part of it.

And Hazael said, But what, is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing ?

WE have a very signal instance of the deceitfulness of the heart represented to us in the person of Hazael ; who was sent to the prophet Elisha, to inquire

* The manuscript title-page of the following sermon being lost, and no memorandums writ upon it, as there were upon the others, when and where it was preached, made the editor doubtful whether he should print it as the Dean's or not. But its being found amongst the same papers ; and the hand, although writ somewhat better, having a great similitude to the Dean's, made him willing to lay it before the public, that they might judge whether the style and manner also do not render it still more probable to be his. *Dublin edition.* — I shall take no notice of this sermon, as it is evidently not composed by the Dean. *Errata.*

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of the Lord, concerning his master the King of Syria's recovery. For the man of God having told him that the King might recover from the disorder he was then labouring under, began to set and fasten his countenance upon him of a sudden, and to break out into the most violent expressions of sorrow, and a deep concern for it: whereupon, when Hazael, full of shame and confusion, asked, *Why weepeth my lord?* he answered, *Because I know the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel: their strong holds wilt thou set on fire, and their young men wilt thou slay with the sword, and wilt dash their children, and rip up their women with child.* Thus much did the man of God say and know of him, by a light darted into his mind from heaven. But Hazael, not knowing himself so well as the other did, was startled and amazed at the relation, and would not believe it possible, that a man of his temper could ever run out into such enormous instances of cruelty and inhumanity: *What, says he, is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?*

And yet, for all this, it is highly probable, that he was then that very man he could not imagine himself to be: for we find him, on the very next day after his return, in a very treacherous and disloyal manner, murdering his own master, and usurping his kingdom; which was but a prologue to the sad tragedy which he afterwards acted upon the people of Israel.

And now the case is but very little better with most men, than it was with Hazael. However it cometh to pass, they are wonderfully unacquainted with their own temper and disposition, and know very little of what passeth within them: for of so many proud, ambitious, revengeful, envying, and ill-natured persons that are in the world, where is there one of them, who, although he hath all the symptoms of the vice appearing upon every occasion, can look with such an impartial eye upon himself, as to believe that the imputation thrown upon him is not altogether groundless and unfair? who, if he were told, by men of a discerning spirit and a strong conjecture, of all the evil and absurd things which that false heart of his would at one time or other betray him into, would not believe as little,

and wonder as much, as Hazael did before him? Thus, for instance, tell an angry person, that he is weak and impotent, and of no consistency of mind; tell him, that such or such a little accident, which he may then despise, and think much below a passion, shall hereafter make him say and do several absurd, indiscreet, and misbecoming things: he may perhaps own, that he hath a spirit of resentment within him, that will not let him be imposed on; but he fondly imagines, that he can lay a becoming restraint upon it when he pleases, although it is ever running away with him into some indecency or other.

Therefore, to bring down the words of my text to our present occasion, I shall endeavour, in a further prosecution of them, to evince the great necessity of a nice and curious inspection into the several recesses of the heart; that being the surest and the shortest method that a wicked man can take to reform himself. For let us but stop the fountain, and the streams will spend and waste themselves away in a very little time: but if we go about, like children, to raise a bank, and to stop the current, not taking notice all the while of the spring which continually feedeth it; when the next flood of a temptation riseth, and breaketh in upon it, then we shall find, that we have begun at the wrong end of our duty, and that we are very little more the better for it, than if we had sat still, and made no advances at all.

But, in order to a clearer explanation of the point, I shall speak to these following particulars.

1. By endeavouring to prove, from particular instances, that man is generally the most ignorant creature in the world of himself.
2. By inquiring into the grounds and reasons of this ignorance.
3. and lastly, By proposing several advantages that do most assuredly attend a due improvement in the knowledge of ourselves.

I. First then, To prove that man is generally the most ignorant creature in the world of himself:

To pursue the heart of man through all the instances of
of

of life, in all its several winding and turnings, and under that infinite variety of shapes and appearances which it putteth on, would be a difficult and almost impossible undertaking: so that I shall confine myself to such as have a nearer reference to the present occasion, and do, upon a closer view, shew themselves through the whole business of repentance. For we all know what it is to repent; but whether he repenteth him truly of his sins or not, who can know it?

Now, the great duty of repentance is chiefly made up of these two parts; a hearty sorrow for the follies and miscarriages of the time past, and a full purpose and resolution of amendment for the time to come. And now, to shew the falleness of the heart in both these parts of repentance. And,

First, As to a hearty sorrow for the sins and miscarriages of the time past: Is there a more usual thing than for a man to impose upon himself, by putting on a grave and demure countenance, by casting a severe look into his past conduct, and making some few pious and devout reflections upon it, and then to believe that he hath repented to an excellent purpose, without ever letting it step forth into practice, and shew itself in a holy conversation? Nay, some persons do carry the deceit a little higher; who, if they can but bring themselves to weep for their sins, are then full of an ill-grounded confidence and security; never considering, that all this may prove to be no more than the very garb and outward dress of a contrite heart, which another heart, as hard as the nether millstone, may as well put on. For tears and sighs, however in some persons they may be decent and commendable expressions of a godly sorrow, are neither necessary, nor infallible signs of a true and unfeigned repentance: not necessary, because sometimes, and in some persons, the inward grief and anguish of the mind may be too big to be expressed by so little a thing as a tear; and then it turneth its edge inwards upon the mind; and, like those wounds of the body which bleed inwardly, it generally proves the most fatal and dangerous to the whole body of sin: not infallible, because a very small portion of sorrow may make some tender dispositions melt, and break out into tears;

tears; or a man may perhaps weep at parting with his sins, as he would to bid the last farewell to an old friend, that he was sure never to see again.

But there is still a more pleasant cheat in this affair, that when we find a deadness, and a strange kind of unaptness and indisposition to all impressions of religion, and that we cannot be as truly sorry for our sins as we should be, we then pretend to be sorry that we are not more sorry for them; which is not less absurd and irrational, than that a man should pretend to be very angry at a thing, because he did not know how to be angry at all.

But after all, what is wanting in this part of repentance, we expect to make it up in the next; and to that purpose we put on a resolution of amendment, which we take to be as firm as a house built upon a rock; so that let the floods arise, and the winds blow, and the streams beat vehemently upon it, nothing shall shake it into ruin and disorder. We doubt not, upon the strength of this resolve, to stand fast and unmoved amidst the storm of a temptation; and do firmly believe, at the time we make it, that nothing in the world will ever be able to make us commit those sins over again, which we have so firmly resolved against.

Thus many a time have we come to the sacrament of the Lord's supper, with a full purpose of amendment, and with as full a persuasion of putting that same purpose into practice; and yet have we not all as often broke that good purpose, and falsified that same persuasion, by starting aside, like a broken bow, into those very sins which we then so solemnly and so confidently declared against?

Whereas, had but any other person entered with us into a vow so solemn, that he had taken the holy sacrament upon it, I believe had he but once deceived us by breaking in upon the vow, we should hardly ever after be prevailed upon to trust that man again, although we still continue to trust our own hearts, against reason and against experience.

This indeed is a dangerous deceit enough; and will of course betray all those well-meaning persons into sin and folly, who are apt to take religion for a much easier thing

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thing than it is. But this is not the only mistake we are apt to run into: we do not only think sometimes that we can do more than we can do, but sometimes that we are incapable of doing less: An error of another kind indeed, but not less dangerous, arising from a diffidence and false humility; for how much a wicked man can do in the business of religion, if he would but do his best, is very often more than he can tell.

Thus nothing is more common, than to see a wicked man running headlong into sin and folly, against his reason, against his religion, and against his God. Tell him, that what he is going to do will be an infinite disparagement to his understanding, which at another time he setteth no small value upon; tell him, that it will blacken his reputation, which he had rather die for than lose; tell him, that the pleasure of the sin is short and transient, and leaveth a vexatious kind of a sting behind it, which will very hardly be drawn forth; tell him, that this is one of those things for which God will most surely bring him to judgment, which he pretendeth to believe with a full assurance and persuasion: and yet, for all this, he shutteth his eyes against all conviction, and rusheth into the sin, like a horse into the battle; as if he had nothing left to do, but, like a silly child, to wink hard, and to think to escape a certain and an infinite mischief, only by endeavouring not to see it.

And now to shew that the heart hath given in a false report of the temptation, we may learn from this, that the same weak man would resist and master the same powerful temptation, upon considerations of infinitely less value than those which religion offereth, nay, such vile considerations, that the grace of God cannot, without blasphemy, be supposed to add any manner of force and efficacy to them. Thus, for instance, it would be an hard matter to dress up a sin in such soft and tempting circumstances, that a truly covetous man would not resist for a considerable sum of money; when neither the hopes of heaven nor the fears of hell could make an impression upon him before. But can any thing be a surer indication of the deceitfulness of the heart, than thus to shew more courage, resolution, and activity, in

an ill cause, than it doth in a good one? and to exert itself to better purpose, when it is to serve its own pride, or lust, or revenge, or any other passion, than when it is to serve God upon the motives of the gospel, and upon all the arguments that have ever been made use of to bring men over to religion and a good life? And thus having shewn that a man is wonderfully apt to deceive and impose upon himself, in passing through the several stages of that great duty, repentance, I proceed now, in the

II. Second place, To inquire into the grounds and reasons of this ignorance, and to shew whence it cometh to pass, that a man, the only creature in the world that can reflect and look into himself, should know so little of what passeth within him, and be so very much unacquainted even with the standing dispositions and complexion of his own heart. The prime reason of it is, because we so very seldom converse with ourselves, and take so little notice of what passeth within us. For a man can no more know his own heart than he can know his own face, any other way than by reflection: he may as well tell over every feature of the smaller portions of his face without the help of a looking-glass, as he can tell all the inward bents and tendencies of the soul, those standing features and lineaments of the inward man, and know all the various changes that this is liable to, from custom, from passion, and from opinion, without a very frequent use of looking within himself.

For our passions and inclinations are not always upon the wing, and always moving towards their respective objects; but retire now and then into the more dark and hidden recesses of the heart, where they lie concealed for a while, until a fresh occasion calls them forth again: so that not every transient, oblique glance upon the mind, can bring a man into a thorough knowledge of all its strengths and weaknesses; for a man may sometimes turn the eye of the mind inward upon itself, as he may behold his natural face in a glass, and go away, and straight forget what manner of man he was. But a man must rather sit down, and unravel every action of the past day into all its circumstances and particularities,
and

and observe how every little thing moved and affected him, and what manner of impression it made upon his heart: this done with that frequency and carefulness which the importance of the duty doth require, would in a short time bring him into a near and intimate acquaintance with himself.

But when men, instead of this, do pass away months and years in a perfect slumber of the mind, without once awaking it, it is no wonder they should be so very ignorant of themselves, and know very little more of what passeth within them, than the very beasts which perish. But here it may not be amiss to inquire into the reasons why most men have so little conversation with themselves.

And, 1st, Because this reflection is a work and labour of the mind, and cannot be performed without some pain and difficulty. For before a man can reflect upon himself, and look into his heart with a steady eye, he must contract his sight, and collect all his scattered and roving thoughts into some order and compass, that he may be able to take a clear and distinct view of them; he must retire from the world for a while, and be unattentive to all impressions of sense: and how hard and painful a thing must it needs be to a man of passion and infirmity, amidst such a croud of objects that are continually striking upon the sense, and soliciting the affections, not to be moved and interrupted by one or other of them! But,

2^{dly}, Another reason why we so seldom converse with ourselves, is, because the business of the world taketh up all our time, and leaveth us no portion of it to spend upon this great work and labour of the mind. Thus twelve or fourteen years pass away before we can well discern good from evil; and of the rest so much goeth away in sleep, so much in the ordinary business of life, and so much in the proper business of our callings, that we have none to lay out upon the more serious and religious employments. Every man's life is an imperfect sort of a circle, which he repeateth and runneth over every day; he hath a set of thoughts, desires, and inclinations, which return upon him in their proper time and order, and will very hardly be laid aside to make room
for

for any thing new and uncommon: so that call upon him when you please, to set about the study of his own heart, and you are sure to find him pre-engaged; either he hath some business to do, or some diversion to take, some acquaintance that he must visit, or some company that he must entertain, or some cross accident hath put him out of humour, and unfitted him for such a grave employment. And thus it comes to pass, that a man can never find leisure to look into himself, because he doth not set apart some portion of the day for that very purpose, but foolishly deferreth it from one day to another, until his glass is almost run out, and he is called upon to give a miserable account of himself in the other world. But,

3^{dly}, Another reason why a man doth not more frequently converse with himself, is, because such a conversation with his own heart may discover some vice or some infirmity lurking within him, which he is very unwilling to believe himself guilty of. For can there be a more ungrateful thing to a man, than to find, that, upon a nearer view, he is not that person he took himself to be? that he hath neither the courage, nor the honesty, nor the piety, nor the humility, that he dreamed he had? that a very little pain, for instance, putteth him out of patience, and as little pleasure softneth and disarmeth him into ease and wantonness? that he hath been at more pains, and labour, and cost, to be revenged of an enemy, than to oblige the best friend he hath in the world? that he cannot bring himself to say his prayers without a great deal of reluctance; and when he doth say them, the spirit and fervour of devotion evaporate in a very short time, and he can scarcely hold out a prayer of ten lines, without a number of idle and impertinent, if not vain and wicked thoughts coming into his head? These are very unwelcome discoveries that a man may make of himself; so that it is no wonder that every one who is already flushed with a good opinion of himself, should rather study how to run away from it, than how to converse with his own heart.

But further, If a man were both able and willing to retire into his own heart, and to set apart some portion of

of the day for that very purpose ; yet he is still disabled from passing a fair and impartial judgment upon himself, by several difficulties, arising partly from prejudice and prepossession, partly from the lower appetites and inclinations. And,

1st, That the business of prepossession may lead and betray a man into a false judgment of his own heart. For we may observe, that the first opinion we take up of any thing, or of any person, doth generally stick close to us ; the nature of the mind being such, that it cannot but desire, and consequently endeavour, to have some certain principles to go upon, something fixed and immoveable, whereon it may rest and support itself. And hence it cometh to pass, that some persons are with so much difficulty brought to think well of a man they have once entertained an ill opinion of ; and, perhaps, that too for a very absurd and unwarrantable reason. But how much more difficult then must it be, for a man who taketh up a fond opinion of his own heart, long before he hath either years or sense enough to understand it, either to be persuaded out of it by himself, whom he loveth so well, or by another, whose interest or diversion it may be to make him ashamed of himself ? Then,

2^{dly}, As to the difficulties arising from the inferior appetites and inclinations, let any man look into his own heart, and observe, in how different a light, and under what different complexions, any two sins, of equal turpitude and malignity, do appear to him, if he hath but a strong inclination to the one, and none at all to the other. That which he hath an inclination to, is always dressed up in all the false beauty that a fond and busy imagination can give it ; the other appeareth naked and deformed, and in all the true circumstances of folly and dishonour. Thus, stealing is a vice that few gentlemen are inclined to ; and they justly think it below the dignity of a man, to stoop to so base and low a sin : but no principle of honour, no workings of the mind and conscience, not the still voice of mercy, not the dreadful call of judgment, nor any considerations whatever, can put a stop to that violence and oppression, that pride and ambition, that revelling and wantonness,

which we every day meet with in the world. Nay, it is easy to observe very different thoughts in a man, of the sin that he is most fond of, according to the different ebbs and flows of his inclination to it. For as soon as the appetite is alarmed, and seizeth upon the heart, a little cloud gathereth about the head, and spreadeth a kind of darkness over the face of the soul, whereby it is hindered from taking a clear and distinct view of things: but no sooner is the appetite tired and satiated, but the same cloud passeth away like a shadow, and a new light springing up in the mind of a sudden, the man seeth much more, both of the folly and of the danger of the sin, than he did before.

And thus having done with the several reasons, why man, the only creature in the world that can reflect and look into himself, is so very ignorant of what passeth within him, and so much unacquainted with the standing dispositions and complexions of his own heart; I proceed now, in the

III. Third and last place, to lay down several advantages, that do *most assuredly* attend a due improvement in the knowledge of ourselves. And,

1. One great advantage is, that it tendeth very much to mortify and humble a man into a modest and low opinion of himself. For let a man take a nice and curious inspection into all the several regions of the heart, and observe every thing irregular and amiss within him; for instance, how narrow and short-sighted a thing is the understanding! upon how little reason do we take up an opinion, and upon how much less sometimes do we lay it down again! how weak and false ground do we often walk upon, with the biggest confidence and assurance; and how tremulous and doubtful we are very often, where no doubt is to be made! again, how wild and impertinent, how busy and incoherent a thing is the imagination, even in the best and wisest men; insomuch that every man may be said to be mad, but every man doth not shew it. Then, as to the passions, how noisy, how turbulent, and how tumultuous are they! how easily are they stirred and set a-going; how eager and hot in the pursuit, and what strange disorder and confusion do

do they throw a man into, so that he can neither think, nor speak, nor act, as he should do, while he is under the dominion of any one of them.

Thus, let every man look with a severe and impartial eye into all the distinct regions of the heart; and, no doubt, several deformities and irregularities that he never thought of, will open and disclose themselves upon so near a view; and rather make the man ashamed of himself, than proud.

2. A due improvement in the knowledge of ourselves, doth certainly secure us from the sly and insinuating assaults of flattery. There is not in the world a baser, and more hateful thing, than flattery. It proceedeth from so much falseness and insincerity in the man that giveth it, and often discovereth so much weakness and folly in the man that taketh it, that it is hard to tell which of the two is most to be blamed. Every man of common sense can demonstrate in speculation, and may be fully convinced, that all the praises and commendations of the whole world can add no more to the real and intrinsic value of a man, than they can add to his stature. And yet, for all this, men of the best sense and piety, when they come down to the practice, cannot forbear thinking much better of themselves, when they have the good fortune to be spoken well of by other persons.

But the meaning of this absurd proceeding seemeth to be no other than this: There are few men that have so intimate an acquaintance with their own hearts, as to know their own real worth, and how to set a just rate upon themselves; and therefore they do not know, but that he who praises them most, may be most in the right of it. For, no doubt, if a man were ignorant of the true value of a thing he loved as well as himself, he would measure the worth of it according to the esteem of him who biddeth most for it, rather than of him that biddeth less.

Therefore the most infallible way to disentangle a man from the snares of flattery, is, to consult and study his own heart; for whoever does that well, will hardly be so absurd, as to take another man's word, before his own sense and experience.

3. Another advantage from this kind of study, is this, that it teacheth a man how to behave himself patiently, when he has the ill fortune to be censured and abused by other people. For a man who is thoroughly acquainted with his own heart, doth already know much more evil of himself than any body else can tell him; and when any one speaketh ill of him, he rather thanketh God, that he can say no worse. For could his enemy but look into the dark and hidden recesses of the heart, he considereth what a number of impure thoughts he might there see brooding and hovering like a dark cloud upon the face of the soul; that there he might take a prospect of the fancy, and view it acting over the several scenes of pride, of ambition, of envy, of lust, and revenge; that there he might tell how often a vicious inclination hath been restrained, for no other reason, but just to save the man's credit or interest in the world; and how many unbecoming ingredients have entered into the composition of his best actions. And now, what man in the whole world would be able to bear so severe a test, to have every thought and inward motion of the heart laid open and exposed to the view of his enemies? But,

4. and *lastly*, Another advantage of this kind is, that it maketh men less severe upon other people's faults, and less busy and industrious in spreading them. For a man employed at home, inspecting into his own failings, hath not leisure enough to take notice of every little spot and blemish that lieth scattered upon others: or, if he cannot escape the sight of them, he always passes the most easy and favourable construction upon them. Thus, for instance, does the ill he knoweth of a man proceed from an unhappy temper and constitution of body? he then considereth with himself, how hard a thing it is, not to be borne down with the current of the blood and spirits; and accordingly layeth some part of the blame upon the weakness of human nature, for he hath felt the force and rapidity of it within his own breast; though perhaps, in another instance, he remembereth how it rageth and swelleth by opposition; and though it may be restrained, or diverted for a while, yet it can hardly ever be totally subdued.

Or, hath the man sinned out of custom? he then, from
his

his own experience, traceth a habit into the very first rise and imperfect beginnings of it ; and can tell, by how slow and insensible advances it creepeth upon the heart ; how it worketh itself by degrees into the very frame and texture of it, and so passeth into a second nature ; and consequently he hath a just sense of the great difficulty for him to learn to do good, who hath been long accustomed to do evil.

Or, lastly, hath a false opinion betrayed him into a sin ? he then calleth to mind what wrong apprehensions he hath had of some things himself ; how many opinions that he once made no doubt of, he hath, upon a stricter examination, found to be doubtful and uncertain ; how many more to be unreasonable and absurd. He knoweth further, that there are a great many more opinions that he hath never yet examined into at all, and which, however, he still believeth, for no other reason, but because he hath believed them so long already without a reason. Thus, upon every occasion, a man intimately acquainted with himself, consulteth his own heart, and maketh every man's case to be his own, (and so puts the most favourable interpretation upon it). Let every man therefore look into his own heart, before he beginneth to abuse the reputation of another, and then he will hardly be so absurd, as to throw a dart that will so certainly rebound, and wound himself. And thus, through the whole course of his conversation, let him keep an eye upon that one great and comprehensive rule of Christian duty, on which hangeth not only the law and the prophets, but the very life and spirit of the gospel too ; *Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.* Which rule that we may all duly observe, by throwing aside all scandal and detraction, all spite and rancour, all rudeness and contempt, all rage and violence, and whatever tendeth to make conversation and commerce either uneasy or troublesome, may the God of peace grant, for Jesus Christ's sake, &c.

Consider what hath been said, and the Lord give you a right understanding in all things. To whom, with the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, now and for ever.

A PROPOSAL humbly offered to the PARLIAMENT, for the more effectual preventing the further growth of POPERY.

With the description and use of the ECCLESIASTICAL THERMOMETER.

Very proper for all families.

*Infans sanus nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.*

HOR.

HAVING, with great sorrow of heart, observed the increase of Popery among us of late years, and how ineffectual the penal laws and statutes of this realm have been, for near forty years last past, towards reclaiming that blind and deluded people from their errors, notwithstanding the good intentions of the legislators, and the *pious and unwearied labours* of the many learned divines of the established church, who have preached to them *without ceasing*, although hitherto without success:

Having also remarked, in his Grace's speech to both houses of parliament, most kind offers of his Grace's good offices, towards obtaining such further laws as shall be thought necessary towards bringing home the said wandering sheep into the fold of the church; as also a good disposition in the parliament to join in the *laudable* work, towards which every good Protestant ought to contribute *at least his advice*: I think it a proper time to lay before the public a scheme which was writ some years since, and laid by to be ready on a fit occasion.

That whereas the several penal laws and statutes now in being against Papists, have been found ineffectual, and rather tend to confirm than reclaim men from their errors, as, calling a man *coward*, is a ready way to make him fight; it is humbly proposed,

I. That

I. That the said penal laws and statutes against Papists, except the law of *Gavelkind*, and that which disqualifies them for places, be repealed, abrogated, annulled, destroyed, and obliterated, to all intents and purposes.

II. That, in the room of the said penal laws and statutes, all ecclesiastical jurisdiction be taken from out of the hands of the clergy of the established church, and the same be vested in the several Popish archbishops, bishops, deans, and archdeacons; nevertheless so as such jurisdiction be exercised over persons of the Popish religion only.

III. That a Popish priest shall be settled by law in each and every parish in Ireland.

IV. That the said Popish priest shall, on taking the oath of allegiance to his Majesty, be intitled to a tenth part or tithe of all things tithable in Ireland, belonging to the Papists within their respective parishes; yet so as such grant of tithes to such Popish priests shall not be construed, *in law or equity*, to hinder the Protestant clergyman of such parish from receiving and collecting his tithes, in *like manner* as he does at present.

V. That, in case of detention or subtraction of tithes by any Papist, the parish-priest do have his remedy at law, in any of his Majesty's courts, in the same *manner as now practised by the clergy of the established church*; together with all other ecclesiastical dues. And, for their further discovery, to vex their people at law, it might not be amiss to oblige the Solicitor-General, or some other able King's counsel, to give his advice or assistance to such priests *gratis*, for which he might receive a salary out of the *barrack fund*, *military contingencies*, or *concordatum*; having observed the exceedings there better paid than of the army, or any other branch of the establishment; and I would have no delay in payment in a matter of this importance.

VI. That the archbishops and bishops have power to visit the inferior clergy, and to extort proxies, exhibits, and all other perquisites usual in *Popish* and *Protestant countries*.

VII. That the convocation having been found, by
long

long experience, to be hurtful to *true religion*, be for ever hereafter abolished among Protestants.

VIII. That, in the room thereof, the Popish archbishops, bishops, priests, deans, archdeacons, and procurators, have liberty to assemble themselves in convocation, and be impowered to make such canons as they shall think proper for the government of the Papists in Ireland.

IX. And, that the secular arm being necessary to enforce obedience to ecclesiastical censure, the sheriffs, constables, and other officers, be commanded to execute the decrees and sentences of the said Popish convocation, with secrecy and dispatch; or, in lieu thereof, they may be at liberty to erect an inquisition, with proper officers of their own.

X. That, as Papists declare themselves converts to the established church, all *spiritual power* over them shall cease.

XI. That as soon as any whole parish shall renounce the Popish religion, the priest of such parish shall, for his good services, have a pension of 200 l. *per annum* settled on him for life, and that he be, from such time, exempt from preaching and praying, and other duties of his function, in like manner as *Protestant divines*, with equal incomes, are at present.

XII. That each bishop, so soon as his diocese shall become Protestants, be called *My Lord*, and have a pension of two thousand pounds *per annum* during life.

XIII. That when a whole province shall be reclaimed, the archbishop shall be called *His Grace*, and have a pension of three thousand pounds *per annum*, during life, and be admitted a member of his Majesty's *most honourable privy council*.

The good consequences of this scheme (which will execute itself without murmurings against the government) are very visible. I shall mention a few of the most obvious.

I. The giving the priest a right to the tithe would produce law-suits and wrangles; his Reverence, being intitled to a certain income at all events, would consider himself as a legal incumbent, and *behave accordingly*, and apply himself more to fleecing than feeding his flock. His necessary attendance on the courts of justice would
leave

leave his people without a *spiritual guide*; by which means Protestant curates, who have no suits about tithes, would be furnished with proper opportunities for making converts, which is very much wanted.

II. The erecting a spiritual jurisdiction amongst them, would, *in all probability*, drive as many out of that communion, as a *due execution* of such jurisdiction hath hitherto drove from amongst ourselves.

III. An *inquisition* would still be a further improvement, and most certainly would expedite the conversion of Papists.

I know it may be objected to this scheme, and with some shew of reason, That, should the Popish princes abroad pursue the same methods, with regard to their Protestant subjects, the Protestant interest in Europe would thereby be considerably weakened. But, as we have no reason to suspect-Popish counsels will ever produce so much moderation, I think the objection ought to have but little weight.

A due execution of this scheme will soon produce many converts from Popery: nevertheless, to the end it may be known when they shall be of the true *church*, I have ordered a large parcel of ecclesiastical or church *thermometers* to be made, one of which is to be hung up in each parish-church; the description and use of which take as follows, in the words of the ingenious Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq;

THE church-thermometer, which I am now to treat of, is supposed to have been invented in the reign of Henry VIII. about the time when that religious prince put some to death for owning the Pope's supremacy, and others for denying transubstantiation. I do not find, however, any great use made of this instrument, till it fell into the hand of a learned and vigilant priest or minister, (for he frequently wrote himself both the one and the other), who was some time vicar of Bray. This gentleman lived in his vicarage to a good old age; and, after having seen several successions of his neighbouring clergy, either burnt or banished, departed this life with the satisfaction of having never deserted his flock, and died vicar of Bray. As this glass was first designed

designed to calculate the different degrees of heat in religion, as it raged in Popery, or as it cooled and grew temperate in the reformation, it was marked at several distances, after the manner our ordinary thermometer is to this day, *viz. Extreme hot, Sultry hot, Very hot, Hot, Warm, Temperate, Cold, Just freezing, Frost, Hard frost, Great frost, Extreme cold.*

It is well known, that Torricellius, the inventor of the common weather-glass, made the experiment of a long tube which held thirty-two foot of water; and that a more modern virtuoso finding such a machine altogether unwieldy and useless, and considering that thirty-two inches of quicksilver weighed as much as so many foot of water in a tube of the same circumference, invented that sizable instrument which is now in use. After this manner, that I might adapt the thermometer I am now speaking of to the present constitution of our church, as divided into *High* and *Low*, I have made some necessary variations, both in the tube, and the fluid it contains. In the first place, I ordered a tube to be cast in a planetary hour, and took care to seal it hermetically, when the sun was in conjunction with Saturn. I then took the proper precautions about the fluid, which is a compound of two different liquors; one of them a spirit drawn out of a strong heady wine; the other a particular sort of rock-water, colder than ice, and clearer than crystal. The spirit is of a red, fiery colour; and so very apt to ferment, that, unless it be mingled with a proportion of the water, or pent up very close, it will burst the vessel that holds it, and fly up in fume and smoke. The water, on the contrary, is of such a subtle, piercing cold, that, unless it be mingled with a proportion of the spirits, it will sink almost through every thing it is put into; and seems to be of the same nature as the water mentioned by Quintus Curtius, which, says the historian, could be contained in nothing but in the hoof, or (as the Oxford manuscript has it) the scull of an ass. The thermometer is marked according to the following figure, which I set down at length, not only to give my reader a clear idea of it, but also to fill up my paper.

Ignorance.

Ignorance.

Persecution.

Wrath.

Zeal.

CHURCH.

Moderation.

Lukewarmness.

Infidelity.

Ignorance.

The reader will observe, that the church is placed in the middle point of the glass, between *Zeal* and *Moderation*, the situation in which she always flourishes, and in which every good Englishman wishes her, who is a friend to the constitution of his country. However, when it mounts to *Zeal*, it is not amiss; and when it sinks to *Moderation*, it is still in admirable temper. The worst of it is, that when once it begins to rise, it has still an inclination to ascend, insomuch that it is apt to climb from *Zeal* to *Wrath*, and from *Wrath* to *Persecution*, which often ends in *Ignorance*, and very often proceeds from it. In the same manner, it frequently takes its progress through the lower half of the glass; and, when it has a tendency to fall, will gradually descend from *Moderation* to *Lukewarmness*, and from *Lukewarmness* to *Infidelity*, which very often terminates in *Ignorance*, and always proceeds from it.

It is a common observation, that the ordinary thermometer will be affected by the breathing of people who are in the room where it stands; and indeed it is almost incredible to conceive, how the glass I am now describing, will fall by the breath of the multitude crying *Popery*; or, on the contrary, how it will rise when the same multitude (as it sometimes happens) cry out in the same breath, *The church is in danger*.

As soon as I had finished this my glass, and adjusted it to the above-mentioned scale of religion, that I might make proper experiments with it, I carried it under my cloak to several coffeehouses, and other places of resort, about this great city. At St James's coffeehouse the liquor stood at *Moderation*; but at Will's, to my extreme surprise, it subsided to the very lowest mark of the glass.

At

At the Grecian it mounted but just one point higher ; at the Rainbow it still ascended two degrees ; Child's fetched it up to *Zeal*, and other adjacent coffeehouses to *Wrath*.

It fell in the lower half of the glass, as I went further into the city, till at length it settled at *Moderation*, where it continued all the time I staid about the Change, as also whilst I passed by the Bank. And here I cannot but take notice, that, through the whole course of my remarks, I never observed my glass to rise at the same time that the stocks did.

To complete the experiment, I prevailed upon a friend of mine, who works under me in the occult sciences, to make a progress with my glass through the whole island of Great Britain ; and, after his return, to present me with a register of his observations. I guessed before-hand at the temper of several places he passed through, by the characters they have had, time out of mind. Thus, that facetious divine, Dr Fuller, speaking of the town of Banbury, near a hundred years ago, tells us, it was a place famous for cakes and *zeal* ; which I find by my glass is true to this day, as to the latter part of his description ; though I must confess, it is not in the same reputation for cakes that it was in the time of that learned author ; and thus of other places. In short, I have now by me, digested in an alphabetical order, all the counties, corporations, and boroughs in Great Britain, with their respective tempers, as they stand related in my thermometer. But this I shall keep to myself, because I would by no means do any thing that may seem to influence any ensuing election.

The point of doctrine which I would propagate by this my invention, is the same which was long ago advanced by that able teacher Horace, out of whom I have taken my text for this discourse. We should be careful not to overshoot ourselves, in the pursuits even of virtue. Whether *Zeal* or *Moderation* be the point we aim at, let us keep fire out of the one, and frost out of the other. But, alas ! the world is too wise to want such a precaution. The terms *High-church* and *Low-church*, as commonly used, do not so much denote a principle, as they distinguish a party. They are like
words

words of battle, that have nothing to do with their original signification, but are only given out to keep a body of men together, and to let them know friends from enemies.

I must confess, I have considered, with some attention, the influence which the opinions of these great national sects have upon their practice; and do look upon it as one of the unaccountable things of our times, that multitudes of honest gentlemen, who entirely agree in their lives, should take it in their heads to differ in their religion.

I shall conclude this paper with an account of a conference which happened between a very excellent divine (whose doctrine was easy, and formerly much respected) and a lawyer.

AND behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou?

And he answering, said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself.

And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.

But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbour?

And Jesus answering, said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him,

And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine; and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?

And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise. *Luke x. 25. to 38.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

THere is now in the press a proposal for raising a fund towards paying the national debt by the following means. The author would have commissioners appointed to search all the public and private libraries, booksellers shops and warehouses, in this kingdom, for such books as are of no use to the owner, or to the public, viz. all comments on the holy scriptures, whether called sermons, creeds, bodies of divinity, tomes of casuistry, vindications, confutations, essays, answers, replies, rejoinders, or sur-rejoinders; together with all other learned treatises and books of divinity of what denomination or class soever: as also, all comments on the laws of the land; such as, reports, law cases, decrees, guides for attorneys and young clerks; and, in fine, all the books now in being in this kingdom, (whether of divinity, law, physic, metaphysics, logics, or politics), except the pure text of the holy scriptures, the naked text of the laws, a few books of morality, poetry, music, architecture, agriculture, mathematics, merchandise, and history: the author would have the aforesaid useless books carried to the several paper-mills, there to be wrought into white paper; which, to prevent damage or complaints, he would have performed by the commentators, critics, popular preachers, apothecaries, learned lawyers, attorneys, solicitors, logicians, physicians, almanack-makers, and others of the like wrong turn of mind; the said paper to be sold, and the produce applied to discharge the national debt. What should remain of the said debt unsatisfied, might be paid by a tax on the salaries or estates of bankers, common cheats, usurers, treasurers, imbezzlers of public money, general officers, sharpers, pensioners, pick-pockets, &c.



The End of the FIRST VOLUME.

